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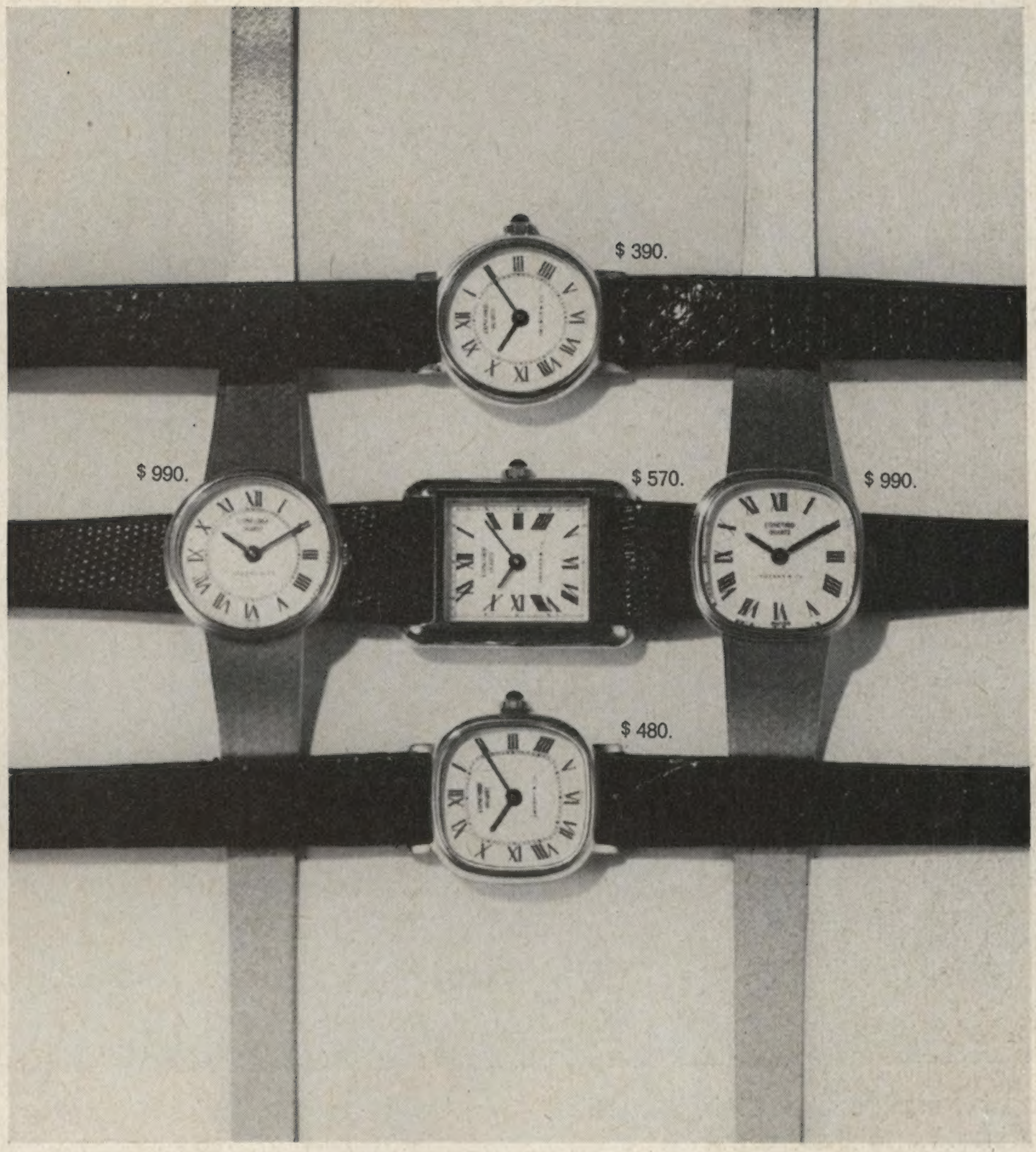
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NOVEMBER, 1977

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE®



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BEAUTY ON OUR COVER New season! new nightlife! new makeup!—René Russo in the perfect P.M./winter colors: warm, deep, glamorous. From Christian Dior, Dove Grey Ombrette shadow and Tartar Black pencil on the eyes, ripe Fig-colored blush, Winter Red lips. (More, on pages 276-277). Makeup by Rex; hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's. . . . **FASHION** One of the romantic new evening tops—Christian Dior's sheer, black *point d'esprit* blouse with a ribbon-tied pierrot collar, and full ruffle-edged sleeves. (Another look, page 269) Christian Dior Blouses; nylon, about $140. Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros. Yves Saint Laurent earrings, about $15. Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. Photograph, Patrick Demarchelier.

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Elsa Peretti's twenty karat gold mesh scarf. Wear it as a neckpiece or headband, around the waist or wherever you like. It's supple as silk but with the shimmer that only gold can bring. Forty-two inches long, $ 2,500. Narrow version, $ 1,500. New York Fifth Avenue & 57th Street. Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, San Francisco, Beverly Hills. Design copyrighted, T. & Co.

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Décolleté wrap blouse, 124.00
Flowy pants, 130.00
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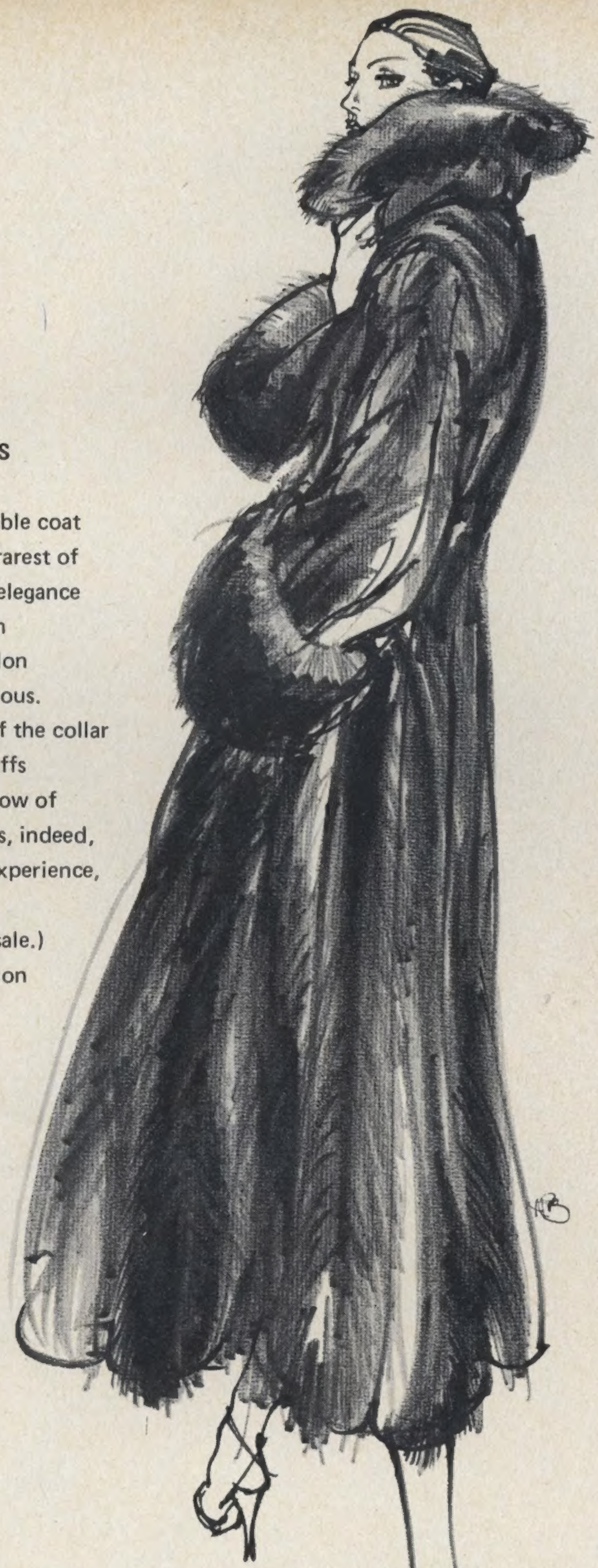
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ITALY: the romance and the reality

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It's his move! For the first time, men can enjoy the luxury of dressing *for* an occasion rather than in spite of it. Because today, being a fashion individualist doesn't mean wearing a uniform, yet it doesn't mean being flamboyant either. Fashions have returned to the classics—but with more ease, more comfort, softer fabrics. There's a new mixing of textures and colors that adds excitement and sophistication to the traditionals. . .the variety is endless! At Roos Atkins, San Francisco's prestigious specialty store, a man can choose what best suits his style. . .*and* his lifestyle. And, now that both sides are equal, men can really enjoy playing the fashion game!

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SAN FRANCISCO

HARDY AMIES—WHEN SUCCESS IS A WAY OF LIFE

She'll want him to cancel his afternoon appointments when she sees his contemporary three-piece suit that combines classic styling with flair. Hardy Amies designed this suit with a British concept expressly for the trim, younger man. Made of 65% polyester/35% wool serge, $235.00 vested.

Her outfit by Rena Rowan for Jones New York.

HARDY AMIES
of LONDON

It takes two to play

DÉJÀ VU—FOR THE MAN WITH GOOD SCENTS

Many men regard fragrance as being "too feminine". But, the man who is sure of himself and his masculinity knows the importance, and the appeal, of looking and feeling his best. It shows he cares about himself... and about her. When all he's wearing is fragrance, it has to be the best. Déjà Vu, a complete treatment line of grooming aids for men, is totally original in its warm, sophisticated fragrance which lasts from 9–12 hours depending on individual body chemistry. Using essential oils and essences imported from France by Beau Monde, Ltd., Déjà Vu is blended and packaged in the United States.

The Déjà Vu line includes: Soap on a Rope, $5.50; Facial Conditioning Balm, $8.00 (3 oz); After Shave, $8.50 (4 oz); and Cologne, $11.50 (4 oz), $19.00 (8 oz), non-aerosol spray, $12.50 (4 oz). When you shop for the Déjà Vu line, watch for their exciting new packaging designs.

Roos Atkins
SAN FRANCISCO





LANVIN—FOR THE TOTAL LOOK

Today's best fashion looks depend on the right accessories. When it comes to defining one's own style, accessories add the dash... the flair that personalizes, and completes, a look. And, when it's time for gift-giving, she can use her expertise to find new accessories to add interest and excitement to his wardrobe. Here, an admirable group of accessories...all by Lanvin. Wallet, $50.00; belt, $22.50—both in soft imported black leather. Cuff links, $37.50; key chain, $27.50; money clip, $37.50—all in florentine gold filled with Lanvin initial monogram. Also available: tie bar, $22.00; vest chain, $32.50 (not pictured).

Roos Atkins

SAN FRANCISCO

LANVIN

PARIS—NEW YORK



It takes two to play

WHEN IT COMES TO STYLE—
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From business, to elegant evening... at home or at play...both a man and woman can dress to suit their individual and collective fashion cachets. His imagination and sense of style are called into play as often as a woman's and each can enjoy the challenge of dressing to complement one another. Like relationships themselves, dressing is a partnership—with men influencing women and women influencing men—allowing each to share in the rewards of looking their best, separately *and* together. And, isn't that the name of the game?

Roos Atkins
SAN FRANCISCO

YVES ST. LAURENT—FOR THE LOOK YOU'LL BOTH LOVE TO TOUCH

When black tie is too formal and a business suit too informal, turn to a new elegance and ease. One of the most exciting looks this season is achieved by blending textures, fabrics, and colors into one fashion statement. And the statement here is sophistication. Whether it's an evening à deux, or they're out with friends, he'll be dressed with style in this ensemble by Yves St. Laurent. Grey velvet cotton jacket, $155.00; navy wool gabardine pants, $50.00; camel long-sleeved, V-neck cashmere sweater, $65.00; jacquard shirt in 80% polyester/20% cotton, $22.50; silk print tie, $15.00.

Her clothes: left, Bernie Bee; right, R&K Originals.

YVES SAINT LAURENT



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Alaska lynx jacket

GROSVENOR
CANADA

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Exclusively at BONWIT TELLER
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Seasoning that transcends the seasons: long matte jersey dress spiced with fringed shawl and jewelled belt. Today's total look in coral, aqua or black. 6 to 16, about $198. Nat Kaplan, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Nat Kaplan

You Write Us

Girls who can say "No"

I don't know whether to cry out of sheer relief or to search for this beautiful woman, Jill Robinson, to personally thank her for her article, "I Hate Sex," in the August issue.

I never knew that somewhere there was someone who could make public, in so many of the exact words, the thoughts I've contained in my mind for the last year. Although I felt good that my thoughts on the subject of "sex" were clear and precise, I felt so cheated to have come to these realizations. It seems that in this "chic" sexual syndrome ignorance (or misguidance) is total bliss! Or is it?

I hate everything about the constant analyzation, and public concern about sex. Is all this disquietude blissful? Do people know what bliss is?

I hate even the word "sex" for what it represents to the public.

Miss Robinson need not worry about her changing libido—no—I know that for a fact. I'm twenty-three years old, have had so many "lovers" that it surprises me to think of how many I've forgotten; and I have truly, from the bottom of my heart, enjoyed lovemaking with only two of them. Two special men with whom I felt very much in love—with whom I had taken the time to nurture a mental and an emotional fulfillment that we recognized through our friendship. People are so afraid of "obligation," that they totally miss the meaning of that kind of friendship. How sad to know that. . . .

E.S.
New York, NY

Thanks to articles like Ms. Robinson's [August Vogue] perhaps the tide will turn on the pressure we feel concerning sexual prowess, willingness, and the status connected with being "Liberated"(?). I personally have abstained from sex for a few months now and haven't felt so healthy in years. Liberation can also mean the ability to say "no" without fear. What are we after all?

Erin Evans
New York, NY

(Continued on page 180)

7:59 P.M.

You've planned it well. Flowers, food, the fragrance you're wearing. Just one touch more: an inviting *whoosh* of Claire Burke Vapourri . . . to perfume the pulse points of your home. Spray with this spicy-warm scent of Pot Pourri and suddenly, it's in the air —the promise of a very special evening!



Original formula Pot Pourri

Claire Burke

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Clear away with a clarifier
for your skin type.
Replenish with moisturizer.
That's it. That's all.
For skin that just gets
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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

fashion

How to dress for fun and profit... The best-covered bosoms in town ...Kid chic... sexy pleasures ...and the skirt length you don't have to wear

If you want to hear some pure, unadulterated rhapsodizing, just talk to a department-store buyer about blouses. Not the man-tailored, straight-off-your brother's back variety, but the softest, prettiest, downright frilliest numbers—they're selling like Bingo cards on a rainy Tuesday night. They've got alure, a voluminous, diaphanous, often lingerie-like sexiness, and a terribly attractive ability to translate from fall to winter and on into spring. Who's in the softest blouses? Georgina Brandolini, partying in Valentino's; Bunny Mellon, Consuelo Crespi in Versace's; scores of London and Paris women in Karl Lagerfeld's lace blouse (in the U.S., $1200) for Chloé. In August, when New York's B. Altman showed a Versace fall collection of silky, sensual tops (about $200 each), the store found itself restocking after only five days. Why the blouse phenomenon? Because liberated or not, there's something forever special about "pretty."

●●●

The news in skins: what you add to a straight fur to make it special, what special accents of fur can add. Wrapping's the key—using gorgeous-colored cordings, easy ties of felt-and-suède, non-ethnic beads; they add shape, some surprises. As made by Borbonese (a small, serious-eyed Italian who designs wrap-and-tie belts with the luxury, wit, and workmanship of precious jewels) or by Mary McFadden, with her epicure's eye to color and texture. And for those of us who can't afford, don't want, or can't carry off the sables of Russia? The other side of the pelt: wraps-and-ties *made* of fur—a thin mink belt to put over a woolly pullover, a classic-shaped moleskin muffler, a boa in the most outrageous shade of non-fox brights. There's a playfulness going on; and the sense of play's with the most surprising materials.

●●●

While many fashion professionals, intellectuals are growing ever-more disenchanted with anything they consider overserious or "fashion-y," there's, suddenly, a big push by non-fashion-industry people to study style, clothes, taste. To pull apart history or closets, to dissect ideas of power-dressing. This fall, style-stalking classes are on the rise, with courses titled "Personal Appearance for Self-Assurance and Profit," "How To Dress for Success," "Fashion for the Consumer," "Ultimate Chic."

●●●

**Diane Keaton wore them, funnily, in *Annie Hall*.
John Chancellor has had them for years. What?
A certain-shaped glasses frame—
strictly traditional—
that's been tagged
"Ful-Vue," "retro,"
the Brooks Bros. look.
Wall Street specs.
Call them whatever you want;
they're this season's
Ford in sunglasses shapes. . . .
Absorbing story—
separates made
from velours and terry:
seasonless,
easy to toss on,
and in colors
like blackberry or brown
go almost anywhere—
back court or disco. . . .
For disco hopping,
requirement #1: a handbag,
small, light,
with an extra-length
shoulder strap. Why?
Because at the new-life
dance places like Hurrah
in New York,
privately held tables
have gone the way
of the Glenn Miller Band.
For money and keys,
there's only one answer:
Gotta dance.**

"They're selling like bingo cards on a rainy Tuesday night"

●●●

Kid chic—or cheek—designer clothes for kids: they're on the upswing. Imagine Jean Muir dresses for minis (average cost $210), Saint Laurent tiny silk shirts ($55), baby Dior nightgowns—all found at the Pumpkins & Monkeys boutique in New York. There, too: a Kenneth for Kids hairstyling spot, designer maternity dresses, and, for the tot who's time has come: Les Must de Cartier tank watches scaled to kid-size.

"You don't analyze it, you just go for it," said the shopper.
What was she going for?
Lingerie—the romantic, vampy, modern sexies made or inspired by Fernando Sanchez; films of ribbon and lace from Janet Reger in London; the most delicate Victorian handiworks found in antique shops.
There hidden pleasures—in the most alluring colors, luxury fabrics (silk, satin, écru lace)—are, more and more, going public: old-time wool or cotton petticoats showing beneath heavy full skirts, the newest teddies and camisoles inside opened big shirts, silk stockings and garters under slit skirts.
They're instant feminizers. And not-so-private delights.
. . . Women, going to any length: To over-the-knee, below-calf, to ankle-high or floor-length for night.
The result? Healthy diversity and adaptability—to fabric, style, and to the wearer herself. . . . Standouts in any crowd:
The occasional women in closer-to-the-body dresses, in streamlined tops and jeans.
Are they rugged individualists? Or earliest birds in any easy, soft, leaner shape for spring?

●●●

What every moped-aler is looking for—and there are over eighteen million dimpled-knee James Deans worldwide: A bright, high-visibility windbreaker with—and it's crucial—adjustable sleeve-tighteners to shut out backsplash. Rain or cold air will whip through a zipper as easily as buttons or snaps; the must is to come up with a jacket with double closings—a zipper with keep-dry overflap. . . . As the going through slush and snow gets heavy-footed, joggers up north are gliding into ice skating: it's a cold-air energizer and pure shades-of-childhood fun. City rinks that give instructions are finding themselves filled with summer runners—who want to learn or refirm out-of-practice ankles. . . . If you're shopping for warm-weather clothes—or just shopping for ideas—take a closer look at the resort collections in stores right now: you'll find some whiffs of what's in the wind for next summer. The attractive touch—meaning texture—is the clue. Designers are mixing textures: dull cloths with shiny, fabrics that "stick" (linen-weaves, homespuns) matched up with fabrics that "slide" (silk charmeuse, lawn, batiste). Fibers—such as silk—used in new and surprising blends. Prints show up in tightly packed, small-scale "Liberty" patterns or in wallpaper-like, wide-spaced florals. Colors? You'll see the softest shades—pinks are everywhere; clay tones; écru, nosing out white, as a very basic.

Until today, our signature was reserved for only the most alluring jewels.



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Mary McFadden. Seville by Cadillac. Bonwit Teller. Proving distinction is having a style all your own.

The new Mary McFadden Boutique at Bonwit Teller is expressly for the women who has her own vision of style. Embodied perfectly here in pure silk: the lipstick red roller coaster hem skirt suspended under a lavish hand-dyed quilted tunic that can only be called a work of art. Designer Salon

The 1978 Seville by Cadillac. Designed expressly for those who appreciate the unique expression of style and luxury. Proportioned for the times. A car where almost every luxury feature is standard. A road machine engineered to bring you comfort, quality, and absolute freedom.



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BONWIT TELLER

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Philadelphia Wynnewood Jenkintown Chicago Oakbrook
Boston Troy Palm Beach Beverly Hills



Mary McFadden. Coupe de Ville by Cadillac. Bonwit Teller. For individuality is always the road less taken.

The new Mary McFadden Boutique at Bonwit Teller. ***Dramatic, imaginative designs for the woman who dresses to please herself. But how pleasing to the beholder is Mary's unique rhubarb-pleating. Sleek yet soft at the same time. Here, the body tunic in sea foam green tied in back with macramé, layering over a matching skirt. More rhubarb-pleating: the jet black braided evening shirt over ivory moiré. Designer Salon***

Coupe de Ville by Cadillac. ***An expression of excellence, yes, but much more. For this is a very personal breed of automobile. Responsive. Lively. Maneuverable. So wonderfully agile, it becomes an extension of you. And an extension of the luxury we have come to call Cadillac.***

A tough, unblurred movie about women... the book that laughs... passionate sounds... the best of punk... why America's top writers are coming back to TV



Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave put women—and friendship—back onscreen in "Julia"

Movies

By Rex Reed

Julia
Directed by Fred Zinnemann, starring Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards

Lillian Hellman's reminiscence of friendship and anti-Nazi intrigue in Europe has been brought to the screen by one of the truly great American film directors, Fred Zinnemann, who has been missing too long from the front ranks. The man who guided *High Noon, The Nun's Story, The Member of the Wedding, From Here to Eternity,* and *The Sundowners* has taken a powder for much of the past two decades, but he returns with consummate artistry and skill.

When Zinnemann makes a movie, he submerges himself in it totally. The result here is a touching, rich tapestry of the late 'thirties and of the time, places, and events that shaped the lives of two extraordinary women. *Julia* is not a woman's picture, but it does put women back on the screen with a graceful and respectful countenance. Alvin Sargent spent three years on the screenplay, and his work shows: not a line of dialogue seems forced or unnatural. Jane Fonda does a masterful job portraying the young Lillian Hellman, torn between her work and her love for Dashiell Hammett and for her brave, eccentric friend Julia.

Hard-drinking, chain-smoking young Lillian, struggling with her first play, *The Children's Hour,* wanders restlessly from beaches in Nantucket, to champagne-soaked success on a giddy tour with Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, to the suspenseful danger of a train speeding from Paris to war-ravaged Berlin, where she deposits desperately needed funds to aid the smuggling of refugees from the Nazi peril. The lines we all interpret as the excesses of wisdom and turmoil in Hellman's face today are just beginning to show under Fonda's rouge. In her proud and triumphant impersonation of a young authoress-playwright, Fonda shows us how Hellman's garden grew.

As that of Julia, the childhood friend whose social conscience awakened early, Vanessa Redgrave's fine, ruddy face masks an inner fire of rebellion. As Hammett, Lillian's soul mate and severest critic, Jason Robards carves an indelible impression of resigned support. *Julia,* cloaked in Douglas Slocombe's muted photography, has terror, gaiety, nostalgia, and Hellman's tough, unblurred vision; but it is, above all, a love story about the secrets only two female friends can share.

Equus
Directed by Sidney Lumet, starring Richard Burton, Peter Firth

A sober, intelligent film version of Peter Shaffer's award-winning play about the psychotic boy who blinds six horses with a metal spike and the doctor who discovers his own sickness while curing him. Shaffer's play was drenched with the coldness of conceited stylization; Sidney Lumet strips the action of its theatricality and reduces the story to personal, moving terms. The result is less high-minded than the stage version, and much more satisfying. Richard Burton, in love with his own voice, often trips over the rapture of perfect diction, but he fuses the aberrations of the psychiatrist with an obsessive force. Peter Firth, as the deranged boy, is magnificent. Joan Plowright, as the fanatic mother; Eileen Atkins, as a concerned magistrate; and Jenny Agutter, as the girl who introduces the boy to innocent sex without realizing the horrifying consequences lend dedicated, polished support.

The central theme—is it better to know a dangerous passion than to be restored to sane society with no passion at all?—is still troubling, but Lumet has made the question a human and personal one without removing any of the play's original values. Blood spurts from the screen when the naked boy blinds the horses, but so much painstaking care has gone into the filming of *Equus* that even the violence has integrity.

Books

By Allene Talmey

Lazarus
By André Malraux, translated by Terence Kilmartin (Holt, Rinehart and Winston)

As vital as wheat germ, this signally important book is short, exhilarating, indelible, and comforting because it faces death in a remarkable way: no sentiment, no dread, just a joining. In 1973, André Malraux lay in a small private room in Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris, apparently dying of a form of sleeping sickness that could first leave him paralyzed. (He died in 1976.) He wavers between memories and dreams, caught in the lattice of his flickering lucidity. For a long time, Malraux had been the companion of death either in imagination or in reality: in Indochina, India, China, the Spanish Civil War, a German prison camp, the French Resistance.

Aware that he is probably dying, Malraux contemplates his exit with calm, with analysis, and with extraordinarily moving descriptions of incidents in his life. For his own, uncharted reasons, he returns to scenes from his book *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg,* which told of the first German poison gas attack against the Russians at Bologako, when masked German soldiers tried to rescue their unprotected enemy, carrying the gassed Russians to ambulances. Fraternity, wrote Malraux, carries a powerful thrust when death is visible.

Equally indomitable are his memories of flying air cover for the anti-Franco forces, of the peasant witnesses to courage in the Resistance, of his time with General de Gaulle. For most of Malraux's life, he watched the "metamorphosis of the ignorance of death" turn into "an awareness of death." His insights cut like cheese wire.

True Confessions
By John Gregory Dunne (E. P. Dutton)

In this novel of manners among the Irish Catholics of Los Angeles, money is the Vaseline of a society in which appearance and reality rarely jibe. The heart of Dunne's book encloses the two Spellacy brothers—one a Monsignor, golfing priest, chancellor of the archdiocese on his way to succeeding the Cardinal; the other a cop, formerly on Wilshire Vice, who is investigating the murder of a girl, cut in two and called by the L.A. *Herald Express* "The Virgin Tramp." All this brings out Dunne's effective, special laughter. Serious and sad, wild and rough, he is marvelously good.

The odors of the police station and of the Cardinal's palace are strong, as Dunne savages his priests, cops, and whores with the whip of his ruinous understanding. Concerned with the moral life, he turns it convulsively funny.

Among Dunne's more notable characters is His Eminence the Cardinal, at eighty dumping on his chancellor, whom he thinks could easily run General Motors, a multitude of stresses. These include the Sons of Saint Stephen the Bulgar, Saint Jude's Hos-

(Continued on page 56)



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

pital, the papal knights, the problem pastors, the intricacies of diocesan politics, rich, domineering widows, and a ton of sand added to a fraudulent construction bill.

In a change of venue, Dunne shifts to the police department, to the detectives in Robbery-Homicide with their brothers-in-law Jesuits, Dominicans, their sisters in convents, their deals among the Chinese, the Chicanos, the Jews. At one point, Detective Crotty, a real wheeler, commenting on a *Herald Express* story about The Virgin Tramp known in the chic haunts of Long Beach, said: "A chic haunt in Long Beach . . . was a place where the bartender didn't wear a tattoo."

Shall We Tell the President?
By Jeffrey Archer (Viking)

The stupendous task: catch the one Senator out of a hundred deep in a tight conspiracy to assassinate President Edward Moore Kennedy on March 10, 1983, on the steps of the Capitol. The catchers: the FBI, if they can in time. Six days before the murder date, a special agent has narrowed the Senatorial suspect, not the marksman, down to sixty-two possibles. (*Note, for students of political science:* the Senate still includes Cranston, Bayh, Byrd, Muskie, Brooke.)

Here is terror, outrageous and top-notch. With a cricket player's sense of fair play, Archer leaves some of his clues floating on the March wind. His style as serviceable as a drain in a wound, he delivers a vacuum-packed story. Smart and shifty.

Art

By Barbara Rose

Treasures of Early Irish Art: 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; through January 15, 1978

Three thousand years of Celtic art, on exhibit at The Metropolitan Museum, remind one of the contribution of the Irish people to world art. During the modern period, the Irish genius has expressed itself mainly in literature; but in the early medieval period, the Celtic tribes of Ireland produced the most advanced art in the West.

Combining sophisticated workmanship with complex interlaced patterns of a fantastic richness and sophistication, Irish monks created masterpieces of manuscript illumination. Several of the greatest of these, including the celebrated *Book of Kells,* are included in this extraordinary exhibition, which travels to San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Boston, and Philadelphia.

Scale and Environment: 10 Sculptures
Walker Art Center, Minneapolis; through November 27

At the Walker Art Center, *Scale and Environment*—the first in-depth look at the two major new sculptural tendencies of the 'seventies: the miniaturized sculptures created by young artists like Joel Shapiro and Charles Simonds and the walk-in large-scale environments of artists like Robert Stackhouse, whose piece for the show resembles a Viking ship; Michael Hall, whose wooden structure must be traversed to enter the exhibition; and George Trakas, whose bridge-like construction is on display outdoors. Among the most unusual of the commissioned works is a gigantic abstract version of Jefferson's residence at Monticello, made of roof shingles, wood, and corrugated metal by local artist Siah Armajani.

Walker Art Center Director Martin Friedman has spotted a new trend, and he has focused attention on departures from conventional sculptural forms that deserve to be watched. This show raises challenging questions, not the least of which is why institutions like the Walker Art Center, Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art, and Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art are keeping up with new developments in a way that Big Apple museums are not.

Birds, Beasts, Blossoms, and Bugs: The Nature of Japan
Asia House Gallery, New York; through December 4

This exhibition, illustrating how nature in its many forms has been a subject of Japanese art, concentrates on the later Edo and Meiji periods (eighteenth and nineteenth centuries). Among the more than sixty objects are screens, scrolls, ceramics, carvings, and other ornamental pieces depicting flora and fauna, sometimes with more of a view to the artist's imagination than to observation. Example: a screen painting of a rabbit climbing a tree!

MORE ART:

Signac: Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings, and Prints: More than thirty important works at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York by the neo-Impressionist Paul Signac, who took the small strokes of Impressionist painting and turned them into sparkling patches of paint that resemble mosaic tesserae (through November 27). Women Artists 1550–1950: Make every effort to catch this exhibition, which attempts to revise art history in favor of neglected women artists, now at the Brooklyn Museum until November 27.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art, on loan from Trinity College, Dublin. Photograph by Green Studios, Dublin

Above, The Lion of St. John folio from the seventh-century "The Book of Durrow": a "Treasure of Early Irish Art" at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York

(Continued on page 58)



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HALSTON

PERFUME SPRAY PERFUME COLOGNE SPRAY COLOGNE

Collecting

By Judith Goldman

How to buy—and how not to buy—prints

In the 1960's and early '70's, when painters were briefly superstars and pictures were expensive, original prints were everywhere. Some of the best came—and still do come—from Tatyana Grosman's West Islip studio, Universal Limited Art Editions, where Helen Frankenthaler, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and other major painters made lithographs and screen prints. But there were others. Every cause had a print. A lithograph announced Moratorium Day, another honored Earth Day. Ben Shahn made a print for Eugene McCarthy. Andy Warhol colored Nixon green to effect results for George McGovern, and a portfolio of graphics raised defense funds for the Chicago Seven.

The print was part of the politics of the 1960's, and an atmosphere of "publish or perish" pervaded the art world. Magazines were created to follow the rising print market; writers reported on investment opportunities in fine prints. For a while, everyone was a print collector; and, after a while, there were too many prints and the good prints were too expensive.

In 1973, the market for original prints peaked. That summer, at the foremost print auction, the Kornfeld and Klipstein sale in Berne, Switzerland, Toulouse-Lautrec's *La Clownesse d'assise,* a lithograph of a winsome, tired dancer, sold for $61,160. Another equally famous lithograph of a lady, Edvard Munch's red-haired, green-eyed seductress *Die Sünde,* sold for $66,700. In 1967, Toulouse-Lautrec's sad *La Clownesse* had brought $9487, Munch's *Die Sünde* had brought $21,850. Even given differences in the prints' quality, the rise in prices was extraordinary. An art dealer, surveying the 1973 prices, remarked, "Hmpf—prints and the pauper."

By 1975, there were fewer print dealers and fewer collectors, and the articles reporting on print prices had changed their focus. The new darling of multiple art was the photograph. The reason, economic: Prints were expensive, photographs were not.

A price, however, is only sometimes an indicator of quality. The price of art fluctuates, and most often the price paid reflects a demand for a particular object at a particular time, not its lasting value. Neither Munch's nor Toulouse-Lautrec's lithographic ladies have brought, since 1973, the same high prices at auction. But the print market has not fallen; it has stabilized.

There are few bargains anymore, but there should be a myriad of fair values this month at three print auctions and at two very special print exhibitions and sales. At Associated American Artists, Inc. in New York, ask to see Milton Avery's monotypes; Avery's spare etchings and painterly monotypes are still undervalued. At New York's Brooke Alexander, Inc., Jasper Johns's thirteen screen prints to date, rarely available, can be seen and bought.

The print sales begin with Martin Gordon's on November 8 and 9 at New York's St. Moritz Hotel; Sotheby Parke Bernet also auctions prints on November 9 and 10; Christie's enters the American market with a sale on November 11. Toulouse-Lautrec's *La Clownesse* may appear at all three sales. Sotheby's will sell her as part of the complete set of *Elles*; Christie's will offer her individually; and Martin Gordon's *La Clownesse,* a duplicate from The Metropolitan Museum of Art's collection, may appear. Or he may save her for another time.

MORE COLLECTING:

For those who sat out print collecting in the '60's: Brooke Alexander's new catalogue, Selected Prints 1960-1977, includes 250 works by more than forty artists from Josef Albers to Andy Warhol ($6.00).

Advice to novice buyers: The phrase "original print" is a misnomer. A print is not one-of-a-kind but a multiple "original," an image transferred from a master matrix of stone, copper, wood, or any other material. Contemporary prints are signed and numbered by the artist. Old Master prints are not. Numbering signifies that the prints in an edition are as identical as they can be. A low number in a series is not better than a high number.

Beware of all dealers who offer investment opportunities. Do not buy prints by mail. When in doubt, go to the library: The graphics of every major printmaker from Rembrandt to Jasper Johns have been catalogued. Avoid trends. Look at undervalued Americans: George Bellows, Stuart Davis, Peggy Bacon, and Louis Lozowick.

Taxes

By Julian Block

So you married a crook...

Married persons need no reminder that they can cut their tax tab with joint filing, but it can turn out to be a trap if an IRS agent insists on extra taxes. That's because the IRS is free to dun one spouse for the taxes even though all of the jointly reported income was earned by the other spouse.

Usually, the joint liability trap closes on the wife or, after a marriage comes unglued, on the ex-wife. What she discovers is that the IRS is not obliged to go after her husband for the unpaid taxes and can head straight for her assets if they are easier to grab, even if she has since remarried. One way for a blameless wife—or husband—to get off the hook for taxes, interest, and penalties is to seek relief under the "innocent-spouse" rules.

Innocent-spouse status is available where: (1) the husband—or wife—omitted from income an amount that was more than 25 percent of the gross income shown on their joint return, and (2) the spouse proves that she—or he—neither knew of the unreported income nor had reason to know, and did not significantly benefit from the hidden income. But this relief is not available where the extra taxes are attributable to disallowed deductions rather than to omitted income.

The innocent-spouse rules have been successfully invoked by a number of women. For instance, a Tax Court excused the widow of a bank embezzler when she showed that even the bank had failed to discover his cheating until after he died and that she received nothing from him other than her normal household allowance.

But a skeptical judge refused to believe another wife, when she denied knowing that her husband never reported a sizable amount of income from his law practice. The woman sometimes worked in her husband's office and was aware he had received the omitted income; and the judge reasoned that she directly benefited from the omission because she and her husband used that money to cover their living expenses. When the wife refused to appear in court as a witness, her case went down the drain.

(Continued on page 60)



Where to eat now: La Petite Ferme

Some seven years ago, Charles Chevillot—a tall, fine-faced Frenchman, with fine French restaurant blood in his veins—opened his La Petite Ferme deep in the heart of Manhattan's Greenwich Village. And "they" came downtown in droves to crowd into a pleasantly peasanty room (white stucco, scrubbed blond-wood tables) that seated twenty, to revel in the simplest of superbly cooked dishes lovingly chosen, by Chevillot, from France's traditional *la cuisine bourgeoise*. Now, Chevillot's moved his "Ferme" uptown, kept its atmosphere intact while doubling its size (there's also a private party room upstairs), and boomed into a new, delectable restaurant life. You can still choose—from the modest blackboard menu—such perfectly prepared "Ferme" delights as the best *moules vinaigrette* and calf's liver in town; a plump, impeccably greaseless *sole meunière; le bass poché* with that special sauce created by Chevillot's *grand-père*. And, now in November, there's a *pot-au-feu* in which each ingredient, while seeming to lead a potent life of its own, blends into a steaming rapture.

—LEO LERMAN

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What Did Your Mirror Reveal This Morning?

This morning started out like any other. You put on the coffee and set out the juice glasses. Then, as always, you went to freshen up to greet the day and your family pleasantly. Looking in the mirror as you brushed



your hair, you suddenly realized that you looked older. Somehow you hadn't noticed before. But you couldn't help wondering if other people were aware of the change.

Now you and your mirror have come face-to-face with the truth, it's time you discovered a secret known to fortunate women from many parts of the world, the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger by creating a moist climate for your skin. This skin-loving liquid is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Simply smooth Oil of Olay over your face and throat to let it begin to work so that it can help you look younger. Watch the precious fluid disappear into your skin. Oil of Olay penetrates remarkably quickly, bringing pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients to ease dryness. Dryness, of course, can so easily make you look older, as it makes little wrinkle lines more obvious. The very first day you use Oil of Olay, those lines can become less noticeable. Even though they may not comment, the change will be apparent to other people.

The skin-cherishing beauty fluid works mysteriously as a partner with nature to help maintain your skin's natural moisture balance and let your skin become softer, smoother, younger looking.

Within moments after applying the beauty fluid, your face takes on a renewed lustre and radiance, a kind of marvelously dewy glow. Remember that look? Isn't it a joy to see it again?

When will you choose to use the precious beauty fluid? Exposure to wind and sun, some cosmetics, even sudden temperature changes can cause your skin to feel dry and look older, just as certainly as the passing years do. So whenever your skin feels dry, it may be telling you that it would welcome Oil of Olay.

If you're like most dedicated users, you will want Oil of Olay to be part of your morning and evening beauty ritual. Oil of Olay, faithfully every morning, either to let your skin live in its own moist climate or under your cosmetics. Because the beauty fluid penetrates so quickly and doesn't leave a greasy afterfeel, you'll find it marvelous under makeup. Again, faithfully every night, so that Oil of Olay can cherish and pamper your skin into quiet hours of night.

Remember what your mirror revealed this morning? How reassuring to know that with Oil of Olay your mirror can soon reflect a younger look. What a lovely way to face the day.

Beauty Secrets

Perhaps the sudden realization that you looked older than you realized has prompted you to plan an overall self-improvement program, complete with diet, exercise and time set aside for intensive grooming. When you're exercising, giving yourself a manicure or while you're figuring out your calorie count for the day, is a good time for an extra application of Oil of Olay.

* * *

When you've discovered Oil of Olay, you won't want a single drop to go to waste. After you've smoothed the beauty fluid on your face and throat, massage your elbows with Oil of Olay. You may not see that particular dry area, but others certainly do.

* * *

When you can take time for a leisurely bath, smooth Oil of Olay® on your face and throat while you're relaxing and unwinding in the tub. It feels marvelous, and the discreet fragrance that surrounds you is one more delicious addition to that peaceful time.

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Sports

By Kay Gilman

Why women like football

Football—the word has long sent shudders of apprehension down the spines of millions of women as the autumn air turns chill—hits its full stride in November. But nowadays, women are as likely as men to be found where the action is, have their own football heroes—even a woman football commentator. More women than not are perfectly aware that a clothesline tackle has nothing to do with dirty linen.

Football heroes come and go, usually departing on gimpy knees before they reach the age of thirty. Two exceptions: O.J. Simpson is still running wild for the Buffalo Bills; Joe Namath has achieved a certain eminence as the Grand Old Man of football. New idols to eye: Bert Jones of the Baltimore Colts and New England Patriots star Steve Grogan—they're the best of the new breed of young quarterbacks. Unlike their more fragile, and often immobile, predecessors, they are big and strong enough to see downfield over the monumental defensive lines facing them, to read a perplexing defense, to run like blazes through blitzing linebackers, and to block if necessary. Not incidentally, they both possess golden arms.

Bert Jones, twenty-six, out of Louisiana State University, was the top-rated college quarterback in the country in 1973 and was the first player picked in the first round of the college draft by the floundering Baltimore Colts. After four years, he has more than fulfilled his promise, leading his all-around revitalized team to the playoffs in 1975 and 1976 and setting an NFL passing record of 3104 yards in 1976.

The twenty-four-year-old Grogan is the kind of long shot out of nowhere who suddenly skyrockets to the top. Chosen in the fifth round of the college draft in 1975 by astute Patriot head coach Chuck Fairbanks, Grogan was a big, freckle-faced kid from Kansas State who was expected to languish in the shadow of the vaunted first-string quarterback Jim Plunkett. Instead, Plunkett was shipped to the San Francisco 49ers, and it was the versatile Grogan who pulled the ponderous Patriots' act together, taking them to the second round of the American Conference playoffs in 1976 and making them the most exciting team in pro football today.

The woman most identified with professional football has to be Phyllis George, a coltish beauty out of Denton, Texas, who admittedly was ignorant of the intricacies of the game when she joined CBS in 1975. Before the year was out, she became the first female co-host of *The NFL Today*, the New York-based tie-in for CBS's National Conference game of the week. Today, Ms. George, who does not do play-by-play commentary, picks her way through the most treacherous of football terminology and conducts perceptive weekly interviews.

(Continued on page 62)

enter Chloé

"A woman does not put on my fragrance. She enters it."

Karl Lagerfeld



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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

TV

By Diane English

Solid drama, not sitcoms

Serious drama, once the staple of television in its "Golden Age," has a chance to make a comeback after a long absence: very good news, indeed, for a medium up to its rabbit ears in tired sitcoms and vapid action/adventure shows.

With the networks slugging it out for the number-one ratings spot, traditional modes of program scheduling have changed this season, leaving room now for specials and "events" to wedge their way into the once unassailable bloc of weekly series. The result, particularly evident in the next several months, is more original dramas, more dramatic adaptations of literature, and more original movies for television.

There was a time in the 1950's when original dramas like Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty* (1953) and Rod Serling's *Requiem for a Heavyweight* (1956) were a matter of course. The dramatic anthology series flourished then, creating an exciting new spawning ground for writers.

As vital as the television drama was then, it was nevertheless expensive and time-consuming to mount a new play each week. Gradually, Hollywood movie studios, unable to compete with television, cashed in on the powerful new medium by providing it with weekly pop/dramatic series (doctor, Western, law, police shows) and feature films. One by one, the anthology drama programs, including *Kraft Television Theatre, Studio One,* and *Philco TV Playhouse,* faded away. When CBS's *Playhouse 90* went off the air in 1961, it marked the end of an era.

Since then, we've been treated to some exceptional examples of television drama, but only rarely: *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman, Eleanor and Franklin, Roots,* and a few continuing series such as *Family, The Waltons,* and *Little House on the Prairie.* The greatest tragedy has been the loss of television's most valuable asset: its writers. But a bright ray of hope came last year in the form of PBS's *Visions* series, which offered a season of original dramas written by newcomers. Although the series was uneven, the fresh and varied visions of these new writers won the series (under the skillful leadership of Barbara Shultz) a Peabody Award and nine nominations from the Television Critics Circle.

It is ironic, however, that despite the critical success of *Visions,* Ms. Shultz found it surprisingly difficult to raise the funds necessary for a second season. This year, *Visions* will offer only ten new productions with the remainder of its run comprised of repeats. Anthology drama has not attracted the large audiences that serials do, and there is pressure now from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting to attract younger, larger audiences to public television. What's more, *Visions* often deals with subjects called "questionable" by sponsors and underwriters—a term that often means, in TV language, the kiss of death.

But if television drama makes its mark this year, it will be because serious drama offers audiences a stimulating alternative to a bland diet.



Above: Actor Carroll O'Connor, not "Archie Bunker," drama-ing in "The Last Hurrah"

MORE TV DRAMA:

The Last Hurrah (November 16, 8:00 P.M., ET, NBC). Carroll O'Connor stars in his own teleplay, the story of a big-city politician running for office one last time. The drama is an updated version of the 1956 best seller by the late Edwin O'Connor (no relation).

Sarah (November 30, 9:00 P.M., ET, PBS). Zoë Caldwell stars in this biography of Sarah Bernhardt written by Suzanne Grossman, in which the famed actress's life is told in a series of flashbacks as she prepares for her role as Elizabeth I.

Captains Courageous (December 4, 7:00 P.M., ET, ABC). Karl Malden stars as Disko, captain of a fishing schooner, in a special two-hour adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's classic novel. Ricardo Montalban, Jonathan Kahn, and Johnny Doran also star.

Sounds

By David Sargent

Tchaikovsky: The Six Symphonies and "Manfred"
London Philharmonic Orchestra, Mstislav Rostropovich, conductor (Angel)

This set is Mstislav Rostropovich's real calling card as a conductor. The famed cellist has been turning his attention to conducting for several years now, as part of his restless ambition to broaden his activities beyond the narrow repertory of his first instrument. He has led orchestras on records before and is now the new music director of the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington, DC. But this massive set of music, both close to him—he offered the *Pathétique* on his American conducting-debut concert at the Kennedy Center—and in the center of the standard repertory, will win him more attention than anything he has done in the field so far.

And deservedly so. This is grand, heartfelt Tchaikovsky conducting, full of an unselfconscious rhetorical passion that too many modern conductors find temperamentally foreign. Tchaikovsky was a Romantic, after all—perhaps the most emotively extreme one of all. Rostropovich understands this, yet he never loses his grip on the technical command required to present that Romanticism at its most intense. A fascinating set of records.

Talking Heads: 77
(Sire)

Talking Heads is the last of the major Manhattan punk or "new wave" rock bands to release an album, and, along with Television (and, of course, Patti Smith), it's the best this "school" has produced so far. That hardly means that Talking Heads sounds like the other bands: Talking Heads is the most defiantly unpunkish of the lot.

The band deviates from the crude punk norm both in its music and in its preppy image. Their songs have little to do with the primitive, blues-based basics of the true punks. Instead, this is a jumpy, brittle, yet irresistibly engaging sound. The only thing that will keep it from automatic mainstream success is the pinched yowling of David Byrne, the lead singer. But people who love the band come to have a certain affection for Byrne's eccentricities, and now that their record label, Sire, has Warner Bros. distribution—added to this band's gift for coming up with clever pop "hooks"—it seems that Talking Heads could become a genuine commercial success.

Ornette Coleman: Dancing in Your Head
(Horizon/A&M)

Coleman, the great jazz innovator of the past two decades, returns with his first album in five years, one of the most provocative cross-over disks in memory. "Cross-over" is a term normally invoked when a success in some commercially subsidiary genre of popular music—such as Country and Western—"crosses over" onto the main pop-sales charts. *Dancing in Your Head* attests, anew, to Coleman's catholicity of interests: This man crosses over musical boundaries as if they didn't exist.

Coleman calls the music on this record "harmolodic." What that means, in practice, is an almost steady-state series of musical overlappings, characterized by a constant dynamic level and by the repetition and slow variation of a short, recognizable phrase. This takes up most of the album; at the end is a selection recorded in Morocco four years ago with the master musicians of Joujouka. The Moroccans clearly provided Coleman with his inspiration, but his music on this LP is clearly his own. Not to every taste, but remarkable nonetheless.

MORE SOUNDS:

Linda Ronstadt: Simple Dreams (Asylum). Her best album yet, full of moving ballads and hard-driving rock and roll.

Emotions: Rejoice (Columbia). This female trio's "Rejoice" has attained top-ten status as an album. No wonder—this is as buoyant soul music as any in recent memory.

The New Commander Cody Band: Rock 'n Roll Again (Arista). The Commander once had about the most amusing hippie bar band around; but it couldn't sell records. This is a mostly new group, produced more tightly than the old. The idiom is a little blacker now, but the fun remains.

photograph by David Hamilton

L'Air du Temps

The Romantic Perfume



NINA RICCI

Paris

"... it's not required that ex-spouses despise each other"

By Davidyne Mayleas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In her new book,* Rewedded Bliss: Love, Alimony, Incest, Ex-Spouses, and Other Domestic Blessings, *published this month by Basic Books, Davidyne Saxon Mayleas amusingly and hard-headedly outlines the pitfalls and traps awaiting the unwary in remarriage . . . and maps out some escape routes from these hazards. In this excerpt, she offers a new code of behavior for the "synergistic" family—her name for the new, polygamous family unit formed when remarriage occurs, with ex-wife and children of the former marriage still economically and emotionally linked to remarried husband/father.*

And Margaret Mead said: "Let there be etiquette . . ."

Given the relatively recent appearance of the synergistic family—it is only in the last twenty or thirty years that the Bureau of Census has noticed its existence—we ought to forgive ourselves our lack of a generally acceptable book of etiquette. After all, it is no simple matter for human beings to live together at all, to consider each other's comfort, rights, and safety as family life requires even in the traditional circumstances of the monogamous family. How then can we, a new cultural form, expect to find among our wedding presents a lavishly bound, hallowed and indexed *Emily Post for Remarriage?*

We have other excuses, too. Even in the bio-family, in whatever form it has appeared on earth, empathetic, compassionate, considerate behavior seems to be a fairly new custom on the evolutionary time scale. It is well within the memory of parents that, in certain hard pressed societies, survival etiquette required that baby girls be disposed of routinely by drowning. It wasn't a crime. It was the way things were done.

The rich world too has had its standard family murders. In our wealthier, theoretically civilized western society our history is chock full of instances of sons who considered it fitting and proper to knock off their fathers for kingdoms or estates or trade routes. The century-long War of the Roses almost put family life out of business, with brother attacking brother and father and son splitting heads, all in search of that less than Holy Grail, the crown of England. Our own Civil War also provided much family carnage. And even today, in our staid corporate suites, we find Genesco erupting into a father and son feud. It seems only the Mafia exercises restraint and devoutly respects the sanctity of the family. When they kill, they kill outsiders, neighbors, policemen and other "families." But not their own close kin. Their etiquette forbids it. Except, of course, under extenuating circumstances.

Obviously, what is etiquette in one culture can be bad manners in another, and against the law or a religious breach in a third. This is because man's social behavior has always been inventive and innovative. It is like water that will take the shape of any vessel that will hold it.

But if etiquette is variable, it is also universal. In whatever form it takes, etiquette, along with the incest taboo and other religious safeguards, as well as the law itself, provides "rules which pertain to sex, property and safety . . . ," which keep under control "human inclinations, passions and instinctive drives."

Now, with the coming of the synergistic family into Western culture, we are again being called upon to show the range of our originality and adaptiveness. We must now evolve an etiquette to guide us in our social arrangements with each other, in the same way that the Synergistic Imperatives clue us in on the housekeeping of our unconscious familial sexual impulses, and budget making stabilizes our economic polygamy.

Of course, to arrive at a workable etiquette presents a formidable task. There are countless small details to be considered, ranging from what kind of table manners are expected in the family to more weighty subjects such as when disciplinary action should be taken with children and what kind it should be, to what sort of reward system is the most effective and on what it should be based?

The difficulty, naturally, is that each family is so different, with such differing

(Continued on page 70)



From the book *Rewedded Bliss: Love, Alimony, Incest, Ex-Spouses, and Other Domestic Blessings* by Davidyne Mayleas, to be published in November by Basic Books, Inc., © 1977 by Davidyne Mayleas.



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REMARRIAGE

(Continued from page 64)

lifestyles, personalities and pressure points that specific rules are impossible to come by. What might be good manners in the Schmidt dining room could be considered offensive by the Cameron clan.

I have no idea how to outline an orderly etiquette for such a hodgepodge family form. Given the overlap of our authority figures, the contrariness of our lifestyles, the blurring of the formulas for right and wrong, how can we finalize norms of behavior for the incredibly convoluted and unexpected social situations that can and do arise each day? It seems to me that, at best, there are two principles that can be useful in helping us decide how to behave. One or the other usually, but not always, applies in most situations we encounter. Ironically, but perhaps appropriately, the principles are mutually contradictory. (But so is everything else in our lives.) One is the *practice of avoidance.* The other is a *commitment to cooperation.*

With respect to *avoidance,* the principle runs as follows: The less ex-spouses see of each other, talk to each other or remark on each other to the children, the better for all concerned. Even in those cases where both sets of exes are happily remarried the practice of avoidance should be religiously respected.

1. Ex-spouses should do their reasonable best to avoid each other socially.

2. Where money matters or child rearing questions come up there are other options open to exes than heart-to-heart talks that usually end up in open-heart surgery anyway. Where the personalities of the current and ex-spouse are reasonably compatible—I said reasonably, not ecstatically—the current spouse can act as an intermediary in the coffee klatches to decide what's what. Naturally, this tactic won't work if the personalities of the new spouse and the ex are mutually inflammatory, and rather than talk they'll be at each other's throats. Money questions are particularly touchy, and if you can employ a professional accountant to make the alimony and/or child support payments, as well as work out other financial questions, it can help keep your pulse steady. If the service of a professional is too costly, then the next best way of ducking ex-marital forensics is for both current husband and wife, together, to sit down with each other's spouse and quietly discuss whatever needs discussing. This comes under the heading of cooperation.

3. The final avoidance is conversation with the children. They know. They sense. They smell. And they manipulate. Alongside of an intuitive child, Machiavelli was a bumbler who came to a sticky end. It is a favorite childhood pastime to pit one ex-spouse against the other for fun and games. So, if you are the mother, watch your cool when your Little Jack Horner tells you that "Daddy was wonderful. He let me stay up till three o'clock and watch the Late Late Show with him." Or, if you are a father, hold your temper when the apple of your eye sings out: "Mom thinks your wife isn't giving me the proper food when I come to visit you."

In the matter of *cooperation,* the point is that whereas it may be wise for ex-spouses to avoid each other, it is not also required that they *despise each other.* Nor is it called upon for new spouses to feel constantly threatened. Rather, you should assume, until proven otherwise, that your ex wishes you well. And if not you, certainly the children. Believe that peaceful coexistence is possible. And when confusing situations arise as they will, if you can't avoid the situation by avoidance practice, then do your best to solve it by cooperation.

In the process of interviewing couples for this book, and looking at my own experiences, all kinds of questions of social behavior arose—questions that you may now or someday find yourself embroiled in. What follows is a smattering of these puzzlers confronting the synergistic family, and the kinds of answers I suggested: voting for *avoidance* where that made sense, and opting for *cooperation* when the music had to be faced.

THE SOCIAL GRACES: *It is impossible to be in two places at one time unless you are a Yaqui Indian named Don Juan in a book by Carlos Castaneda.*

"...it's no simple matter for human beings to live together at all..."

Q. For the fifth consecutive year, my ex-wife, Louise, plans to have our daughter, Josie, stay with her for Thanksgiving dinner. She always has her father in for Thanksgiving dinner and he's crazy for Josie. That way, Louise thinks she makes up to him for getting a divorce. He's a very difficult old man and when he heard about our divorce he said he'd cut Louise out of his will. I can understand her feelings about her father and the will but I have my own needs. I want my daughter here once for Thanksgiving, along with Grace's boys and her parents. Then it will be a real family affair. Louise had one other idea but I thought it was lousy. . . . J.Z.

"Louise, Josie hasn't had Thanksgiving dinner with Grace and me since we married. In all fairness—"

"James, please! Dad is seventy-eight. How can you deprive an old man of the pleasure of seeing his granddaughter? He's such a sentimentalist. And you know he can't go on forever. It's a sad thought but perhaps you can have Josie next year."

"Your father is in tip-top shape. He still rides a bike. I'd be willing to make book that he lives to be ninety. That means we've at least another twelve years to go before Josie can have dinner with us. By then she may be married and living in Marakesh."

"He won't live to ninety."

"Your grandfather did."

"James, you're morbid. Listen—I have one other idea. Suppose Josie goes to your house at three o'clock? You could have dinner in the afternoon—many people do

(Continued on page 84)



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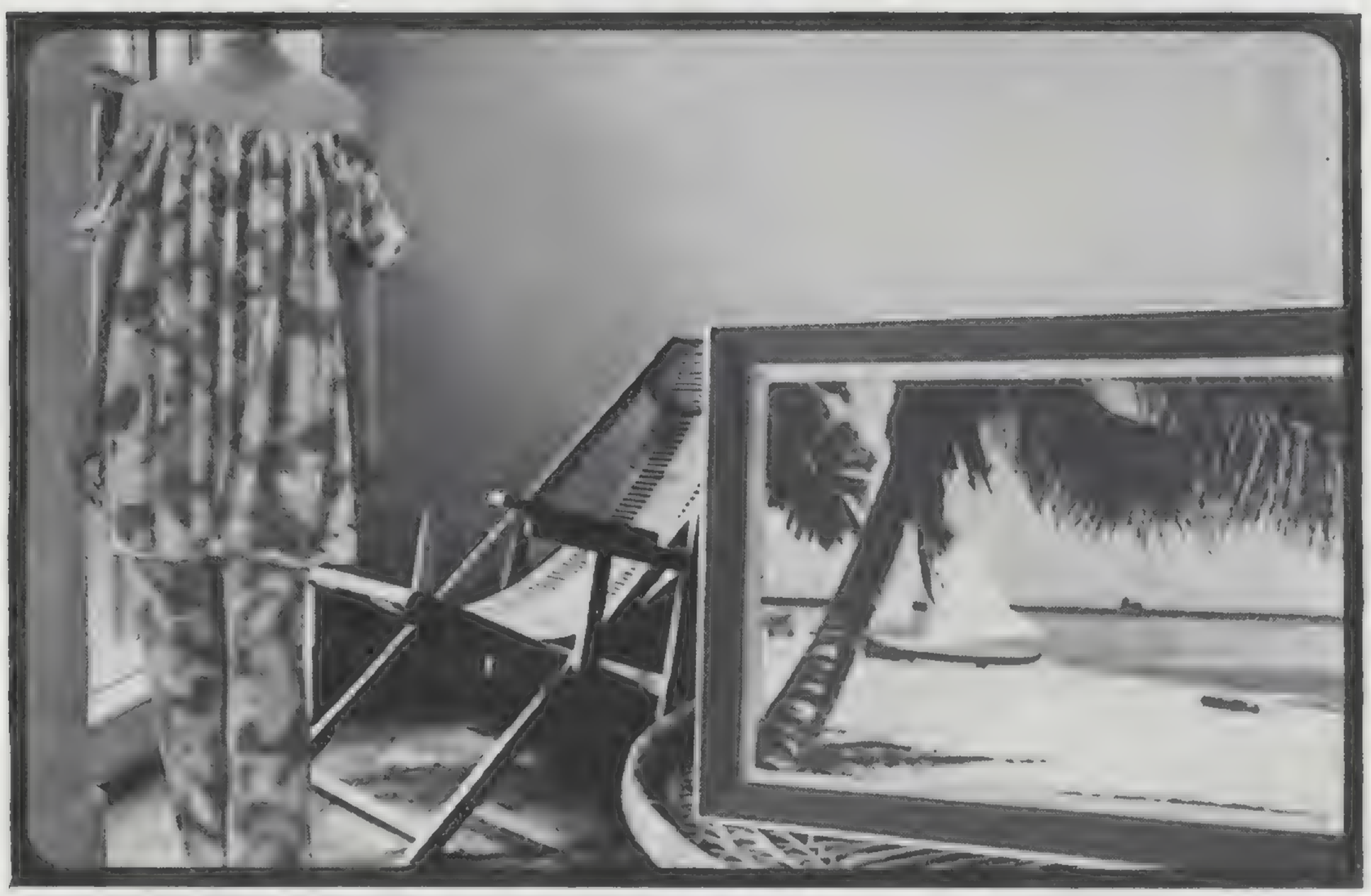
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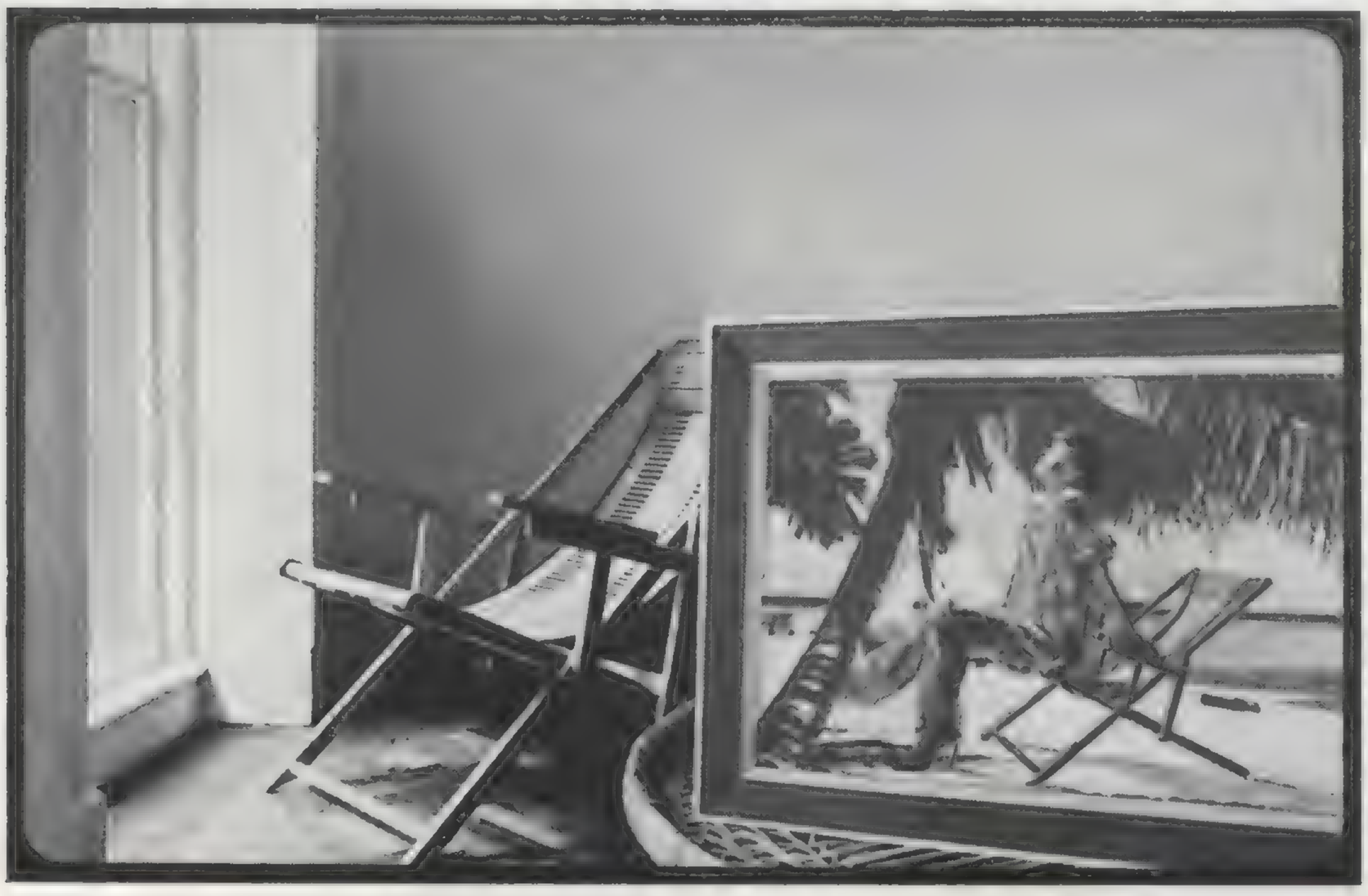
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Several years ago, Mr. Stanley Marcus discovered the P. Shine Manicure Kit in Tokyo, Japan. He bought the kit for our customers and started the amazing self-manicure method on its way to fame. Now we have made it look as lovely as the luster it gives to your fingernails. The complete P. Shine Manicure Kit is housed in a sleek black lacquered box made exclusively for Neiman-Marcus. It's a joy to own, and the nicest way we can think of to keep beauty at your fingertips. Pg. 50, Cosmetics



Please add 1.50 for postage, insurance and handling. Add state sales tax where applicable. Send to Dallas, Texas, 75201 or your nearest N-M store.

Neiman-Marcus

REMARRIAGE

(Continued from page 70)

that. And she could have a little turkey and cranberry sauce with you, Grace and the boys and Grace's parents. Then she would come home by five and have her full meal with Dad and me. That might work out nicely."

"That's a lousy idea."

A. Personally, I agree. It's a lousy idea. The principle is you cannot saw a child in half and expect to come out with a whole human being. By the time Josie, now twelve, is voting age, if this practice were initiated, she'd want to throw up at the mere thought of Thanksgiving. A better idea might be for Louise to explore the possibility of Christmas dinner with her father and Josie. Or, if that's not feasible, James and Grace could plan a Christmas tree trimming and family dinner with the boys and Josie. After all, Thanksgiving is not the only family holiday in the year, and it's more important to keep the child intact than the ritual intact.

On the practical side of etiquette, this business of who sees the children when is a continual migraine for the synergistic family and requires strenuous *cooperation* from all hands. Having as we do a plethora of mothers, fathers, grandparents, aunts, uncles and so on, both bio and poly, there is frequently a shortage of children to do the honors at holidays, to carry tokens of affection from one house to another and keep us all in symbiotic touch. Besides Thanksgiving, there is also Christmas, Easter, Halloween, other religious holidays, birthdays, anniversaries and so on, designed to keep relatives watching the mailbox, and listening for the telephone. It is also true that, though many people have taken to saying "It's all become too commercial," when speaking of Mothers' or Fathers' Day, there are still many other people thoroughly committed to these holidays. At such times the children can be spread pretty thin, with so many mothers and fathers to appreciate. The truth is, there's hardly a child that can afford the Mothers' and Fathers' Day gift list of the synergistic family. Or the Christmas list, for that matter. It seems to me that there is no answer as to how to spread children more thickly. Quite likely it cannot be done. For a bio- or poly-parent or relative to avoid feeling slighted at some holiday may not be possible. Maybe this is one of the crosses we are forever destined to bear: a continuing, aching sense of offended dignity, of not being sufficiently valued. Well, it could be worse. We might have only ourselves to think about.

PARENT-CHILD MANNERS: *"The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. . . ."* Wellington.

Q. How often do I have to let him beat me so that he'll feel secure? And what about my insecurities? I'm a natural competitor and I have to admit it gives me a charge that I can best him at chess. You see, Vic's the school chess champ. I also beat him at squash. Though we have had some sticky moments, slow he's not. But my hand and eye coordination is more practiced. Naturally I'm a better swimmer because I'm stronger. Once in a while he'll come close at something. Then I cream him at chess. I don't think I'd be any less competitive if he were my own flesh and blood. I think I'd be worse. Nancy disagrees. . . . Mr. M. McN.

"Marty, I want Victor to love and trust you. How can he love and trust you if you won't ever let him win? His father always lets him win."

"Nancy, his father is wrong. Letting him win is no way to get love and trust. That kid is as competitive as I am. And nothing gets by him. If I let him win he'd know it. Anyway, I don't have to 'let him win.' He'll get there without my help."

"But once in a while. You know how important chess is to him. And you beat him every game. He was up last night till three A.M. working on moves."

"I believe it. We've had some very close matches."

"Then let him win—once at least."

"Nancy, he's thirteen and I'm forty, and there's nothing he can beat me at now, and that's the way it should be. I'm teaching him how to lose gracefully and how to play the game. Because, believe me, I don't have a long time to teach him. Three or four years maybe and then he'll beat me at half the things you're complaining about. And in ten years he'll beat me at everything. But for now he's learning how to play the game. And winning is only one part of the game. The other part is losing."

"...a favorite childhood pastime is to pit one ex-spouse against the other for fun and games"

A: Marty McNeil is right. Love and trust between parent and child is not lost because a parent beats a child at a game. Marty put it exactly right. "Winning is only half the game." Children must learn to handle defeat. It is a special kind of discipline.

In the same vein, it is justifiable for a poly-parent to discipline a child in any area of behavior, if the reasons are legitimate within the framework of that family's etiquette. A poly-parent must not be afraid to take positions, to say, "In this house we wash our hands before sitting down at the dinner table." Or, "In this house we do not flood the bathroom when taking a shower."

This seems to me to be the only way of handling the reality that the children of synergistic families have to live cross culturally and, like world travelers, have to learn the mores of varying households. They realize early, "When in Rome . . ." If the training is done with malice toward none, and good will toward the child, a boy or girl coming out of a diversified synergistic background will have an edge over one from a more conventional life. He or she may well grow up to be a true citizen of the world, able to observe with a less prejudiced, less fearful eye the customs of strangers and able to adapt more flexibly and cope more easily with the changing mores of our ever-changing world. ▽

MAC TAC OF PARIS
FOR LEONARD SUNSHINE
550 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018

This group of French jersey prints are priced from $150-$180 in sizes 4 to 16. They are available at the following fine stores:

- **T.W. GARLAND, St. Louis**
- **B. FORMAN, Rochester**
- **MEIS BROS., Terre Haute**

and

CONN.	Hartford	Lucy Baltzell Shop
	Westport	Lora Lang
DEL.	Greenville	La Bouttica
ILL.	Chicago	La Poupée
	Chicago	Tiffany Boutique
	Chicago	Heritage House
	Clarendon Hills	Jerold's Inc.
	Hinsdale	Heritage House
	Moline	Andersons
	Oak Park	Marhouls'
	Palatine	Marie's
	River Forest	Ruth Jones Town & Country
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IOWA	Dubuque	Jocilles
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KEN.	Louisville	Bashford, Manor, Bacon
	Louisville	House of Pilcher
	Middelsboro	Rada's
	Owensboro	Snooty Corner
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MASS.	Brookline	Cyreld
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MICH.	Grand Rapids	Leigh's
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MINN.	Minneapolis	Roy Bjorkman
	St. Paul	Cook's D.B.A. Theodores
MO.	Clayton	Robb's
N.H.	Manchester	Judy's
N.J.	Livingston	Bobbie Lazaar
	North Brunswick	Rosenthal's Suburban
	Wayne	Mireille's Boutique
	West End	Bon Prix
N.Y.	Amhurst	Jenss
	Great Neck	Arline Fashions
	Smithtown	Cathy Hazell
	Staten Island	Participation
	White Plains	L.A. Schulman
OHIO	Akron	Birnbaum's
	Cleveland Heights	Milgrim Suburban
	Dayton	Elder Beerman
	Kettering	Twenty One & Up
PA.	Allentown	Adams Co.
	Clark's Summit	La Bouttica
	Dickson	Mary Agnes Dress Shop
	Fox Chapel	Gerda's
	Harrisburg	The Plum
	New Castle	Eileen Meehan Beautique
	Pittsburgh	"The Niche"
	York	Old Heritage Salon Boutique
P.R.	Rio Piedras	Chez Bamboo
R.I.	Providence	Peer Less Co.
VA.	Norfolk	Nicholson & Marks

- **HOLT RENFREW, Canada**

Ontario	Barrie	Town Shop
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	St. Catherines	Rosanne Shop
	Toronto	Alton Lewis Stores
	Toronto	Lewis Howard
	Toronto	Import Boutique
	Willowdale	Gillian's
	Windsor	Scott's Wool Shop
	Windsor	Jaime
Quebec	Laval	Intimate
	Montreal	Elizabeth Hager
	Sherbrooke	Salon Femina



Available at:

Lord & Taylor, Burdines, and I. Magnin

For other fine stores see column listing on facing page.

Reed & Barton
premieres SIGNATURE V

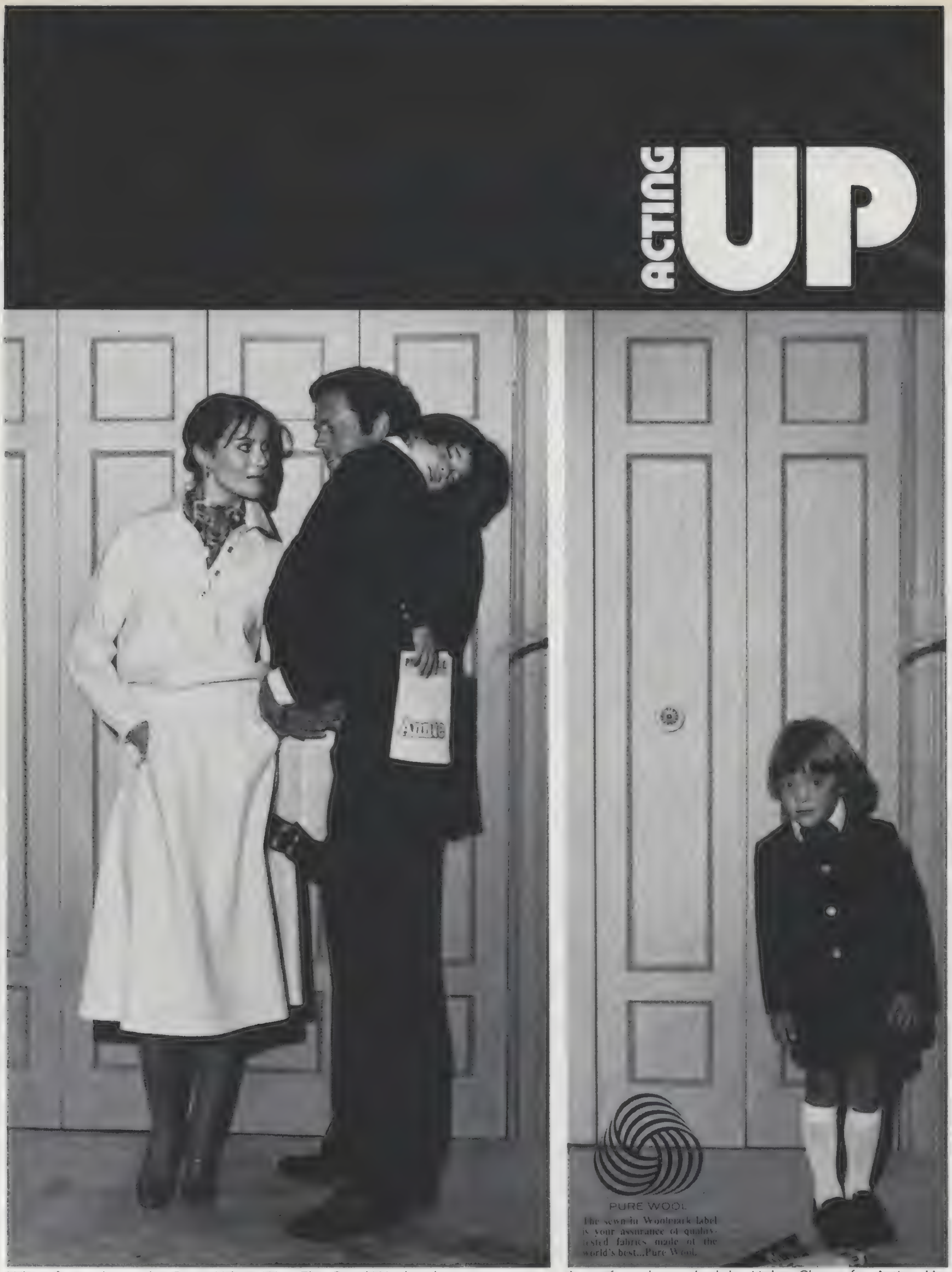
...a unique collection of sterling silver and vermeil jewelry.

Fashion today is individual, original, personal. In keeping with this spirit, Reed & Barton commissioned five designers, internationally known for their work in precious metals, to create five jewelry collections in sterling silver and vermeil (gold plated sterling), each piece unique, each signed with the hallmark of its creator. Here, just a sampling of the 28 necklaces, bracelets, pins and earrings to own, to give, to collect and to cherish. Come see for yourself and find your fashion spirit.

The Signature V collection by Mary Ann Scherr, Ronald Hayes Pearson, Glenda Arentzen, Lynda Watson and Arline Fisch, $15 to $300.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



White for night on the Great White Way. The Good Wools take center stage in this soft and easy look by Helen Chang for Acting Up. Blouson about $56. Skirt about $44. Sizes 6-16. Both 100% pure wool, in a class by itself...for softness, natural good looks and lasting value. Available at Bloomingdale's, all stores; Livingston's, San Francisco; De Jongs, Evansville; Battlestein's, Houston; Godchaux's, New Orleans. Acting Up, a division of Jonathan Logan, 1411 Broadway, New York 10018.

Diane Von Furstenberg ® and the Pontiac '78 Grand Prix.
(Two driving forces, after a fashion)

Heading straight for '78: Sleek, sexy shapes designed to get you there with style and ease. From Diane Von Furstenberg, the scoop neck sundress, easy as a T-shirt, with its own short sleeve cardigan. In one of her inimitable little prints called Antique Floral. Navy entwined with white, and tiny roses scattered here and there. Cotton-rayon knit for sizes 4 to 14. 115.00.

The bold new Grand Prix. Classic as its predecessors. Yet totally in tune with 1978. Trimmer in size. Timeless in design.

See your local Pontiac Dealer.

bloomingdale's



Two for the road.
With Diane Von Furstenberg ® and the Grand Prix.

Your personal sense of mobility is heightened behind the wheel of the Grand Prix. You feel a surge of power (that's Pontiac engineering). A freedom that's your own to enjoy.

Diane Von Furstenberg puts you all in clover. Via her two-piece twin print dress. Peasanty neckline and sleeve over a slightly flared skirt. In pink and green sparse and full clover print cotton-rayon knit. Sizes 4 to 14, 110.00.

See your local Pontiac Dealer.



Two grand new wrap-arounds. One from the Pontiac Grand Prix. The other from Diane Von Furstenberg. ®

The Grand Prix wraps you in luxury, its all-new instrument panel puts every control and gauge within easy eye-shot. Its super-contemporary design makes you feel like you're piloting your own plane.

What's new about the DVF wrap? It's been pared down, like the '78 Grand Prix. No collar. No waist. Just the softness of her cotton-rayon knit to wrap around you. Plus news at the sleeve: a single-buttoned shirt cuff. Lilac background with a flight of white butterflies. Sizes 4 to 14, 90.00.

bloomingdale's

NEW YORK (1000 Third Ave., New York 10022, Garden City, Fresh Meadows, White Plains) CONNECTICUT (Stamford)
NEW JERSEY (Riverside Square–Bergen, Short Hills) MARYLAND (White Flint-Kensington) VIRGINIA (Tysons Corner-McLean)



The elegant embellishments

With automobiles as with fashion, it's the accessories that pull a look together. And Pontiac offers you more choice. Available are the all-new Viscount bucket seats with real leather in 4 seating areas or plush velour notch back seats. Deluxe wheel covers or racy wire wheels.

Pure Diane. Pure Silk. In lush lengths of scarfing with her jacquard signature. Light blue, white or peach, 24.00. A silk square that ties at the throat in a whimsical butterfly print of lilac, yellow or pink with white. 10.00.

And because she feels you haven't put on your face until you've put on your sunglasses, she's designed these, in eye-make-up shades. "Bliss" in Brown, 28.00, "Charade" in Peach, 30.00; "Gala" in Charcoal, 28.00.

See your local Pontiac Dealer.



Grand new luxury with the Grand Prix and Diane Von Furstenberg ®

With Pontiac, you travel in the lap of luxury. Just take a look inside the Grand Prix. Richly cushioned steering wheel, cut-pile carpeting and carpeted lower door panels are standard appointments. Not to mention the luxurious leg room, head room, and foam cushioned comfort.

Diane's embellishments for you: gold and diamonds. Her slide neckline of 14 kt. focal point gold with the glitter of pavé diamonds, 160.00. Choker, 120.00. Stick Pin, 116.00.

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Fire your imagination with color.
The Pontiac Sunbird Sport Hatch and Diane Von Furstenberg do.

Pontiac introduces the Sunbird Sport Hatch. For the woman who's going places, (and has some things to take along!). Sport Hatch rear deck and fold-down rear seat makes this a practical fashion tote. Try it on and see what we mean.

From DVF — free-wheeling color. The richest, slickest shades for lips and nails, this side of the sun. Nail Lacquer, Base Coat and Top Coat are fortified with protein to protect and strengthen. The Lipsticks are super creamy and lasting, the glosses shine with color. Some of the luscious shades you'll want for your own: Brandied Peach, Clear Mocha, Nut Brown, Rosewood, Red Berry, Clear Red, Scarlett, Japanese Red, Claret, Mango, Russet, Sepia and Boysenberry. Lacquer, Lipstick and Lipgloss, each 3.75.

See your local Pontiac Dealer.



Tatiana ® by Diane Von Furstenberg
Playful. Sporty. A touch exotic. Like the Sunbird.

Tatiana. Light and so freshly floral. Lingers in the air as well as in the memory. Tatiana Perfume Spray, Eau de Perfume Spray, Eau de Cologne, Bath Oil, Body Powder and Body Shampoo, 5.50 to 14.00. Tatiana Collector's Box holds Eau de Cologne, Bath Oil and Perfume Spray now; letters, jewelry or scarves later on. 25.00.

The Sunbird Sport Hatch. Pontiac calls it the "new bird of play". Could be because of the contoured bucket seats. The deluxe steering wheel. Or the jazzy wheel covers. Probably it's because it's such fun to drive!

bloomingdale's



Two for the fun. The Sunbird and the sundress.

Soaring off to sun country. In your spanking new Pontiac Sunbird Sport Hatch. Spunky. Sporty. With 2.5 litres of peppy power to get you there. To wear: The Diane Von Furstenberg sunny dress. Spaghetti strapped. Tied in front. With its own scalloped shawl to fling over. Pink and white Love Vine print in cotton rayon knit. Sizes 4 to 12, 105.00.

See your local Pontiac Dealer.

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NEW YORK (1000 Third Ave., New York 10022, Garden City, Fresh Meadows, White Plains) CONNECTICUT (Stamford)
NEW JERSEY (Riverside Square-Bergen, Short Hills) MARYLAND (White Flint-Kensington) VIRGINIA (Tysons Corner-McLean)

YENDI de CAPUCCI

THE PERFUME THAT BECOMES ALL THE WOMEN YOU ARE....

OR WANT TO BE



Saks Fifth Avenue

Henry N. Calisher Inc.
Dist. N.Y., N.Y. 10022



From spa secrets to skin savers, there's beauty news all around this month . . .

Beauty Now

WINTER SKIN ALERT

Seasons change. Skin changes. As real winter weather begins to move in, your skin goes into the slump known as winter pallor. Nothing that makeup and a brisk walk can't remedy, but weather's a deceiver—the sun's still there, not to mention cold and wind. Skin needs weather protection all around—more so if you play winter sports. Which brings us to some timely news: Coppertone has just come up with SunGér, six prettily scented outdoor skin protectors using non-fabric-staining sun block called Homosalate. Included, everything from a lip guard to an anti-chapping sun lotion, in pocket-size sticks or tubes. . . . More in this vein: if you have an extra-emollient skin cream you love, terrific. If you don't, Bonne Bell does —new Sport Creme, especially designed for outdoorsy people.

SPA SECRETS

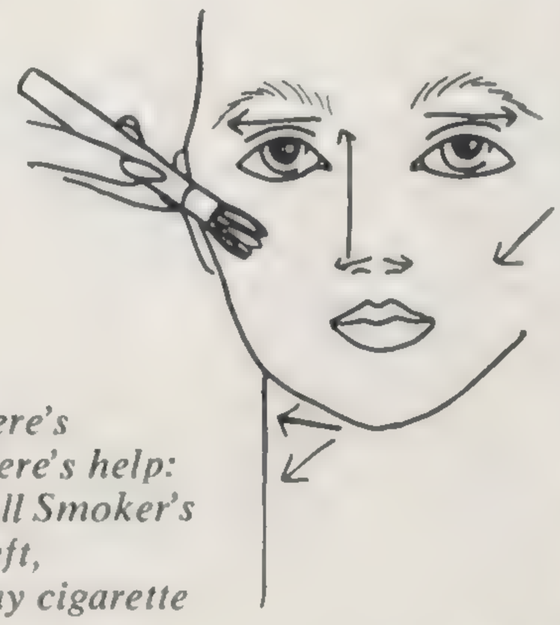
". . . a proven system of aerobic and isotonic exercises; a month's worth of low-cal recipes for gourmet eating; a wealth of suggestions for outer beauty and inner peace. . . ." That's just the beginning of the book the beauty world has been waiting for: Deborah Szekely Mazzanti's *Secrets of the Golden Door* (William Morrow), from the famous Southern California spa that uses joy, not guilt, as its prime motivator. Don't miss.

Re: learning-how-is-half-the-fun. The pros at Stagelight Cosmetics are running workshops in everyday/night makeup. Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, 15. $25. 630 Ninth Ave., N.Y.C., (212) 757-8451. . . . Linda at the Diane Von Furstenberg Salon teaches groups of 10–12 after 5 P.M. Free. 681 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., (212) 759-2303.



Where there's smoke, there's help: the Kandell Smoker's Candle, left, burns away cigarette odors. $4. Bonwit Teller.

FOR $1000, MAKEUP SUPERSTAR WAY BANDY WILL TEACH YOU EVERYTHING HE KNOWS. FOR $8.95, YOU GET IT ALL IN HIS ILLUSTRATED (SEE BELOW), FASCINATING NEW BOOK, "DESIGNING YOUR FACE" (RANDOM HOUSE). THE BIGGEST BEAUTY BARGAIN EVER.



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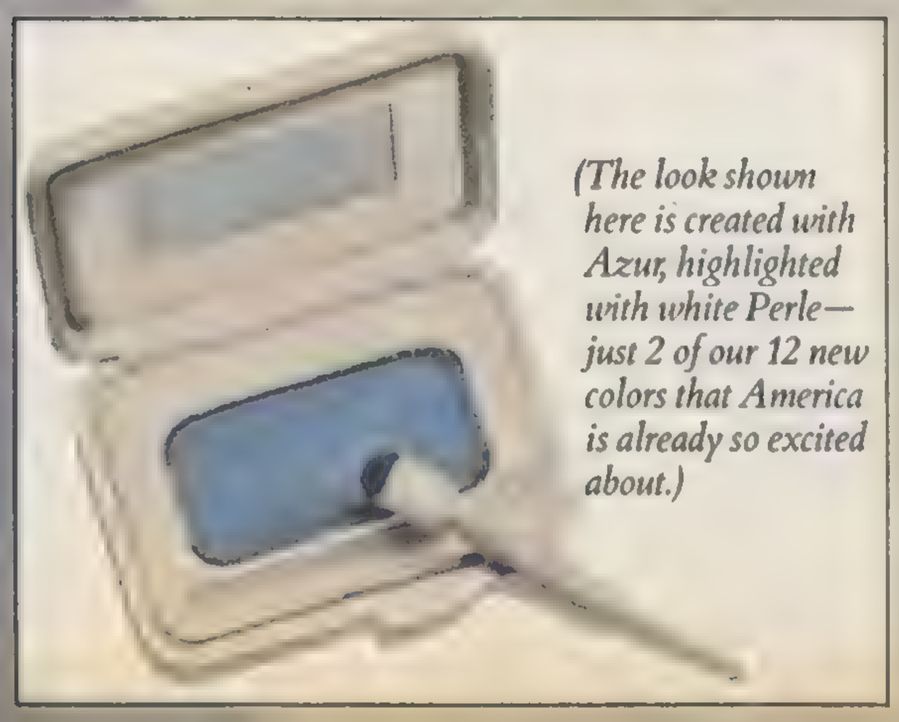
Unexpected name on the skin-care scene: Tove (Mrs. Ernest) Borgnine, who's just launched a new cactus-based skin collection called Tova 9 (*right*). No words needed about the efficient moisturizing principle involved. . . . $3–$40, by mail only. Write Tova Corp., P.O. Box 1073, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.



It's like wish-fulfillment for everyone who's made Estée Lauder Private Collection the base of her perfume wardrobe, because now it's available in two new forms: Private Collection Parfum Cologne, light enough to splash everywhere, and Silken Body Lotion. . . .

How do French women get that looked after look?

Shadow Français.



(The look shown here is created with Azur, highlighted with white Perle—just 2 of our 12 new colors that America is already so excited about.)

Our high gleam, frosted shadow colors that look after your tender eye area beautifully.

You won't believe your eyes. Our exciting, non-drying shadow colors give you such subtle shades for creative expression. The idea (as you'd expect) was created in France: An exclusive way of bonding color pigment to high pearl frost, so you never lose that exciting "true color". It's a creamy powder with an emollient base that keeps your eye area soft and smooth. Come get the look that's always looked after.

Helena Rubinstein
The Science of Beauty

© Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1977 Fur by Maxmillian

Breathtaking:

It must be Jose Hess.

It must be
A distinctive flight of fancy.
A seascape in miniature
An escape from the mundane.
For inspired design and
craftsmanship
it must be.

JOSE HESS



For the nearest jewelry store offering the breathtaking collection of Jose Hess, call or write:
Flaircraft 125 West 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10036
(212) 757-8150.

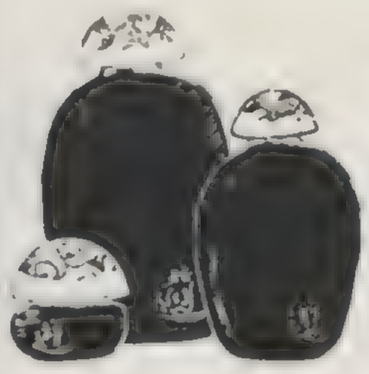


Beauty Now

...news for skin, news for men, and why makeup is coming to hair salons

REGIME FOR OVER-50 SKIN

It's one of the best ideas in an age. Three simple treatments—day moisturizer, night cream, cleanser—specifically designed to supplement what over-50 skin is missing: sebum, the basic skin oil that holds moisture. Whom to thank: the Science of Beauty people at Helena Rubinstein (for the $5–$6 tabs, too). Ask for: Madame Rubinstein.



The packaging, *left*, is as appealing as the products. Fat little lacquer-red bottles with "ivory" tops; inside, Lynn Beck's new rice-oil-based Tao treatments. Rice oil, says Lynn, is a natural skin balancer that moisturizes dry spots, absorbs excess in oily areas. Bloomingdale's has it all.

You have a weakness for perfume?

You're in the mood

for an indulgence? Meet Livia,

a heady new luxe of a perfume.

An ounce, $75. Bonwit Teller.

One of the sneakier scents around, Jardanel, the lighthearted floral from Parfums Jean Desprez, has just arrived in cologne form . . . even lighterhearted! And a boon to Jardanel wearers who prefer the splash-it-on technique.

Something people hope for every gift-giving season has happened. Spectacularly. A new scent for men, with all the fragrant appeal of a walk in the country. Called Devin, it comes (from Aramis) in enough handsome forms to keep your present list going for a while. And to keep him in clover. Among our favorites: Country After Shave Soother, a calming gel, and, for hand healing, Outdoor Hand Formula. (More on Devin, see page 253.)

SALONS: MAKEUP MOVES IN

In more and more hair salons, you are going to be seeing makeup and skin-care collections. Why? Dermetics, one of the early big beauty groups to latch on to this idea, gave us the following super reason: Salon staffers *have* to study skin care and makeup in order to obtain their license. Dermetics simply took advantage.



Stendahl—one of Europe's best-known, best-loved beauty houses—is back in the U.S.A., bringing news: G. Sen *(left)*, 6 skin treatments based on collagen plus ginseng, the legendary "root of long life." Saks Fifth Avenue.

BLAZER

A FRAGRANCE BY ANNE KLEIN®

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SPORTY.
CASUAL.
EXCITING.
FRESH.
UP.
JAUNTY.

BLAZER
BY ANNE KLEIN

IF IT FITS... WEAR IT!

AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE DEPARTMENT STORES.



The colors of Autumn inspire this brilliant collection of multi-color 14 karat gold jewelry. High fashion design and exquisite craftsmanship make this new look in gold an ideal gift for yourself, or someone else special. Jewelry from the Autumn Gold Collection from $110 to $475. For free information and store nearest you write:
Lazarus Jewelers 36 W. 47th Street New York, N.Y. 10036

Available at the fine jewelry, specialty and department stores listed below:

Saks Fifth Ave. - All Stores

Arizona
Scottsdale - **Sakowitz**
Tuscon - **Frederick Fisher Jewelers** - All Stores
Arkansas
Little Rock - M.M. Cohn - **Precious Jewel Salon**
California
L. Magnin - All Stores
Harris Co. - All Stores
Alameda - **Hunt Jewelry**
Costa Mesa - **Jewels by Joseph**
La Jolla - **Frederick Seltzer**
Pasadena - **J. Herbert Hall Co.**
Sacramento - **Hamilton Jewelers**
San Francisco - **A. Rosetti Jeweler**
San Mateo - **Carlyle Jewelers**
Colorado
Denver - **Neusteters Precious Jewel Salon**
Connecticut
Lux, Bond, Green & Stevens - All Stores
New London - **Mallove's**
Florida
Coral Gables - **Balogh's of Coral Cables**
Miami - **Kirk Jewelers**
Miami - **Newbauer Jewelers**
Naples - **Cleopatra's Barge**
Georgia
Albany - **Mason's Jewelry**
Hawaii
Honolulu - **Jewels by Paul** - All Stores
Illinois
Berwyn - **James & Williams Jewelers**
Bloomington - **Jack Lewis Inc.**
Chicago - **L. Magnin**
Chicago - **O.M. Nordling**
Iowa
Brandeis - All Stores
Louisiana
Metairie - **Godchaux's Precious Jewel Salon**
New Orleans - **Godchaux's Precious Jewel Salon**
New Orleans - **Jardine's at the Hyatt**
Maryland
Hutzler's - All Stores
Theodore Nye Jewelers -
Bethesda, Greenbelt, Hyattsville
Massachusetts
Boston - **Shreve, Crump, & Low Co.**
Springfield - **Fredericks Jewelers**
Worcester - **Sharlman Jewelers**
Michigan
Jacobson's - All Stores
Missouri
Kansas City - **Gale Grossman**
Nebraska
Brandeis - All Stores
Lincoln - **Sartor-Hamann & Co.**
New Jersey
Saltsky & Co. Livingston - Millburn
Ocean - **Harvey Jewelers**
Marcus Jewelers - All Stores
New York
Hartsdale - **Hartsdale Jewelers**
Mt. Kisko - **Phillippus II & Co.**
Ossining on the Hudson - **Phillippus II & Co.**
Rochester - **Burke Jewelry**
Ohio
Akron - **O'Neil's** - All Stores
Dayton - **Rike's** - All Stores
Oklahoma
Oklahoma City - **Peacock Jewelers**
Crossroads Mall and Penn. Square
Tulsa - **Cardan & Co.**
Tulsa - **Peacock Jewelers**
Pennsylvania
Altoona - **Kranich's Inc.**
Harrisburg - **Theodore Nye Jewelers**
State College - **Kranich's Inc.**
South Carolina
Columbia - **Derms & Son Jewelers**
Greenville - **Hale's Inc.** - All Stores
Tennessee
Chattanooga - **Cardan & Co.**
Texas
Amarillo - **Sakowitz**
Arlington - **Crowell Jewelers**
Brownsville - **Jewels by Jules**
Houston - **Michaels Fine Jewelry** - All Stores
Houston - **Sakowitz** - All Stores
Houston - **Peacock Jewelers**
Kerrville - **Brehmer's Jewelers**
Lubbock - **Anderson Bros. Jewelers**
Midland - **Sam L. Majors Jewelers**
Odessa - **Sam L. Majors Jewelers**
Wichita Falls - **Cardan & Co.**
Virginia
Alexandria - **Theodore Nye Jewelers**
Washington
Renton - **Porcello Jewelers**
Washington D.C.
Lynn Jewelers
Wisconsin
Gimbels - All Stores

The Purist.



Perhaps you've noticed how many of your favorite products have been miraculously "improved" lately. They've been lemon-freshened, hyped up with ingredients to make them last longer, changed into exotic shapes and colors. Purity and quality, those old-fashioned absolutes, have become harder and harder to find.

Take heart. There are a few stubborn purists still around. And when it comes to sensitive skin care, count us among them.

Neutrogena proudly announces nothing new or improved about our soap. We don't tamper with the Neutrogena® formula by adding new ingredients just to keep reviving your interest. Our soap's made with pure, natural ingredients, the finest we can buy. Without artificial hardeners or coloring or additives or free alkali that potentially could irritate sensitive skin.

We don't crank out Neutrogena by the usual mass production methods, either. We make our soap the way you'd make a gourmet dinner because we're just as finicky about quality as you are. Individual batches are carefully controlled and "cooked" for six hours. During that time they're checked time and time again by our chemists.

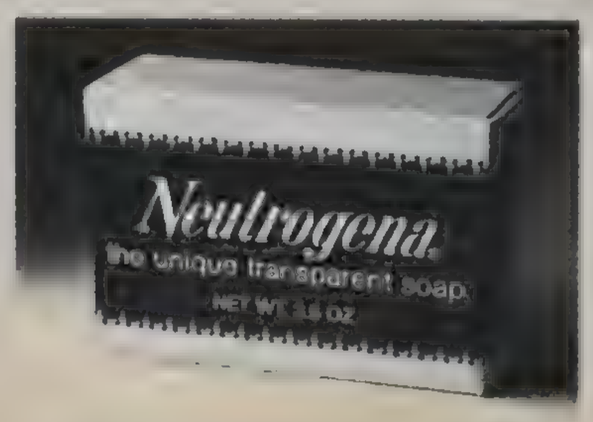
All in all there are 22 separate tests for quality and purity during manufacture.

And independent dermatology laboratories, adhering to strict FDA standards, have also tested Neutrogena eight different ways to make sure it's as careful with your face as it should be.

That's why so many doctors recommend Neutrogena. It cleans your skin thoroughly, but not drastically, leaving it immaculately fresh, but not dry.

We don't promise you miracles or magical ingredients or exotic fragrances. We don't make claims we can't live up to. All you get from us is a safe, pure bar of amber soap that won't irritate even the most sensitive skin.

If you've gotten a little skeptical of change for change's sake, you should try Neutrogena. It's a purist. And we think your complexion will enjoy going back to these old-fashioned basics, purity and quality.



©Neutrogena Corp 1977

for sensitive skin care.



senso

un profumo di Roberta di Camerino - Venezia

New York, Olympic Tower at 51st Street • Atlanta, Lenox Square • Palm Beach, Worth Avenue

Also at
Bloomingdale's

The return of the man in the Hathaway shirt.

American men are beginning to realize that Hathaway shirts are investments. Hathaway shirts are made to last for a matter of years.

It takes seventy-five different steps to tailor a Hathaway shirt. Twelve separate operations are required for the hand-turned collar alone. Hathaway has fourteen sharp-eyed inspectors who would consign a shirt to oblivion for even the slightest flaw.

Above all, Hathaway makes shirts from remarkable fabrics, brought from all over the world to the small town of Waterville, Maine. There, the proud tradition of crafting Hathaway shirts has continued for 140 years.



Brilliant, faceted crystal glass in cases with elegant bracelets complementing the dramatic designs...all with the look of exquisite fashion jewelry.

Top row: A – $110, B – $120, C – $125

Bottom row: D – $89.50, E – Digital Quartz $150, F – Analog Quartz $150. The Citizen Woman is pictured wearing the Dress Quartz $205.

It's here!
The Status Watch
for a unique life-style...mine!

It's Citizen Time



Bolder new dimensions by The Innovator...My Citizen Watch is a whole new experience in Time...because Citizen creates the really smashing innovations...newer, more exciting ways to tell the world what I'm all about. There's a Citizen Watch for every woman I am. Each is a masterwork of precision and elegant reliability. No other watch does or says as much ...that's why no other watch will do. Are you listening, David? Robert? or Leon? Count the shopping days 'til Christmas, Men!

CITIZEN

Anything less
is merely time on your hands

Citizen Watch Co., Ltd., Tokyo, Japan

Hair Now

P.M. HAIR FLASHES

Now, when you want them most—three terrific new looks for evening . . . **1.** Rippled hair with a side twist, super dazzle—lots of twisted, wavy little metallic strips (on hairsticks, from Linton). Harry King. Kahn neck cord. **2.** The charm of hair swept up in a soft, romantic roll. Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's. **3.** Great disco look: crimped hair, with a front knot, tiny fur tails, action! Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri Salon.

P.M. delights;

healthier drying,

healthier color;

cream-rinse

"revolution"







Lanvin's irresistible new collection of combs, *below*—bigger, curvier combs with interesting new shapes and designs. Some Oriental, some Art Deco in feeling, all charming—buff and taupe, black with taupe and wine, or with "tortoise," and gleams of "gold." New ways to wear combs for P.M. dressing: try lifting and twisting a section of hair to the side, tucking it down with a comb . . . or gently ripple long hair (by braiding it), then twist up, holding it in place with a comb in back. Prices of the Lanvin combs, $10–$15. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.



Highlights + henna = healthy, shiny, natural-looking color. The formula is Bruno's (of Le Salon, N.Y.C.), and this is how it works. First, hair is highlighted, rinsed. Then, blond/light hair gets a coating of neutral, colorless henna; darker hair, colored henna. The result: well-conditioned hair, non-contrast-y color. $45 and up.

FINGERTIP TIPS

Finger-drying hair is the modern healthy way to do it. If you know that, but don't know how, news of lessons (free for clients) at the Gil Ferrer Salon, 21 E. 74 St., NY 10021, Wed. A.M.'s, 9-11. Here, Gil's tip on getting a curlier look: gently tousle hair; work against growth pattern, using quick semicircular wrist movements.

New act to catch in L.A.: At the sleek, modern Cassandre 2000 salon, half-hour video tapes that give latest hair news, tips, techniques. Brainchild of John Sebastian and his wife, Geri Cusenza, the salon's artistic director, the tapes are offshoots of their professionals-only seminars. Now, for everyone!

REVERSE STRATEGY

Cream rinse/conditioners do a good job of de-tangling, adding smoothness and softness to hair. But . . . they may leave residue. To solve the problem: Alberto-Culver's new Beyond, the first patented, *pre-shampoo* instant conditioner. Hair feels better, *cleaner* . . . stays that way longer.

Why not change your life
for something better?



Start with Clairesse*, Clairol's most important hair color discovery in seventeen years.

There has never been a hair color like Clairesse.

Because Clairesse—and only Clairesse—actually improves the condition of your hair as it colors and is so gentle it even smells fresh. No other hair color contains this combination of conditioners and creme rinse, and that is what makes the Clairesse difference possible.

The patented Clairesse process gives you conditioning with true-to-nature colors that last day after day, application to application. Clairesse can lighten and brighten your natural color. It covers gray superbly.

Open the bottle—and begin The Clairesse Experience.

Can you feel the difference?

Yes. After coloring and styling, your hair will feel soft and manageable. Even when your hair is wet, you will find that—for the first time—your hair will comb easier (no snarls or tangles). You need no conditioners or creme rinse after using Clairesse.

Can you see the difference?

Yes. Because immediately after coloring with Clairesse, your hair will be in such excellent condition that the color will come shining through. And Clairesse colors are especially soft and natural.

Can you smell the difference?

Yes. Clairesse is so different it even smells like a lotion. The minute you uncap the bottle you will be pleasantly surprised because the gentle fragrance matches the gentleness of the color and conditioner in Clairesse.



What does the Clairesse difference mean to you?

It means that for the first time you can actually improve the condition of your hair as you color—and get a delightfully gentle fragrance to match the gentle conditioner.

Color will come shining through conditioned hair.

You need no conditioners after coloring with Clairesse.

The whole color/condition process is now easier and faster than ever.

Never again will you apply color to hair—and then condition your hair.

Now superb color and the ultimate conditioning happen together.

For the first time!

Feel the color.
Go blonde or try being a redhead.
Liven up your brown.
Be a better brunette.

Nothing is going to give your hair conditioned color like Clairesse.

Because Clairesse really is the finest shampoo-in hair color you can buy.

Clairesse by Clairol

Why not change the things you can?

*TM © 1977 Clairol, Inc.



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NEW YORK • 108 West 39th Street

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boutique emanuel ungaro new york

emanuel ungaro parallèle paris



AUTUMN'S TAWNY SHADES paint our patrician coat of ethereal natural Russian Crown Royal Barguzin sable. Weightless as a whisper. Perfectly proportioned. Gently shaped to the waist, then poof . . . flares to its elongated hemline. From our distinguished sable collection. Fur Salon.

SAKOWITZ

HOUSTON AMARILLO SCOTTSDALE



Andréa de Portago. One of the most interesting of the "Farouche" women, as photographed by Francesco Scavullo.



Are you a "Farouche" woman?

There is a special kind of woman the French call "Farouche." They use it to describe a woman of unusual appeal.

A woman of great sensitivity and natural elegance.

A woman who has a sure sense of her own identity and the ability to express it.

She is independent, but not aggressive.

Strong, but unimpeachably feminine.

Capable always of the unexpected.

The longer you know the Farouche woman the more interesting she becomes.

In her image, Nina Ricci, Paris, has created a soft but sensuous fragrance. And in her honor, has named it Farouche.

Perhaps, you are the Farouche woman.



NINA RICCI
paris

The Farouche Deluxe Parfum Flacon is a Lalique Crystal Original bearing the Lalique signature.

Pears Natural Transparent Soap



So pure, it's transparent.

English women discovered the pure beauty of Pears™ Natural Soap almost 200 years ago.

Pears is made from precious glycerine. Cedar. And thyme. Then slowly aged and mellowed to a sheer transparency.

So Pears cleans gently. Naturally. *Without* detergents.

As Pears cleans your skin, its fine herbal oils moisturize it too. And help keep your skin soft and smooth.

Pears, imported from England, is at your drugstore now.

(It costs a bit more than the supermarket kind. And is worth every penny.)

Introductory Offer

For regular-size bar, send name, address, and 50¢ for postage and handling to Pears Offer, P.O. Box 7-V, North Station, Yonkers, N.Y. 10703. In Canada: Pears Offer, P.O. Box 294, Agincourt, Ont. Limit one per family.



Hair Now

Good looks for in-good-shape hair: twisted, pinned up or braided — and easy to do. The looks here, by Frederic of Mod's Hair, Paris.



If you're in London . . . hair place to know about is the one above: Hugh & Alan. The cabled-to-us report: . . . "run by two experts—one, a colorer; the other, a cutter . . . and everything from boy cuts to chignons are done." Who could ask for more? 161 Ebury St. SW 1.

Two hair places (one just for kids), new finds, straight-hair perming

LONDON FIND AND NEW SALON (LEFT)

In the nice-to-own category: Any of the super Molton Brown herbal hair goodies made for their London salon. A few of our favorites: Seaweed Setting Lotion; Parasol —a sun protector for hair; Herbal Shampoo in 3 formulas—Camomile, Rosemary, Baby. At Henri Bendel.

Cold-weather suggestion-to-try: Vidal Sassoon's Hair Moisturizer— it supples, shines hair

Natural hair-shiner: the sage, rosemary, camomile hair rinse, tea-brewed, cooled, and rinsed through hair. To order: $3.75 ppd. (for 2 ozs. worth) to Anne Carpenter, Route 100, Weston, VT 05161.

If you have fine, straight hair, consider: fullness-only perming. How it works: hair is layer- rather than blunt-cut (maximum volume that way). Then, 15-ish rollers are used (regular perming takes 20-40) and rolled into hair at random. Perm solution goes on for a few minutes. When it's done, you've got fullness-without-curl hair that's got a flick at the ends and should be left to air-dry post-shampooing. The plus is the price point: $30 at Cinandre, 11 E. 57th St., N.Y.C.



Not for grown-ups at all: Kenneth's new for-kids-only N.Y.C. salon, above. On floor 4 of Pumpkins & Monkeys —the children's-clothes shop, at 801 Madison Ave.

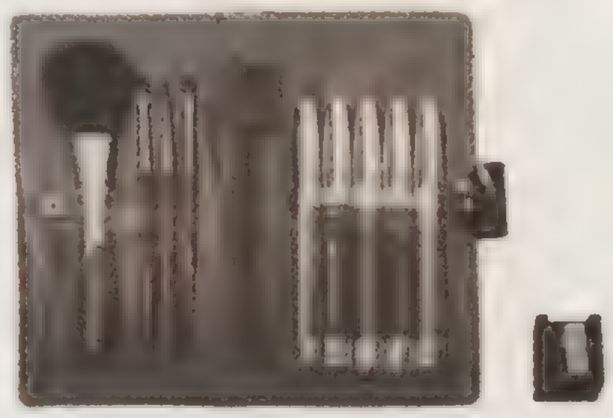
BEAUTY TOOLS BY JEROME ALEXANDER

Here's everything you need for a more beautiful you. The complete line of Jerome Alexander's professional beauty tools designed to help you makeup with ease. Crayons. Cosmetic brushes. Hair brushes. Applicators. And Sponges. Available individually, or in kit form. Making up is a lot more fun when you have the right tools.



Cosmetic crayon pencils. Travel roll-up with 8 beautiful shades for eyes, lips, blusher, highlighting and shading. Step-by-step instructions.

Slip-in-your-purse fold-up kit with 5 cosmetic crayon pencils and 5 brushes. Also available in soft roll-up.





Blo-Flo vented cushion brush. This fabulous brush styles and dries quicker and better.

Bag of brushes. The three most popular hair brush sizes. All you need for complete styling and care. Each in its own drawstring tote.





Makeup always applies easier and smoother with professional makeup artist sponges. Detailed instructions.





Shade, highlight and tone with professional sponge tipped disposable cosmetic applicators. 20 in a purse packet.







Cosmetic bag with 8 mother-of-pearl cosmetic brushes and 2 sponges to do a perfect face. A handy kit that travels easy

The essential set of 5 bamboo cosmetic brushes in a matching stand. A pretty look for your makeup table.

The complete professional cosmetic brush kit. 12 wooden handled brushes in a fold-up case. 8-brush kit available.

Super travel bag that's spacious enough to accommodate your jewelry, all your cosmetics, and the little things you take along. It totes a designer set of 12 mother-of-pearl must-have cosmetic brushes.





Beauty Tools: In better department stores and fine beauty salons everywhere.

Jerome Alexander Cosmetics, Inc. New York

It takes two to play

The oldest game in the world is the one played between man and woman. It's the challenge, the chase and ultimately, the capture that have kept men and women interested in each other for so long. Today, however, it isn't who wins or loses, but *how* one plays the game. Many angles, many ploys are used in the pursuit... but first impressions, in general, set the rules. Both men and women project a certain image, a sense of style, a personality in the way they look and dress. This non-verbal communication is often the basis for any growing attraction...it is the spark that ignites the flame.

Roos Atkins
SAN FRANCISCO

BOTANY '500®' STARTS THE DAY OFF RIGHT!

Today, American men are emerging with a new sense of style—one that is comfortable, classic and casual. Suits, especially, are following classic traditions but with a difference—there's a more relaxed attitude... one that spells confidence. She'll know he means business when he chooses the gentleman's approach to the British look—a trim, classic design with softly-sloped shoulders. A three-piece suit classically blended in 55% Dacron®/45% wool accented with chalk stripes by the Cartier Collection Exclusively Designed by Botany '500®', $200.00.

Her A.M. look...his striped shirt by Excello®.

Cartier Collection
EXCLUSIVELY DESIGNED BY
Botany '500'





Fashion plays a big part in the man/woman game, and women have enjoyed a distinct advantage...until recently. That's why a man relies so heavily on a woman's expertise and knowledge when shopping for his fashion image. She's the pro, and he knows it! Women's fashions have always been more varied, more trendy, and more successful in capturing attention than have men's clothes. Men were once confined to the ubiquitous grey, blue or black suit that served for every occasion, any time of day or night, with simply a change of shirt or tie. No longer! Now his options are as vast—and as exciting—as a woman's. And Roos Atkins is the store he depends on for the newest trends in fashions and accessories.

Roos Atkins
SAN FRANCISCO

DAKS®—FOR THE LOOK OF TODAY

When you spend an afternoon strolling through a gallery with someone you love, dress for it in a relaxed, yet coordinated look. This season, practicality and style go hand in hand, and this new way of dressing is based on compatible parts: the DAKS® Henley Blazer—an updated traditional with the classic soft-shoulder look in ever popular navy. Made of 100% worsted wool, $175.00; worn with the DAKS® grey trouser in 100% worsted wool flannel, $65.00.

Her clothes by Rena Rowan for Jones New York.

GENTLEMEN'S APPAREL
DAKS®
LONDON NEW YORK



It takes two to play

JOHN WEITZ AND BALANCINE—
AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION

He's not just dressing to please himself because he knows his fashion image reflects on her too. And he'll reflect confidence when he dresses in this season's newest looks in shirts and ties. His winning style begins with a favorite fashion basic—John Weitz Designs for Excello® in a soft, ***Silken Touch*** *fabric—80% Dacron® polyester/20% cotton. Available in white, pale blue, ivory, tan, wheat, smoke grey and rose, $17.00.*

From Balancine—innovators in neckwear that combines new and unique textures, fabrics and colors—an updated classic, the satin regimental stripe tie, $10.00.

Roos Atkins
SAN FRANCISCO



Natural Princeton chinchilla coat

GROSVENOR
CANADA

Exclusively at BONWIT TELLER
Grosvenor Fur Salon
in New York, N.Y.



Canada Majestic dark and demi-buff mink coat



Norwegian blue fox coat

GROSVENOR
CANADA

Exclusively at BONWIT TELLER
Grosvenor Fur Salon
in New York, N.Y.



Natural coyote coat



Canadian red fox jacket and raccoon coat

GROSVENOR
CANADA

Exclusively at BONWIT TELLER
Grosvenor Fur Salon
in New York, N.Y.



Norka dyed celery green reversible mink jacket and coat

It's amazing how softly a statement can be made.



Schrader Sport by Milissa Byrd,
with a feminine,
understated one-piece dress
of easy care **Qiana**®.
Comes peach, navy, mint or silver,
sizes 8-16, $52.
Create an aura of presence
without a shout.
Qiana®. It costs a little more,
but what luxury doesn't.

® A DuPont registered trademark.

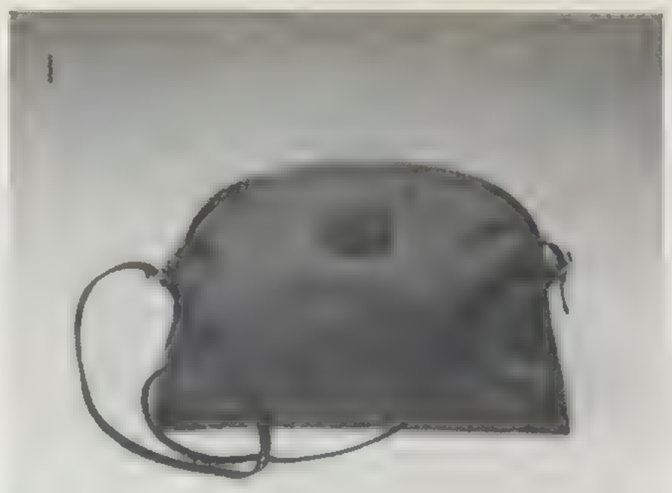
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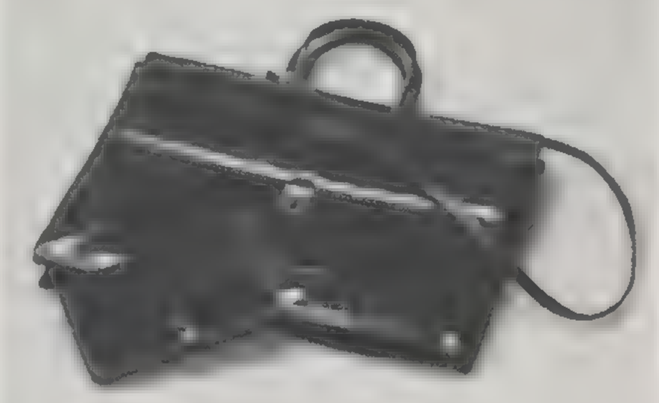
If you're looking for a bag...

...for yourself, for a gift, we have what you're looking for—the best new carry-alls to take to the office, to take shopping (now's the time!), to go on country weekends, to go everywhere

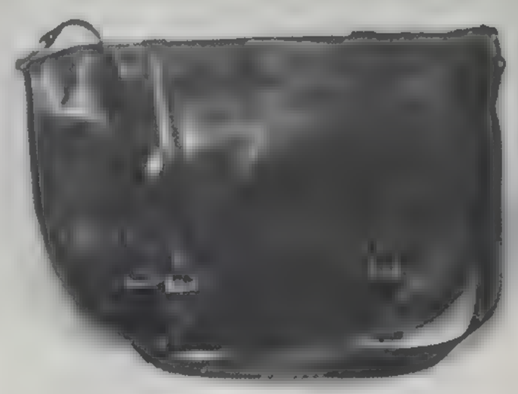
1. The all-around shoulderbag: rugged khaki nylon with brown leather—roomy, sleek—it holds a lot more than you'd think. And inside, its own little zippered clutch to organize keys, change, small stuff. $60. From La Bagagerie, N.Y. and Beverly Hills.
2. There are briefcases. And briefcases: from Bottega Veneta, soft brown madras leather with shoulder strap, handles, inside and outside pockets, expandable gusset, the works! To slip inside: a snap-front hold-everything wallet in their pretty (collectible!) butterfly-printed khaki-green suède. Briefcase, $255; wallet, $66. At I. Magnin.
3. Softest take on the saddlebag—a large (folder-size), strapped shoulderbag in brown leather—if you want to fit everything in one neat bag, this is it. Lanvin for Paristyle. About $120. At Macy's; The Union.
4. Most luxurious—roomiest!—shopping-bag tote from Fendi, in grainy-textured brown leather. The extras: their wonderful little "dancing" bags—small, soft pouchy bags on long straps—in cognac and date-brown ribbed leather. Wear one, wear two, or pack them up and go! Tote, $225; bags, each $85. Fendi at Bergdorf Goodman.
5. The simple, good-looking, sturdy-but-*soft* briefcase everyone wants, in mocha-color baseball-glove leather—the more you use it, the better it gets. Coach Leatherware. About $75. At Lord & Taylor; Goldwaters.



2

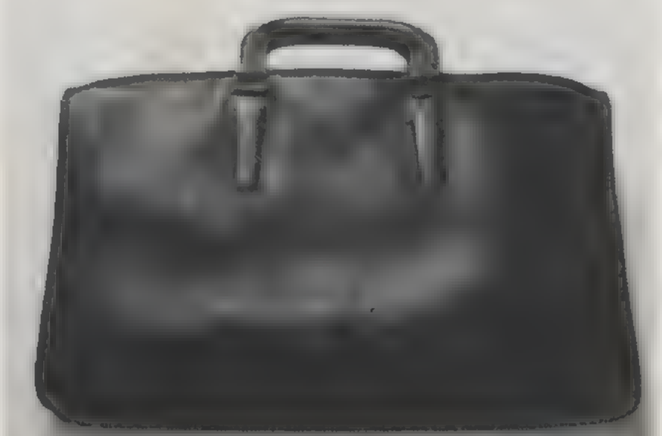


3





5



How to have a merrier Merry Christmas.

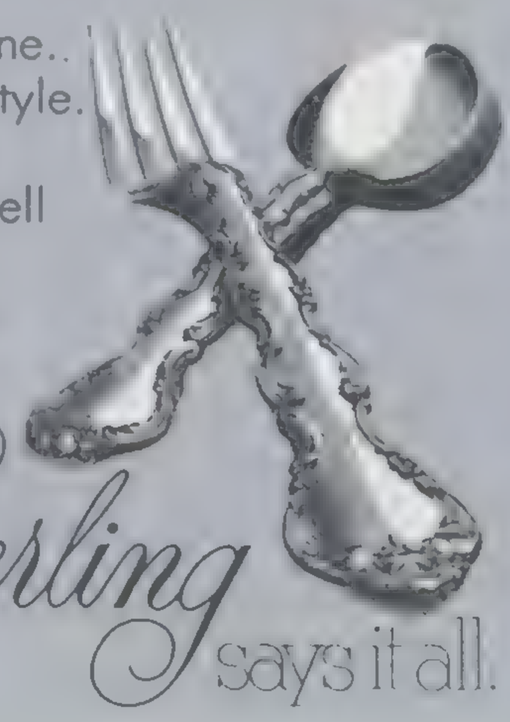
Tell them you'd love sterling.

Sterling is the perfect gift from anyone.. It won't chip, break, tear or go out of style. And no colors, sizes and all those other mysterious 'whats' to worry about. Just tell them the pattern.

You could receive the first four place settings for Christmas, another for your birthday, anniversary and so on.

You've waited long enough for your sterling. Tell them. They'll understand.

Sterling Silversmiths Guild of America
Riverside, Connecticut 06878



Sterling says it all.

Maybelline creates a new experience in lipstick!

FRESH COLOR 3

1 An experience in color! A newer, truer range of colors that won't change on your lips.

2 An experience in shine! Pure, powerful, hi-intensity shine. Potgloss shine captured in a lipstick.

3 An experience in conditioning! Rich emollients, moisturizers, even a sunscreen in a formula so revolutionary, you have to feel it to believe it.

fresh & lovely®
FRESH COLOR 3 lipstick Maybelline
Fine make-up sensibly priced.

The "Everyone on your List" Christmas Bag.

Specially packaged, specially priced Christmas giving in a variety of wonderful fragrances: Lavender, Fougère, Rose Thé, Carnation, Jasmin, Vetyver, Sandalwood, Orchidée, Lily of the Valley, Violette and Jean Marie Farina.



Barquettes
12 exquisite guest size soaps. Individually packaged and boxed— a Christmas pot-pourri.

For the Men
Jean Marie Farina, the original cologne fragrance, in a hand soap and cologne duo.

And when he travels, Jean Marie Farina goes too, in a hand soap travel case with terry washcloth.

Travel Duo
1 bath soap in travel case, with its own terry washcloth in coordinated colors. For the busy traveler.

Travel Trio
1 hand soap in travel case, with coordinating terry washcloth and luxurious foam bath. For real travel luxury.

Fabulous Gift Chest of Soap
For the first time, 18 hand soaps beautifully boxed either as an assortment of 9 fragrances, or all in your favorite scent. A very special luxurious gift.

Boite à Chapeau: Hat Box
1 bath soap in a Parisian hat box. Hang a dozen from the tree.

Coffret: Chest
A pair of hand soaps in a pleasure chest of fragrance.

ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

ROGER & GALLET, 9 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II, MANUFACTURERS OF SOAP

"You've been on vacation. . . or lost ten pounds. Something."

LESLIE

That's why you're looking better than usual.

Every head will turn when you walk in looking like a girl. In a dress. All silky and lacy. (But easier because it's Celanese® Polyester.) And the shawl? Well, you can stole it, or wrap it, or wave it at charging bulls. You know something — you are pretty. Also comes in wool white. Sizes 6-16. Imagine, only $50.



A collection of 14 karat gold and sterling silver jewelry. At the Ciani department at fine stores.
Onyx, 14 Karat Gold and Sterling Silver Necklace $125., Earrings $50., Bracelet $60. © Ciani, Inc sub Monet Jewelers Inc.

Bulova La Petite: a collection of watches like little jewels. 14K solid gold cases touched with diamonds, enclosing movements with solid dependability. From left: 55911, $250. 55914, $275. 55910, $225. 55912, $250. Suggested retail.©℄ Bulova Watch Co., Inc.



BULOVA

A NAME YOU KNOW ON A WATCH YOU CAN TRUST


PARFUMS
GUY LAROCHE
Paris


fiji
The way the flowers smelled
and the senses rejoiced when
the world was one day old.
fiji

Being Tough Can Be Very Feminine



Presenting The Timex® Marathon™ For Women

The Digital watch "tough enough to be a Timex" now comes delicate-looking enough to be worn as jewelry. Timex Marathon gives you constant readout of the time without your having to push any buttons. Select yours from 13 different styles, $28 to $55.* If anything proves that looks can indeed be deceiving, our sturdy-but-stylish women's Marathon is it. You'll love yours for a good, long time. Timex Marathon, the Digital tough enough to be a Timex.

TIMEX®



*Suggested Retail Price



Polo Ralph Lauren

EYEWEAR FOR OPTIQUE DU MONDE

168 Irving Ave. Port Chester, New York 10573

Aqualia challenged the problem of drying skin. And won!

Without AQUALIA
a moisture loss of up to 56%.*
Far more than your skin can afford.

With AQUALIA
moisture loss is reduced
to less than 5%.*
Dryness is effectively prevented.

*From laboratory tests, simulating moisture loss from the skin, conducted under 70° F and 50% relative humidity using a gelatin/petri-dish system.

© 1977 Cosmair, Inc.

Now Aqualia challenges your moisturizer to a very fair 14-day comparison.

If you want soft, smooth, young-looking skin, you really can't afford not to take us up on this offer.

As you know, the more moist your skin—the softer, the smoother, the younger it looks. So nothing is more vital than maintaining your skin's own natural moisture. And that's what L'Oréal's unique Aqualia® is all about.

We're so sure you'll find Aqualia retains more moisture than the moisturizer you're using now, we'll send you a 2-weeks' supply—so you can make the comparison yourself.

We're so sure—because of the results of laboratory tests*. They've shown that with no protection, as much as 56% of natural moisture is lost during 24 hours. But Aqualia's patented formula reduces moisture loss to a minimum—less than 5%. That means 95% of the natural moisture is effectively maintained.

Another remarkable fact: Aqualia is designed to let your skin *breathe*.

There is never a problem with clogging pores. Yet, it's so concentrated, all you apply is a precious tiny drop.

So see for yourself. Feel for yourself. If you want soft, smooth, young-looking skin, you really can't afford not to take us up on this very fair offer.

L'ORÉAL® Skin Logic®



Free Offer!

(With 25¢ for postage and handling.)

Simply fill in this coupon, enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling, and we'll send you a 2-weeks' supply of Aqualia, free. Mail to: L'Oréal/ Aqualia, P.O. Box #9806, St. Paul, Minnesota 55198.

_____

(The moisturizer I am currently using)

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(must be included)

Aqualia—The Natural Moisture Maintainer discovered by L'Oréal

Offer expires April 30, 1978. Limit one per household. Sorry, we cannot honor multiple requests from individuals, clubs or organizations, or requests submitted without this order form. Good only in U.S.A. Not redeemable in stores; dealers not eligible. Offer void if certificate is reproduced, or where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. 7A-1

Between Us

Your chance to be heard . . . new and easy contraceptive . . . the trick that makes a letter work better . . . mothers and daughters as friends

By Lorraine Davis

LETTER-WRITER'S TRICK

Straight from the woman who got "it" for herself, the book "Jane Trahey On Women & Power" (Rawson Associates) is subtitled "Who's Got It? How To Get It." This top-rank advertising woman (Jane Trahey built her own business to the $10-million mark) gives strong-minded advice on self-promotion for women, including how to grab the best office or how to deal with wandering hands attached to male colleagues. One Trahey tip that could work in writing any key letter:

"I have one trick I use over and over again when I write an important letter to a client that I want to attract. I get it all typed up on the IBM on the good paper and I sign it. Then I send a copy to myself. Usually I forget about it. Sometimes in less than a week it will show up on my desk. . . . It will be stuck in all the regular stuff and as I pull it out I can read the letter in a totally new light. I read it as mean and cold as I can. I pretend I'm Mr. Mulligan of Towle Silver. What does he think of me as he reads it? Whom does he see? What have I done in the letter that will make him think I'm worth interviewing? What skills have I shown him? It's a revelation, sometimes: not so much what you put in but what you've left out."

THOSE HOLIDAY BLUES

Dear old Mom sometimes gets depressed as she tries to grapple with the shopping, cooking, cleaning, planning, wrapping, and total-good-cheering of the winter holiday season. This year in N.Y.C., Victoria Pellegrino will conduct a three-part workshop on overcoming holiday depression at the YWCA, Lexington and 53rd Street, on November 17, December 1 and 8; fee, $25.

OUR BIG CHANCE

Houston is the place: November 18-21, the dates. The biggest coming-together of women in the history of the U.S. Sponsored and funded by the Congress and held by the National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year, who were appointed by the President, the National Women's Conference will bring all kinds of women from all over the country to reason together about their roles and rights.

Fifty-six meetings have already been held in states and territories, where at least one hundred thousand women drew up plans for the improvement of the status of women and elected two thousand delegates to the Conference in Houston.

Eleanor Cutri Smeal, president of National Organization for Women, in a telephone interview, said that to her the state meetings showed dramatically that the majority of U.S. women are *for* improving women's rights but that the meetings also spotlighted a minority working *against* change, including opposition to adoption of the E.R.A., to abortion reform, to wife-abuse shelters, to equal opportunities for credit and employment.

These groups will no doubt be visible at the Houston conference; but this will not, according to Ms. Smeal, be a war among women. She believes that when women speak for themselves they will be solidly behind equal rights for each other.

The Houston Conference will be open to the public as long as space lasts, with speeches, exhibits, films, displays. Only delegates may vote on the recommendations to Congress and the President, but every woman there can make her voice heard. Public television and radio will cover the Conference activities and provide programming on women's issues.

FEMALE "WALLET" CONTRACEPTIVE

A contraceptive for women that is as easy, safe, and portable as a condom for men has just been marketed in this country after four years of use in Europe. The new product, called Encare Oval™, is a vaginal insert that effervesces at body temperature to produce spermicidal foam.

The inserts, about the size of small thimbles, are packed in sealed plastic strips and can be carried in bag or pocket to be placed in the vagina without equipment ten minutes before intercourse. Each remains effective through two hours for one act of intercourse; repeats require repeat inserts, but this is easy (the Oval is not slippery) and not esthetically displeasing. The contraceptive's active ingredient, nonoxynol 9, has been considered safe by the FDA's OTC contraceptive review panel (although the final panel report is not yet in) and has been shown to be an effective spermicide. In West German surveys, the Encare Oval allowed only one pregnancy per one hundred women-years—a success that seems comparable to other forms of contraception.

This new product contains no hormones, produces no systemic side effects, and should present no problems other than occasional allergic reactions. Manufactured by Eaton-Merz Laboratories, Inc., and sold without prescription in pharmacies, these contraceptive inserts provide fertile women with a welcome choice.

MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS

We're all one or both—and those relationships are intense ones. A woman may still be responding to her mother's voice long after space or time has separated them. And if the two females are living together or in frequent touch with each other, the influences and the conflicts are magnified.

MG Woman's Counseling Service of New York, with a staff of trained psychotherapists, offers a ten-week series of one-and-one-half-hour workshops on Mothers and Daughters. Mothers and daughters attend together or separately; insight is effected through interaction not only with your own mother or daughter but with others. "Having a Friend in the Family" is the subtitle co-director Mara Gleckel has given this series. Ms. Gleckel believes the new roles for women in their forties have also liberated the mother/daughter relationship, making real friendship possible.

GET TOGETHER FOR SUCCESS

Most of us behave best with some encouragement and moral support from others. If you feel isolated and need some advice in an area where you feel stymied, whether it's going to work or learning to jog, an organization called Women's Success Teams, Inc.—using group effort to help women attain their goals in any area of work or life management—could be the answer.

A three-part seminar, totalling fifteen hours, teaches women how to define aims and plan action; then, teams of seven meet once a week for two hours. Each woman takes fifteen minutes to state her problems and progress; other group members are assigned to make sure she follows her program for the next week.

Each team reports to the organization; a national monthly newsletter lets participants list what kind of help they can give and what kind they need. This puts neighborliness on a national scale! In November, seminars will be held in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, DC, White Plains, NY, and Saddle Brook, NJ.

(Continued on page 144)

INNER PARURE.

OUTER PARURE.

Look closely at any woman and you will come to understand the inner mood behind her outer expression.

Similarly, every great perfume has its inner mood of soul.

Parure is a wildly original blend of lilac and amber, cypress and plum blossoms.

Outwardly it expresses a radiant beauty, remote, almost unobtainable.

But consider it as you would a diamond. Peer deep within. You will discover an inner fire, burning with promise like the rising sun.

You don't just dab on a perfume like Parure.
You wear it body and soul.



PARURE
BY GUERLAIN.


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DECADE.
THE TASTE THAT TOOK TEN YEARS TO MAKE.

Originally, you couldn't get real cigarette taste without what has come to be known as tobacco 'tar.' The problem of reducing this 'tar' to 5 mg. while maintaining taste is enormous.

That's why, when we set out to work, we didn't give ourselves a time limit. It's a good thing. Because it took us ten years to develop a "Total System" capable of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5 mg. 'tar' cigarette.

What we mean by "Total System."

A high filtration low 'tar' cigarette is a complex system of interacting parts.

The tobacco. The filter. And even the paper.

Our objective was to focus on all these parts and arrange them in perfect balance with each other. Only by concentrating on the parts were we able to perfect the whole.

The Tobacco. "Flavor Packing"™ plus fifteen tobaccos boost taste.

We've developed a system called "Flavor Packing" that allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade cigarette.

This is in addition to our special taste blend of fifteen fine tobaccos, including exotic Turkish, full bodied Burley, and Bright, a tobacco known for its smoothness.

The Filter. Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

The Decade filter is a combination of modern laser technology, plus our own exclusive research design. Simply, we've created a channel within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher 'tar' cigarettes. Which means you get taste from first puff to last.

The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

For Decade we use only high porosity cigarette paper. Ordinary paper inhibits the burn rate, which can diminish the taste and create the need to pull harder when you drag.

With Decade's high porosity paper however, you get an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result. A completely new kind of low 'tar' cigarette.

So try a pack of Decade for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.



Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.



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There's nothing like Wella Kolestral. One 30-minute treatment restores the shine, body and silken condition you've been missing.
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If sun, chlorine, chemicals or the aging process itself have hurt your hair, reach for Wella Kolestral.
You'll love your hair.

WELLA®

KOLESTRAL
the true conditioning treatment for hair and scalp

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(Continued from page 140)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

On November 15, Georgia O'Keeffe, pioneer modernist and one of the most popular artists in the history of American art, celebrates her ninetieth birthday. When photographer Alfred Stieglitz, who later married O'Keeffe, first saw her abstract works in 1916, he was astonished by their power, as well as by the originality of her vision, which was explicitly and unashamedly feminine in its forms and sensibility—something he had not seen expressed before.



Michael A. Vaccaro

O'Keeffe at ninety: vigorously in touch with the times . . . excited about life and art.

Today, men recognize the strength and individuality of O'Keeffe's peculiarly American art; but, to women, she is more than a painter. To women, she is an inspiration, representing a model of uncompromising courage, tenacity, and independence. For, since Stieglitz's death in 1946, O'Keeffe has chosen to live alone in a remote village in the badlands of New Mexico. At ninety, she still is excited about life and about art as well, having just finished a new batch of watercolors and several large oils. For her birthday on November 15. PBS stations throughout the United States are broadcasting a unique hour-long documentary by prizewinning filmmaker Ms. Perry Miller Adato. In it, O'Keeffe talks revealingly about herself, the surrounding landscape that she has painted so frequently, and permits a rare glimpse into her adobe house in which she lives.

The story of O'Keeffe's life is one of the most fascinating and exemplary American biographies; this superb film is a special event, one of a series on women artists including Louise Nevelson and Helen Frankenthaler. Here is television at its best—with a special interest for intelligent women who want to know about living rich, full, creative lives. O'Keeffe's explanation for her success? She was lucky, she says. "I have been very fortunate, much more fortunate than most people. . . . I can imagine myself being a much better painter and nobody's paying any attention to me at all. But it happens that the thing I have been doing has been in touch with my time so that people have liked it." Still going strong at ninety, O'Keeffe is proving that anatomy may be destiny, but biology is giving women an edge in later years—a fact radically altering women's expectations these days.—B.R.



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MINIGUIDES: New Nightlife

Where to go, what to do, in 9 U.S. cities. More after dark happenings, page 250

Atlanta

Southern charm, northern pace—even the nights are getting later—2:00 A.M.'s normal-late, 4:00 A.M. not unheard of. Scarlett O'Hara could even stock Tara's larder then, or at any other hour, at Kroger supermarkets and gourmet deli counters. Atlanta's a restaurant city: at last count, dine-out haunts were 2400 strong . . . invitations to dine most often mean out-out in a restaurant, not out in someone's home. Anne Cox Chambers (U.S. Ambassador to Belgium; chairman of the Atlanta newspapers) makes The Patio (French Empire deco, French cuisine) her dinner-party base on frequent back-home visits. Dining at The Piedmont Driving Club (very private, very exclusive, deb-party territory) is by invitation only. Tops on everyone's bill-of-fare: veal—especially "blanquette." To drink: white wine, vodka, Scotch, replacing Old South bourbon. Disco dancing's lush and lavish at Penrod's, salooney casual at Harrison's where hamburgers, steaks, and eggs are dished up along with the canned music. Atlanta's latest dance: a swoozy version of swing.

Boston

Boston nightlife—like the city itself, is a curious-and-exciting blend of conservative and swinging, traditional and avant-garde, Old Guard and New. And it happens in and out of town—in the numerous suburbs that make up the Greater Boston sprawl. It's not unusual for the evening to start with, say, cocktails and dinner in Cambridge, then to move to Boston for a play, a disco, or a concert. The car, and the MBTA make it all possible.

Dancing means the Waltz Evenings at The Copley Plaza (the season's debs on the committee at Christmas)—or disco-gyrating after 11:00 P.M. at The Fan Club (Boston's answer to Régine's) or at 15 Lansdowne Street, where the busboys wear green-and-white basketball uniforms and it looks as though you've almost stumbled onto a basketball court. *Whom you'll see there:* Sandra and Cotty Wolcott, often making the after-dinner dash from their Milton farm.

Dinner-dancing is a popular sport at suburban country clubs (*the* parties to wangle an invitation to go on at The Country Club, in Brookline)—and in the Prudential building, sky-high at The Top of the Hub, where the mood's romantic, the music circa early Frank Sinatra. The society shutterbug at all the grandest events: Paul Cabot.

Music-listening means evenings at the Boston Symphony (with 7:30 P.M. rehearsals on November 30 and December 14, special events for music lovers, and real bargains at $3.50 an unreserved seat)—Boston Pops concerts—or sitting in on jam sessions at Paul's Mall.

Food is often THE event of the night. Bostonians talk, think, care about what they eat—and eat well. Dining out in private homes means no more than eight or ten invited to sample and savor, *discuss* what's on the table—usually French and terribly *haute cuisine*—produced by host or hostess. One of the young crowd's most innovative host/chefs: Richard (Ricky) Humphrey.

Restaurant dining à la française happens most authentically, stylishly, at Maison Robert and Maitre Jacques (both creations of restaurateur Lucien Robert), at Dodin-Bouffant (very costly—very chic), and at Modern Gourmet in Newton Center (the *formidable* Madeleine Kamman's bastion of culinary art—you have to make reservations about two months ahead). . . . Of course, Boston is a seaport, and the seafood is off-the-boat fresh at Locke-Ober (one of America's great restaurants), Durgin Park, and down on the Wharf at Rusty Scupper and Chart House, fish eateries where the twenties to thirties crowd is as eye-catching as the view. . . . Bostonians still put on the Ritz, in the Ritz-Carlton dining room, where *he* had better be wearing a tie and jacket, and the most coveted tables directly overlook the Common.

Dining, browsing, shopping till 10:00 P.M. is part of the new scene at Faneuil Hall Marketplace, now a restored, updated area of downtown, nineteenth-century Boston. South Market, second of three buildings to be reopened, is a glittering collection of interesting little boutiques—clothes, gifts, furniture, jewelry—with restaurants and sidewalk cafés just where you want them when your feet give out.

Theater-going—to the Wilbur, the Shubert, the Colonial, and other venerable houses—is still a low-hassle amusement (you can even get tickets on the night you want to go, but call first) for all the buffs who want to know, before the rest of us, what shows are going to make it in pre-Broadway runs. . . . Harvard's annual Hasty Pudding Show—music, satire, Harvard undergrads in drag—is a can't-miss event for old grads and nongrads—with drinks or coffee afterwards at Casablanca.

Where to go when you succumb to a P.M. pizza attack: Pizzeria Regina, in the Italian section, naturally.
Where to eat banana ice cream till 4:00 A.M.: Caffé Pompei, on Hanover Street, for a four-hundred-calorie-a-scoop super-treat churned out by proprietor Mario Marino and his $7000 Italian ice-cream machine.
Where to read about last night's bash: Bill Fripp's column in *The Boston Globe*, the same place where Alison Arnold tells all . . . Rose Walsh's notes in *The Boston Herald American*.

(Continued on page 148)



Cement is as basic as black.

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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 147)

Chicago

Bright lights and lots of action—Chicago nightlife is on the move. From the Gold Coast to Lincoln Avenue, stop to blink and there's another new restaurant to try, jazz group to listen to, disco to discover . . . keeps the natives hopping, visitors amazed. When you say Chicago, some night things come instantly to mind: party-givers/goers Bonnie and John Swearingen—the Symphony (synonymous with music director Sir Georg Solti)—the Lyric Opera (in mid-season now, closing December 17)—the Pump Room in The Ambassador East (although this one's a sophisticated 'seventies version of the original, a pianist ripples off 'forties tunes, keeps the nostalgia alive). But look at everything else that's happening.

The Lettuce Entertain You take-over—a restaurant chain with something for everyone: Vast salad bar and huge ice-cream glopperies at R.J. Grunts—endless array of antipasto delights, homemade pasta at Lawrence of Oregano—plus four other Lettuce places, all packed with young. . . . Straight from Los Angeles comes Hamburger Hamlet: Dark wood, antique-y look, big comfortable chairs—and hamburgers dressed up in more ways than Wimpy ever dreamed of, at equally fancy prices—great hangout for the after-theater crowd, theater folk themselves (cast parties happen here). . . . Ethnic foods—especially anything Greek—are a new Chicago favorite; Diana on Halstead Street a good place to start. . . . When you feel like being part of a crowd—surrounded by loud music, a jungle of potted plants, and Art Deco—Arnie's has them all—with a good Continental menu.

Looking for jazz? Head over to North Rush Street to Jazz Showcase or to the Back Room, where some of the best local talent plays. Or, for bigger names, bigger rooms, Rick's Café Americain, in The Holiday Inn on Lakeshore Drive, or the Wild Onion at the Hyatt Regency on Wacker Street. More jazz plus folk and blues hangouts are clustered on Lincoln Avenue: Ratso's, Somebody's Else's Trouble, Wise Fools Pub. . . . Big-name discos: Zorine's—a private haven for Chicago society, visiting celebrities—Faces, also private (membership ante, $300)—The BBC, public, over Hotspur's Restaurant.

Theater mavens head to The Goodman Theatre for classics, first-runs; world-premiering here January 5: Stephen Schwartz's musical version of Studs Terkel's book *Working* . . . to the St. Nicholas Theatre, where David Mamet is a founding member and resident playwright . . . or watch improvisations, skits, over coffee or drinks at Second City—still going strong, spawning new talent (Nichols and May, David Steinberg head-started here). . . . Great for drinks, atmosphere, before or after—The Ritz Bar at the Ritz-Carlton. . . . Lighting up dramatically at night: the almost two-year-old Century Shopping Plaza, all glimmering glass and steel, an orderly jumble of boutiques, shops, restaurants—with the Café Metropole, a central area for late-night escargots, quiches, and music: jazz, guitar, harp, from drop-in local talent.

More top party givers–goers: Jerry and John Zenko, the Arthur Wirtzes, Arthur Rubloff, Maria Tallchief (Mrs. Henry Paschen).

Biggest after-work sport: Bar-hopping during the cocktail hour. Goal: finding the places with the best free hors d'oeuvres.

Meatiest night news: Lifting of the bans on meat buying after 6:00 P.M. Now night shoppers can carry home a steak or two along with the kohlrabi and rutabagas.

Houston

Nights in the country's fifth largest city start early, American style, with dining out beginning at 6:00 P.M., 8:00 P.M. reserved for really big galas. Where it's not happening: downtown, in office territory, dead after dark except for Maxim's—"cuisine extraordinaire," private parties in the wine cellar.

You've got to hightail it around town to hit all the high spots, night version, starting at Post Oak, where Tony's and Rudi's, both dress-up places, serve Continental fare, and Rudi's dishes out live music, as well. In Montrose-Westheimer, beautifully renovated houses, converted to restaurants, boutiques, art galleries, tempt just about everyone: the blue-jeans set, radical chic, aerospace biggies, gays, oil barons—with varied food, shopping till 9:00 P.M. You can eat Chinese, Vietnamese, Greek, Japanese-hibachi style, or Mex—at Ninfa's, a branch of the original Ninfa's which started four years ago in the Mexican part of town with twenty tables, now seats close to two hundred. Reason for this Texas-tall success story: most authentic Mex food north of the border. Then there's Ruggles—where everyone goes for drinks, fish, eggs after The Houston Grand Opera, The Alley Theater (one of the ten best repertory companies in the U.S.).

Out-of-towners, native Houstonians, looking for practically everything clumped together under one roof, head for the Galleria—three-storied, glassed-in, skylighted shopping center, containing: the Houston Oaks Hotel, boutiques, health-food shops, department stores (most open till 9:00 P.M. several nights a week), jogging, track, and courts for racquet sports and handball, at the University Club of Houston (members and guests dine there, play till 10:00 P.M.), the Ice Capades Chalet skating rink—open till 10:00 P.M. on weekdays, midnight and after, Friday and Saturday.

One look at Philip Johnson's twin-towered glass extravaganza—Pennzoil Place—and you see its potential as one of Houston's most glamorous backdrops for night galas. The Houston Ballet celebrated the start of its come-of-age tenth anniversary season here this September. . . . And all over town, just where you want them, you'll find public tennis courts, with cheap-cheap rates making a fast set or two after work one of the most popular ways to stay in shape. Another way: swimming—at all-night parties, in private pools, with cocktails, dinner, served in and out of the house, between dips.

Texas party spectacular: eating and sports-watching in the Sky Boxes—top of

(Continued on page 150)



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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 148)

The Astrodome; VIP suites for hire complete with bedrooms, bathrooms, bar, eating/living rooms, all open to view the field below (although action's closer, clearer on closed-circuit TV, also part of the deal).

Night music runs the gamut from legitimate opera or musicals at The Houston Grand Opera (their production of *Hello Dolly* last summer outdrew Broadway crowds)—to Country and Western at the Texas Opry House and at Gilley's. Jazz is hottest in Old Market Square and in the Fifth Ward. Disco dancing happens at élan on four levels with little hide-away nooks for eating, drinking, backgammon-ing; and also at Pistachio's—all glass tables, mirrors, Art Deco.

All-night noshery: La Bodega, open till 4:00 A.M., serving omelets, "country cousins"—an exotic Western sandwich—live music. **All-night lifesaver:** The Emergency Room at Ben Taub Hospital—renowned for its miraculous life-reviving techniques. **All-time big-name party givers:** Lynn Wyatt (Mrs. Oscar S., Jr.)—her "French" château has a crystal staircase, visits from Truman Capote when he's in town; Joanne Herring (Mrs. Robert)—her cocktail reception for King Hussein took place under tents pitched on the lawn.

Las Vegas

Welcome to Las Vegas—city of twenty-four-hour night— where casinos are jammed at 5:00 A.M. as they are at midnight . . . where people breakfast at lunchtime, dine at breakfast, see lounge shows during the day, go swimming at night. Las Vegas is also the city of the Big Name—with a record volume of show-biz bankables constantly on view. The city's a second home for Carson, Sinatra, Humperdink, Joan Rivers, Ann-Margret; has showcased the talents of Dietrich, Coward, Garland, Streisand. Permeating everything in Vegas: the reality-backlashing possibility of something for nothing. From black-tie baccarat at Caesar's Palace to nickel slot machines in Walgreen's, the high drama of risking, winning, losing, is always in the desert air.

Casino that gives the most posh-value for the money you lose: Caesar's Palace. . . . **Casinos favored by no-nonsense gamblers:** The Riviera, the Stardust. . . . **Casino-for-everyone:** Circus Circus—trapeze acts, clowns, midway games—you take the kids. . . . **Queen of Las Vegas:** Ann-Margret—only woman on the city's top-ten performers list outside of La Streisand (who's bypassed Vegas since '71)—A-M will be at the L.V. Hilton Nov. 28-Dec. 10.

Coziest show in town: "Bare Touch of Vegas" at the Marina Hotel—you see everyone in the audience. . . . **Key lounges to catch tomorrow's stars:** The Tropicana, the Sahara. . . . **Sequins and feathers for days:** "Hallelujah Hollywood" at the M.G.M. Grand Hotel. . . . **Heavy poker:** at the Rainbow Club and the Eldorado Casino. . . . **Best discos:** Dirty Sally's—Bob Hope haunt; The Brewery; P.J. Bottom's; The Vestal Virgin.

Some of the top L.V. party-givers: Hank Greenspan, owner and publisher of *Las Vegas Sun*—entertains at home; Robert Maheu, formerly of Hughes (Howard) Corp.—has been known to cover parking lot of Desert Inn with tents for parties; Harry Claiborne, murder-trial lawyer—gives charity parties at his home; Ann-Margret—often party-gives in the Imperial Room at the Hilton after her show on Saturday nights. . . . **Early-morning fur shopping:** At Mannis (in the L.V. Hilton and in Caesar's Palace), Le Nobel (in the Dunes).

Los Angeles

Gone are the days when a "night out" in Los Angeles meant a private party that ended before midnight because everyone had to be up at 5:30 A.M. and on the set. No longer just a movie town, Los Angeles of the late-'seventies is a thriving International City that's constantly magneting new businesses and new residents—Europeans, Arabs, South Americans—big-monied, world-wise, and ready to take on the night . . . and the early morning! Suddenly, restaurants, discos, private clubs, after-hours spots are booming. Suddenly, everybody's going out into a city with a whole new after-dark style—original, exciting, still-forming—a style that blends European clothes, food,

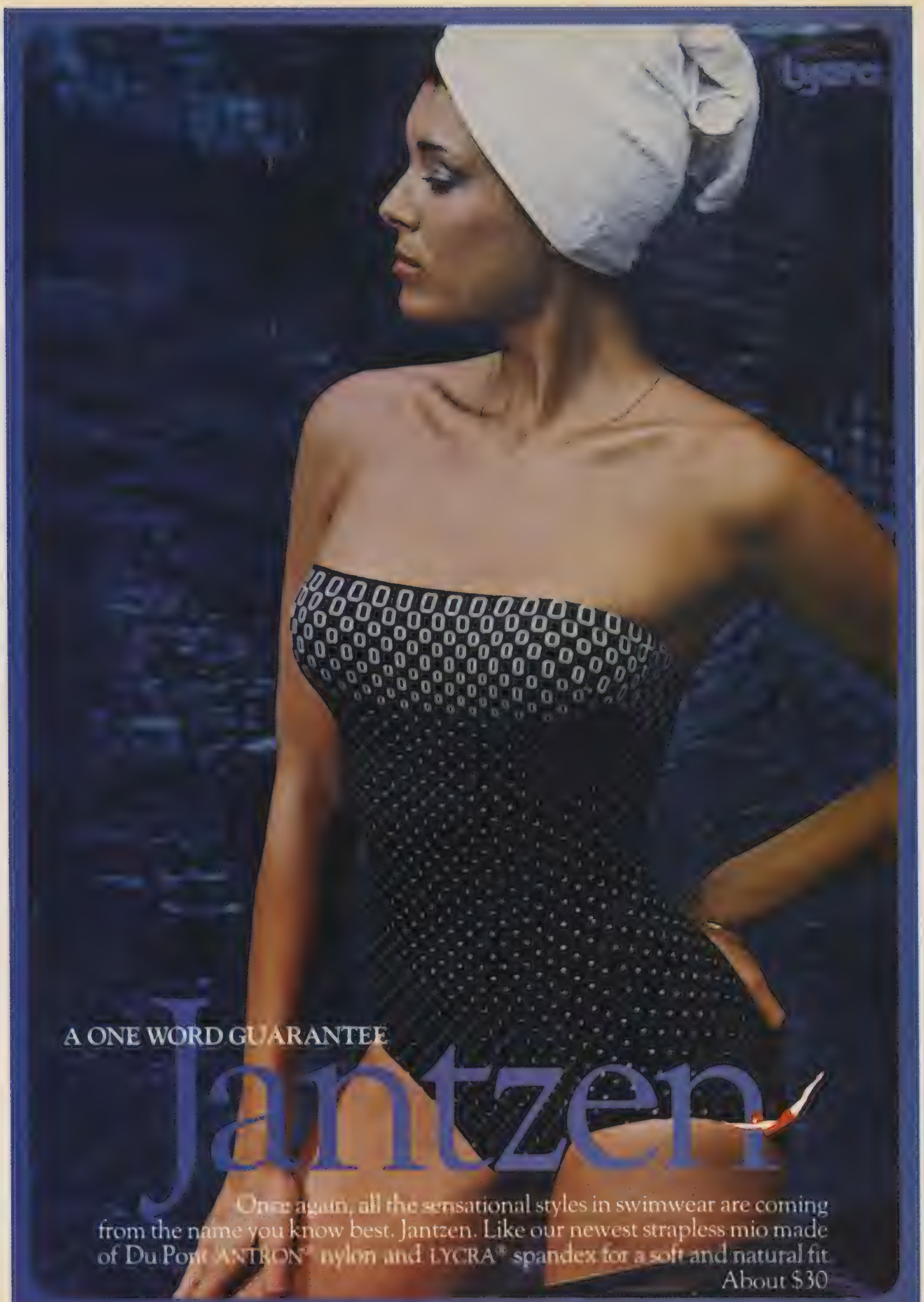
(Continued on page 158)



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If you need an excuse to get away from it all, one look at our Floral Cane travel ensemble should do it.

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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 150)

and "joie de vivre" with the casual and hard-core hedonistic outlook and climate of West-Coast, U.S.A.

Private parties—often outdoors in movie-set gardens of Beverly Hills and Bel Air mansions—are still night-scene traditions in Los Angeles. Biggest and best bashes—that the young crowd all crave to attend—are those given by senior Angelinos: the Jules Steins, Betsy and Alfred Bloomingdale, the Ray Starks, Connie Wald, Dolly Green, the Swifty Lazars, the Armand Deutschs. Pool parties are now things of the past—except chez Bob Evans or Hugh Hefner, whose pools are so integrated with their homes that "only the stone sober can *walk* around them!" For actors and actresses on-the-rise, hottest career-boost in town is an invite to Sue Mengers' Bev-Hills manse. For intimate gatherings, Kiki and Tony Kiser's deco home in Santa Monica is a must-go-to.

Latest twist in L.A. entertaining is to invite guests for an intimate dinner "out," not "in." Plot: a quick drink at host's home —lengthy cocktail hours impossible in L.A. because of time needed for driving—then guests regroup into one or two cars and go off to Le Saint Germain, Le Saint Michel, Chez Jay, Le Bistro, or the French dine-place of the moment, Ma Maison—so popular it now has an unlisted telephone number. On non-French nights, intimate diners head for Chasen's Peppone, La Scala, Mr. Chow. The wine to order out, both before and during dinner: a vintage California Cabernet Sauvignon—acidity the thing *everyone* wants to avoid.

The "new" L.A. is a dither of discos and private clubs. At El Privado in West Hollywood ($1000 membership fee), star-set members like Raquel Welch and Rod Stewart make Old Hollywood entrances from their limos outside and then boogie along with the rest of "New Hollywood" inside. . . . Best dancers in town hang out at Sergio's Le Club in Beverly Hills run by Mexico City disco entrepreneur Sergio Villagran. Among Le Club's members: George Hamilton, Dino De Laurentiis. . . . Pips, members-only play-place part-owned by Hugh Hefner, caters to the Hollywood establishment—Lucille Ball backgammons there. . . .

Grandest-sounds-in-town still pulsate across the football-field-sized dance floor of predominantly gay, super-disco Studio One in West Hollywood. Their Backlot Showroom's now a top L.A. cabaret, showcases Barbara Cook, Chita Rivera, Liz Torres, Nancy Dussault.

Latest disco phenomenon: less noise and more dancing close —as seen at soon-to-open The Brownstone, a club that's planning to accent 'thirties, 'forties, 'fifties music. . . . For the saucy, sexy Latin sound of *salsa,* together-dancers head for Candilejas on Sunset (open till 6:00 A.M.) and to Club Virginia's downtown. . . . Meanwhile, also in downtown L.A., the new rage is listening and dancing to "Oriental boogie" music played by a Japanese duo at Little Tokyo's Oiwake Restaurant.

Since Los Angeles is staying up later, there's now a lot more action on the late-night food front. Newest restaurants to try—open till 2:00 A.M.—are the Thai places that line Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards south of Bronson and on towards downtown L.A.—the food is HOT! . . . Scandia, the status eatery on Sunset has a late supper that's popular with uptown types after concerts in The Hollywood Bowl. . . . Fatburger, a hamburger diner on La Cienega, the "Scandia of the Dawn Patrol," is big with the healthy-sweet après-disco set. . . . The Original Pantry, Ninth and Figueroa downtown, a Raymond Chandler haunt, is open twenty-four hours, features $1.30 breakfasts, has people standing in line all through the night and morning. . . . Out by the beach, the Santa Monica Pier—bumper cars, a carrousel, corn-on-the-cob—stays open till midinight. . . . The Toki, in Little Tokyo, for sushi up to 3:00 A.M.

The ultimate way to spend an L.A. night: cruising Sunset Boulevard to see its super-sized record-album billboards, with perhaps a shop-stop at Tower Records. Best way to cruise Sunset is in a convertible. (If you don't have one, you can rent one from Rent A Convertible: phone: 213/933-9508.) On Sunset, at La Brea, the 'fifties live at Tiny Naylors drive-in restaurant, where carhops bring trays of burgers and milkshakes to your car. Afterwards, the place to head for is the Hollywood Hills to see the view from Mulholland Drive: a spectacular light-show stretching for miles and miles in every direction . . . all night long.

L.A. Nightpeople and where to find them: Bob Dylan: At the **Baked Potato** jazz club in the Valley. . . . Marlon Brando: **Fox Venice theatre**—shows best foreign films. German directors and

(Continued on page 162)

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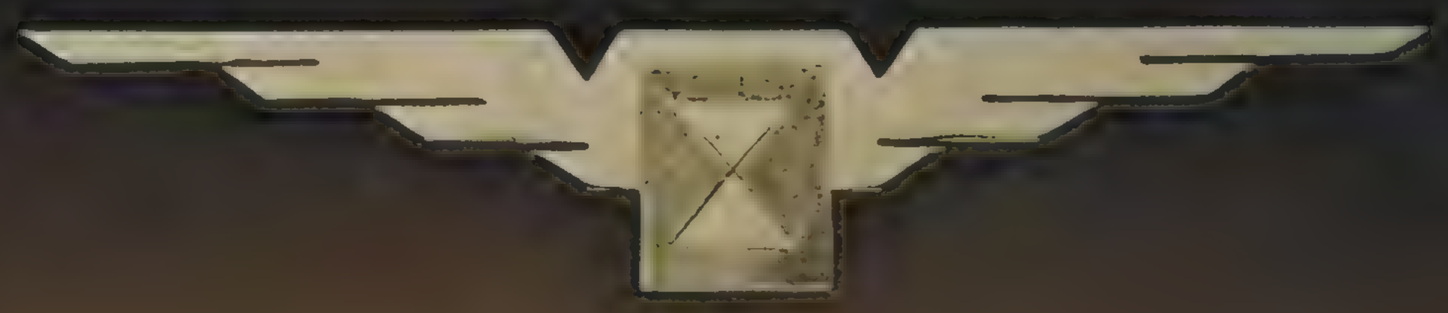
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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 158)

ethno-documentaries very popular. *Rocky Horror Show* a frequent happening. . . . Diana Ross: **Hughes** all-night **Market** in Bev-Hills. . . . Neil Simon: **Ahmanson Theatre** where his new play *Chapter Two* debuted last month. . . . Le Tout Los Angeles: Black-tie gala at **Dorothy Chandler Pavilion** (November 16) for opening of Beverly Sills in *Manon.* (NOTE: "Black-tie" in L.A. means black-tie and cowboy boots.). . . . Ryan O'Neal, Angelica Huston, Jack Nicholson, etc.: **On the Rox,** Lou Adler's private club atop the Roxy on Sunset Strip. . . . Neil Young: **Tower Records**. . . . Frank Sinatra: **Pips**. . . . Michelle Phillips, Roman Polanski. Boz Scaggs: **Dan Tana** restaurant. . . . Christopher Isherwood, Tony Bill: **Robert's** "beach-chic" restaurant in Venice. . . . Paula Kelly: **Stage One** jazz club. . . . Leon Russell, Ned Doheny: **Musso & Frank's Grill** on Hollywood Blvd. . . . "Brits" (British ex-patriot colony): **Bernard's** restaurant, downtown in the Biltmore Hotel—or playing miniature golf. . . . Venice art people: **Casablanca** restaurant in Santa Monica. . . . Everyone who wants to be seen while paying $95 for a lobster dinner for two: the **Palm** . . . . Hard-core insomniacs: **City Market** on San Pedro—produce center of Southern California.

New York City

Nightlife in New York consistently delivers diversity—and the unexpected. No other American city possesses as intense and rich a social and cultural mix—and it all unfurls at night. The activity, even the company, may be predictable: it's where they overlap that the surprises lie. New Yorkers mix business, interests, passions, and narcissism, with their nights out on the town. Uptown, small private black-tie dinners make a night out or provide a prelude to those public and cultural events that define a large portion of Manhattan's social energies. The newest waves of energies these days are coming from the Europeans and Middle East zillionaires who are making New York their base of operations.

Mica and Ahmet Ertegün, Françoise and Oscar de la Renta, Estée and Joe Lauder, Nan Kempner, Slim Keith, C. Z. Guest, Lily and Douglas Auchincloss, Jacqueline Onassis, and Lee Radziwill are some of those going to and/or giving the parties dear to the town's *paparazzi;* are seen at first-night invitees-only openings at The Museum of Modern Art and The Metropolitan Museum of Art—where society meets the art world—whose members more likely than not have arrived straight from dinner in Chinatown or at Da Silvano's northern Italian bistro at Sixth Avenue and Houston Street.

The unattached still favor the cocktail party, and the literary world never loses its taste for getting together to drink and boost the latest candidate for the best-seller list. George Plimpton's hospitality is a dependable legend: he and his wife Freddy still host the best literary bashes in their duplex overlooking the East River. At the Plimptons, Brendan Gill mingles with Muhammad Ali and Lauren Bacall, and scores of writers on their way up hope that Jason Epstein will remember their names the next day.

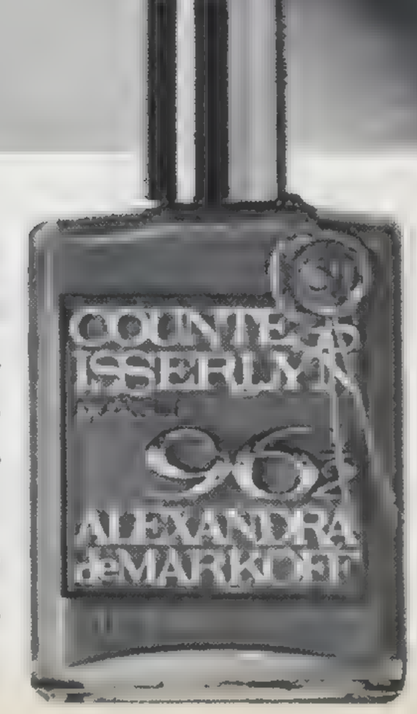
In the '70's, New York's entertainment scene has expanded way beyond Broadway and Lincoln Center. There's action all over town, and the distinctions between social groups blur as East Siders hit SoHo's center for avant-garde music and video—The Kitchen—to hear John Cale and the new wave of composers' bands, as well as to track the course of loft jazz through Rashied Ali's Ali's Alley, on Greene Street, or Sam Rivers's comfortable duplex Studio Rivbea, on Bond Street. . . . Cabarets multiply, with a new one opening almost weekly. Ardent followers of the scene stay loyal to Reno Sweeney's, where The Paradise Room still lights up-and-coming talent. Downtown, they also tour The Ballroom and Tramps, while The Bottom Line, with its minimal decor, remains the place to find musicians breaking into the recording big-time. It would be odd, but not unthinkable, to find Jackie Onassis checking out CBGB's, the matrix of that thriving musical genre, punk rock, with its brand new sixteen-track recording sound system amplifying the deafening riffs of the Talking Heads or the Ramones. And Bobby Short never stops packing in the crowds at The Carlyle.

The flashing strobes at Studio 54 illuminate a prime Manhattan passion: disco dancing. Les Mouches, Volcano, and New York,

(Continued on page 164)

Countess Isserlyn.
I only find it outrageously expensive once a year.

– Victoria Fyodorova



Countess Isserlyn is such a rich, unique, moisturizing makeup, all I have to use is a few little drops. And those few little drops give me a finish that's absolutely flawless —a finish, by the way, that looks all the more beautiful as the hours go by. To me, Countess Isserlyn is like all the fine things in life. Once you wear it, nothing else is ever good enough again.

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(Continued from page 162)

New York also keep the crowds up till early morn. Though weekends are the favorite time for disco, the fantasy spaces are busy from Wednesday nights on, and their hyperkinetic inhabitants dress up for dancing. Andy Warhol's sidekick Bob Colacello says, "I live in Studio 54. Practically every star in the world turns up there sooner or later." It's where you'll find the Warhol crowd and everybody else who loves to be stared at. Dress—the look—has no code, but the unwritten law seems "the less you wear, the better." Satin, glitter, and splashy hairstyles that are works of art provide the real visual theater of the celebrity *crème de la crème*.

For most evenings out, which may include a number of diverse events, New Yorkers are more likely to dress with versatility and some wit. Both mobility and practicality demand a sophisticated schizophrenia of dress style that defies stereotyping. Restaurants may continue to demand jacket and tie; but when Windows on the World announced their policy of no jeans, a lot of men had to go home and change. Most New Yorkers in-the-know prefer the bar at the top of the World Trade Center anyway—it's spectacular at sunset and more relaxed than the restaurant.

The search for the perfect restaurant is a Manhattan tradition, and deciding where to go out to dinner usually occupies a disproportionate amount of any preprandial conversation. The Empire Diner, open twenty-four hours a day, the stylish reincarnation of a classic Art Deco truck stop, is favored as a late-night/early-morning haunt by everyone from leather queens to Sotheby Parke Bernet bidders refueling after an evening of heavy bidding.

Café Des Artistes, another reincarnation of period charm in the great West Side Hotel Des Artistes that once housed Rudolph Valentino, is a Manhattan standout for pre-Lincoln Center dinners, while young East Side professionals and Wall Streeters are often repeaters at Mortimer's and Pronto. Pearl's and Elaine's remain the places where the communications and literary crowd satisfy their hungers.

Joe Allen's, west of Broadway, is the late late-night bar and restaurant for the theater crowd. Actors and audiences alike drop in, though Sardi's remains a favorite for out-of-towners who long to match the caricatures on the walls with their real-life models, especially on opening nights.

Though SoHo is fast becoming a tourist's theme village, the artists and musicians and dancers who started it all cluster quietly, and relatively invisibly, at Magoo's below Canal Street on Sixth Avenue, where the pool table in the back room is as important as a cheap meal. Further downtown, in flourishing TriBeCa (triangle below Canal Street), the new generation of loft dwellers meets friends at Prescott's and Barney's, two true neighborhood bars yet to become tour stops on the Gray Line. Decor is gloriously grungy, food's cheap, and the styles are subtly recycled.

Dance and theater take up many New York nights, and while the seasons of ABT and the Joffrey and Balanchine's New York City Ballet glitter, smaller groups like Laura Dean and Andy de Groat dance in lofts and out-of-the-way spaces. It's news when one of these groups gets to Broadway, and Twyla Tharp is the story's current heroine. Though ensemble theater groups have had a hard time making it uptown, Joe Papp's return to the Public Theater on Lafayette Street heralds the health of Off- and Off-off Broadway for experimental theater; and New Yorkers finally are following with some faithfulness the myriad productions at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

People-watching remains Manhattan's major nighttime sport, but hard-working tycoons play tennis at Turtle Bay, and nocturnal joggers are not at all surprising. Late-night parking plagues those who shun garages. Manhattan's car owners perform a traditional and stately small-hours dance as they prowl the streets looking for legal parking places.

Round-the-clock in Manhattan:

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Backgammon and chess: At the open-till-dawn Chess and Backgammon Club on West Seventy-second Street.

Midnight voyaging: The Staten Island Ferry never closes.

(Continued on page 166)



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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 164)

San Francisco

The San Francisco night has two sides. One has to do with the total visual and sensual pleasure of being in the most romantic nighttime city in the country—cool air, billowy fog that occasionally lifts to reveal sky and stars, sounds of cable cars clanging, candlelit dinners in quiet restaurants or in Victorian townhouses, white-tie openings in a fairy-tale opera house. The other side of San Francisco at night is a world of sweaty discos, 'fifties rock-and-roll clubs, North Beach cafés filled with hookers and society types, safety-pin-chic punk rockers parading about in underwear and metal.

San Francisco—headline-maker city of the 'sixties—has regrouped, recovered from any turn-of-the-decade let-down, and is fast finding its late-'seventies self. A few years ago, there were only rock concerts; now, suddenly, over two dozen little theaters are thriving in the city, nine in the Broadway area alone. Similar to Off and Off-off Broadway theaters in New York, San Francisco's small houses such as On Broadway, Club Fugazi, The Little Fox, Eureka Theatre, and Julian Theatre are serving up everything from the campy extravaganza *Beach Blanket Babylon Goes Bananas* to Soviet playwright Aleksei Arbuzov's *The Promise*. Jazz is back in San Francisco, too—it's classy at The Great American Music Hall, Latin-y at Sneaky Pete's, and big-name at the Keystone Korner.

A new diversity has even penetrated San Francisco's small-world social scene. Now artists, museum people, performers come together at bashes such as Frances and John Bowes' spring party for the Robert Rauschenberg opening at the Museum of Modern Art. This mix is likely to show up at Lita Vietor's November 29 party at the Icehouse to raise funds for S.F.'s American Conservatory Theater, one of the most prestigious repertory companies in the country. (The small parties that everyone wants to go to are being thrown by Denise and Prentis Cobb Hale and by new-hosts-in-town Ann and Gordon Getty—either at home with "lots of butlers," or in restaurants.)

There's a whole new doing-things-together spirit in San Francisco. People are tea dancing at the Hyatt Regency on Friday afternoons, rollerskating at the Grand Arena Roller Rink, taking hot-tub baths in groups at the Grand Central Sauna and Hot Tub, drinking Dom Perignon at the drop of a hat in Mumm's. As one on-the-towner recently said, "San Francisco's losing its *attitude*," which means that San Francisco's never been more open or more diverse.

Where to go in San Francisco for: Punk rock: the **Mabuhay Gardens** (groups to gaze: the Weirdos, the Dix, Mink De Ville, Leila and the Snakes featuring Pearly Gates. . . . Disco decadence: **Oilcan Harry's** (gay, but some straights make the scene), **The City** ("mixed"—gays and straights). . . . Burgers for all: **Hamburger Mary's**. . . . Backgammon: **Mumm's**, a private club (Patty Hearst boogies here). . . . Chinese chow: the **Imperial Palace**—art-treasure décor. . . . Female impersonators: **Finocchio's**. . . . Dinner theater San Francisco style: **Clement Cultural Center**—mime, 90-year-old vaudevillians, conceptual art. . . . Rock and roll: the **Palms**. . . . Eartha Kitt, Freda Payne, Mabel Mercer: **Mocambo**. . . . Saddle of veal: **L'Etoile** restaurant (the Prentis Cobb Hales like the back bar for dinner parties). . . . Sun's-up breakfast: **The Brasserie** at the Fairmont hotel.

Washington, DC

Night people come from the hotel/late-life crowd or the after-work bunch who, on a good evening, slide over into night. Jeans or three-piece grey flannels are the costume; long dresses, in DC, are strictly for at-home or for Kennedy Center big deals. Most discos, bars stay open until 3:00 A.M., and the restaurants are filling at any hour. Where do night-types head? To Georgetown or to the new "downtown," bounded by Farragut Square and Dupont Circle, where five, six bright young places fill every block.

The out-of-towner's idea of DC is that everyone, with any sense, gets off the streets as soon as the high-intensity streetlights go on. Young lawyers rush to their Colonials in the burbs, Capitol Hill heads back to its bills, and nice decent city dwellers go home and lock their doors. Tight. But the true Washingtonian knows there's a solid night world in the District; that it's a good one, and growing. Who's going out? Young

(Continued on page 168)





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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 166)

professionals, politicos, Georgetown types, Capitol Hillers, flirts, gays, hometown gals. The private power-people: To black-tie dos in clubs, to quiet dinner conversations led by Grand Hostesses Polly Fritchey, Pamela Harriman, Yolande Fox, Lorraine Cooper. And everyone: To the theater, to eye to-or-from Broadway, bright new plays, the best Black drama, and musicals. Washington's become a theater town; and the country's watching Washington.

DC nights start at 6:00 P.M. with drinks. The "young professionals" spent years in grad schools, and they all learned liquor. At Class Reunion, you find press, a lot of men with White House ID's around their necks; the Democratic Club gets press, political types; Duke Zeibert's hauls in sports people, lawyers. In Georgetown, at The Foundry, there's an oak bar, plants, little confessionals for two. The solid, traditional atmosphere draws, downtown, at the Old Ebbitt Grill; the Madison and Mayflower Hotels are the out-of-towners' major drinkeries (the Madison attracts *Washington Post* boozers, too).

Serious eaters may park at one of Duke Zeibert's white-clothed tables for dinner or head on to classic (and expensive) French food at Le Bagatelle. Rive Gauche has style and *la nouvelle cuisine;* Le Lion d'Or is relatively new and unreservedly popular. Tiberio is the spot for northern Italian food and people-spotting; Sans Souci's prominent people parade makes for better viewing at lunch.

Less grand—but not necessarily less good—nights out take off at The Big Cheese in Georgetown (Norwegian cheese fritters, Yugoslavian fried cheese); The Gandy Dancer, a Capitol Hill café (Gandypasto, Chicken Gandy); Clyde's (for burgers); The Tombs (for Reuben sandwiches); Hot Diggity Dog (hot dogs, of course); Rocky Racoon's Saloon (Tex/Mex).

Jazz can be heard at Blues Alley, in Georgetown; The Cellar Door has long been a breeding ground for country-folksy stuff. Washington fans say the One Step Down Lounge boasts the best jazz jukebox on the East Coast, but for DC, the hot sound now is disco. Hottest disco is The Apple Tree—where, at 10:00 or 11:00 P.M., Washington's best-looking singles line up to get in. Tramps also has heavy singles action; private club Pisces, is biggest for chic. Next year, Régine is slated to open a DC branch of her disco empire, and P.M. plans stiff competition. P.M. is Peter Malatesta's (who started Pisces) newest: live music, Latin music, scheduled for November opening.

Ford's, the Kennedy Center, Arena Stage, the National Theater are where grand theater nights are found. This month, Jason Robards fills the Eisenhower Theater at the Kennedy Center with *A Touch of the Poet.* Maya Angelou's *And Still I Rise* at Ford's; *Paul Robeson,* with James Earl Jones, at the National; on-its-way-to-B'way musical, *Timbuktu!:* that's why Washington goes to the theater at night.

The National Symphony Ball, in December, always brings out the influentials; but the November 5 Neiman-Marcus dinner-dance to benefit the National Symphony is the gala news this year; it celebrates the Neiman-Marcus Chevy Chase branch's

(Continued on page 172)



"...such stuff as dreams are made on."

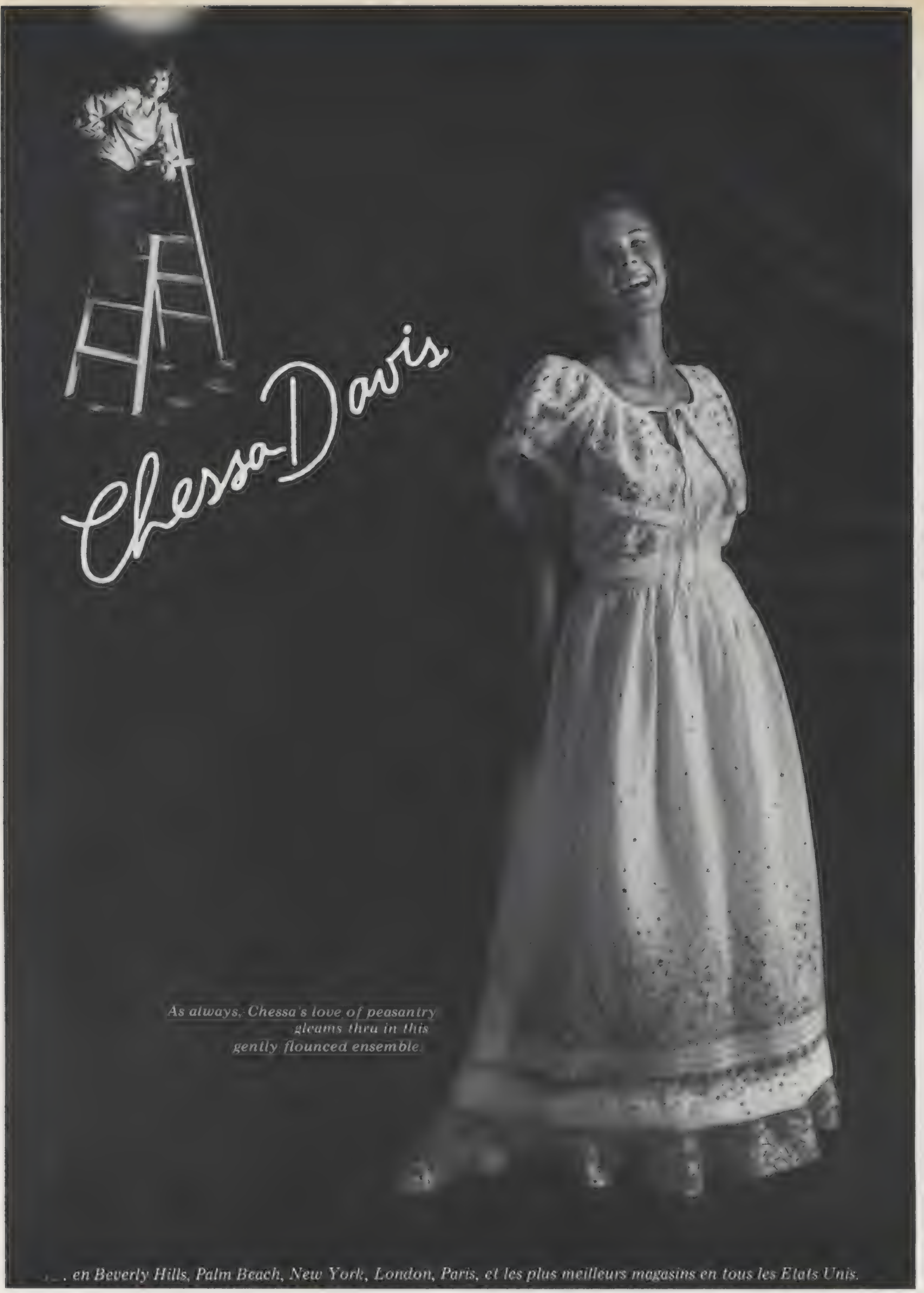


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That first wrinkle! It came ever so fast... or did you just now notice it? Before it seemed to be there only when you smiled ...then disappear! But now you're not smiling. Yes, the first wrinkle could be a blessing...hasten you to take action! It could be a polite warning that your skin is in dire need of more than just a surface moisturizer...warning signal that the tiny cells in your under-skin padding crave moisture they are not getting. Starving for water, the cells shrink in size...they pull in...tug...until surface skin yields. First, fine lines...then dry skin wrinkles grasp hold. There is a proven way to correct beauty-robbing under-skin dryness. The secret is a special beauty lotion cherished by women of all ages who found the answer to a younger looking skin. The name of this special beauty formula is 2nd Début with CEF...Cellular Expansion Factor.

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MINIGUIDES

(Continued from page 168)

birth. The American Film Institute's November 17 partying—White House reception, screening of clips from the movies that AFI's members and staff elected as the "greatest American movies," supper dance—caps off a week-long celebration of ten years of AFI. During the week: screenings of new-to-DC movies *1900, Semi-Tough, Mr. Klein,* and classic films for kids (including *National Velvet,* starring onscreen and in-the-flesh Elizabeth Taylor). For gala-gazing, Lauren Bacall, the Jack Lemmons, Charlton Hestons, Henry Fondas will be on hand.

After dancing, eating—after anything—the young head to The Guards in Georgetown, Winstons, Chadwicks', Charing Cross. The big attraction? Drinking. W.H. Bone & Co. serves up soul food (the chef's from Georgia) and a trio; the Café de Paris is a bistro where you expect to see every off-hours French waiter in town. The new Nathans II on Conn. Avenue is a hot, late-night disco, but F. Scott's is chicest. There, 'forties music, exotic fresh fruit drinks, and shades of the old New York Stork Club. The American Café, open until 3:00 A.M. (4:00 A.M. on weekends), dishes up creative salads, sandwiches, frozen yogurt. The Golden Booeymonger hands out heroes (giant sandwiches not human giants) until 2:00 A.M. weekdays, 3:00 A.M. Friday and Saturday.

Healthier—certainly hungrier—types do their own kind of night-tripping. On tennis courts. There's nighttime squash and handball, but in DC, tennis is—and seemingly ever will be—The Sport. Play is at lighted outdoor courts (when Southern nights oblige) and at the ever-growing number of indoor spots: under the Fairfax Racquet Club's bubble or on the Arlington "Y" Tennis and Squash Club's air-conditioned courts—in service, starting this month, twenty-four hours a day. At the Arlington Racquetball and Handball Club, opening up in December, play will go on until 1:00 A.M.

Swingers, all, these DC night people.

Whom to bump into: Ardeshir Zahedi, Vicki and Smith Bagley, Helga and Alejandro Orfila. Chip Carter, perhaps.
Where to go when your blow dryer blows: Fingertips, in Silver Spring. Last appointment is at 9:00 P.M.
Past pleasures, not porn: Midnight flicks at The Key, The Circle Theater, The Biograph.
Never call them gossips: Betty Beale, Ymelda Dixon of *The Washington Star* are columnists who write about the social scene.
A fig at 4.00 A.M.: Concord Frozen Foods caters to twenty-four-hour cravings.
More fattening at 4: The Little Tavern in Georgetown gets fresh, crispy, cream-filled doughnuts about then.
If you're truly glutinous: "The Earthquake" —eight scoops of ice cream, eight toppings, almonds, cherries, whipped cream—$5.50 at Swensen's Ice Cream Factory, open until 2:00 A.M. on Fridays and Saturdays, 1:00 A.M. on Sundays.

The Miniguides were compiled by Vogue Staff with the help of Vogue friends and contributors in the nine nightlife cities.

What becomes a Legend most?



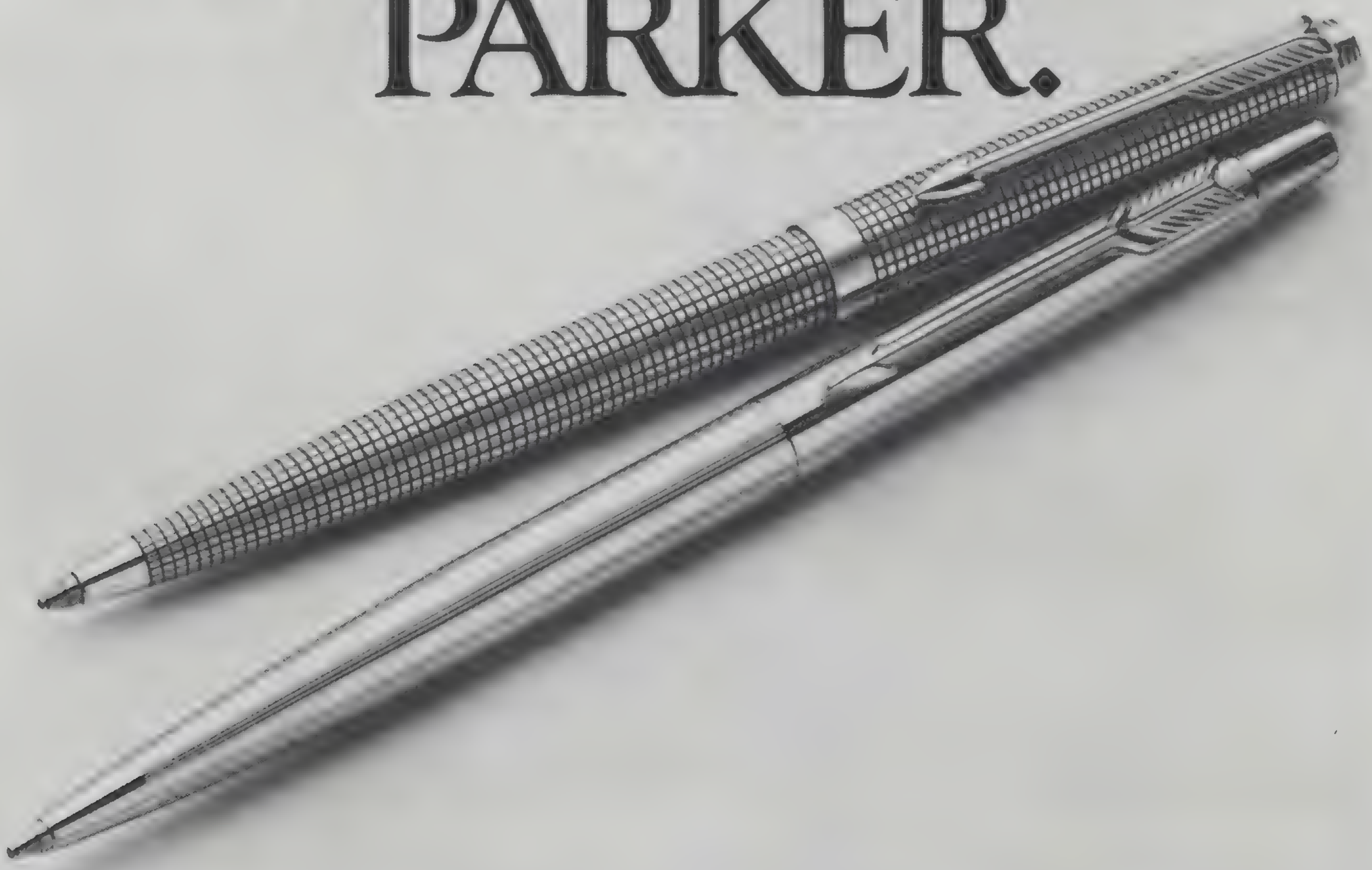
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YOU WRITE US

(Continued from page 44)

How to be female . . .
Thank you ever so much for the great articles on pages 150 and 151 of August Vogue. I especially liked the sensitivity of Anne Roiphe's article ("Who's Afraid of Lesbian Sex?"). It made so much sense. . . . More of these inspiring articles, please! It is so difficult today to know exactly what behavior patterns to live by. Most of us like being female, but don't understand our confusion over being envious of the males in our society. I was amazed that, psychologically, she "hit it on the head." . . .

Marie Taylor
Los Angeles, CA

Assaulted by sex
My reaction to your August issue of Vogue is so strong and so completely negative that I thought I should write you. For several reasons over the years, I have been a subscriber. . . . I have my own commercial decorating company. Looking my very best and in style is an important part of selling my clients on our services. I have depended on Vogue for style information. I am also a mother of teenage children. Your articles, "Sex at this Moment," offer me nothing I need. Also, it embarrassed me in front of my sweet daughter who is becoming interested in fashion and reads my Vogue.

It is perfectly all right for her to have sex education. Also, I have the right to read articles on these subjects in books where I expect to find this information. I don't see why I have to be assaulted by this type of material when I don't want and don't expect it. . . .

Carol Zim
Hillsborough, CA

Our strong woman
I have been reading your publication for fifteen years, and this time I must say *Bravo!* Your article "Does Total Woman Add Up?" by Anne Taylor Fleming [August Vogue] was clear, strong, and open. Thank you! For saying what needed to be said—by a fine and respected magazine.

Deborah Morris
Tucson, AZ

Working women: "not selfish"
As a working woman, I was disturbed by the letter by Mrs. James Weall in your August "You Write Us" column. . .

I am married and my husband, who is a student, stays home to care for our daughter. Am I selfish? It is true I compete with men with families to support, but in reverse, they compete with me, who also has a family to support. Is their competition with me more honorable because I am a woman? Besides, aren't working women contributing to the support of their families even if they also have a working husband?

I resent the attitude that women, not men, must stay home. Why shouldn't men create the supportive environment for their families Mrs. Weall so self-righteously speaks of. It is not fair to either sex to stereotype people so callously. I agree that the *spouse* who stays home should receive appreciation and recognition, but Mrs. Weall is shortsighted to state so blatantly that it must be the woman. Rethink your position, please.

Elizabeth Pincus
Charlottesville, VA

WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS QUIETED DOWN

THE SLOW GLOW.™

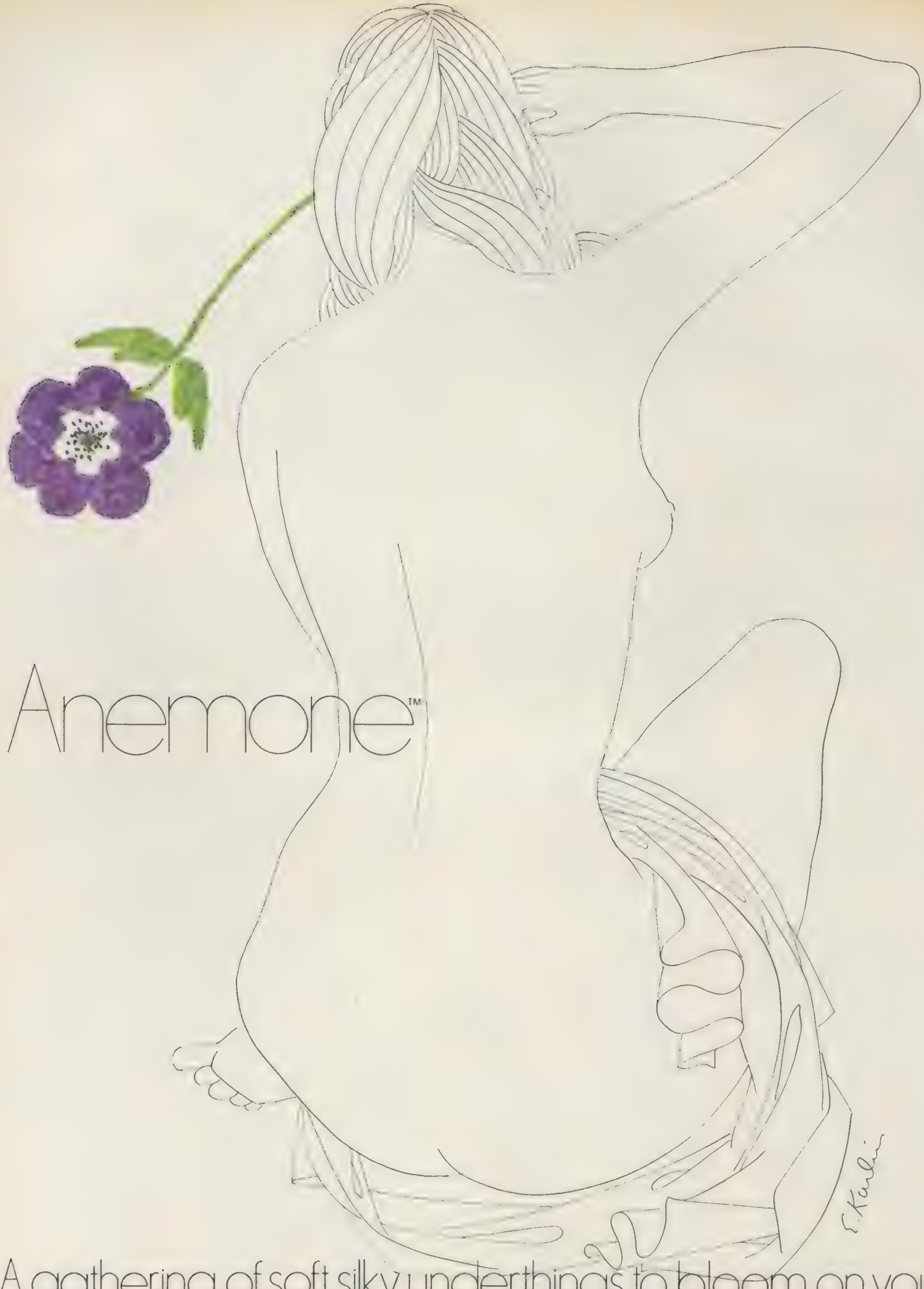


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IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

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A gathering of soft silky underthings to bloom on you.

Bras. Bikinis. Body Briefers. More. By Warner's.

But are you ever really alone in the big city?

By Mara Wolynski

Despite the talk about everyone living with someone, most people I know live alone. Some by choice, others by no choice. Those with no choice (and maybe a sliver of pride that prevents their putting ads in the paper) talk in maudlin ways about how disconcerting it is to have to sleep alone. Others believe that there is nothing glamorous or romantic about being bored or sneezed on or unavailable.

There are a number of reasons why one chooses to live with a man and they range from loneliness to financial difficulty. It is hip to live with a man. It is even hip to live with a child-man, providing he isn't a relative. Teen-age companions are sort of kinky. There are also many reasons why some women don't live with men. The reasons here encompass anything from personality defects to what the family would say.

I am a what-would-the-family-say person. My family wouldn't like it. My grandfather would turn pale and might get very sick; my grandmother would ask, "What the hell are you getting out of it?"; my mother would say it's totally unnecessary; and my stepfather would stammer when I met him on the street or came home for dinner. However, if someone spectacular came along, I might reconsider—but almost all of the men I have met recently ought to be either shoe salesmen or arrested.

There was a doctor I was mad about once but, after I had five romantic dates with him (kissing at the bar in The Pierre hotel while a scratchy trio serenaded us), I realized that he needed a puppy and not a girl. There was a sexy Southern gentleman once. He came from Memphis and I wanted to sleep with his voice. He was a turnoff the day I discovered the giant swastika he had stretched across the ceiling of his room. However, if you are unattached and live alone there is a nice free-floating quality to your life and you never know who might be coming to town tomorrow.

I decided to live alone when I was still going to school, and still living at home. Not being a princess or heiress to the Pirelli tire fortune, I had to live at home until I was able to make money. In my long search for the perfect place to live in New York, I learned that Little Italy is a very safe area for girls to live in because The Boys don't like noise down there. The Upper West Side was out from the start because it is always Sunday up there. The Upper East Side offers expensive services and you have to ride the elevator with a lot of well-bathed, well-taken-care-of people. Midtown, east near the river, was my second choice after the Village (where my credit is good); but it is known that single girls often are murdered there by kung-fu killers who announce themselves on the housephone by saying, "It be Gristedes."

I combed the advertisements in *The New York Times* every Sunday and finally I found an apartment. It is near a major cross street. This street is lined with discount stores, illegal aliens, chestnut men, Ratso Rizzos, and young mothers who scream "Holy Mary, the purest" in Spanish as they smash their crying children's heads in. It is a street which Rod McKuen might describe as being alive with the sounds of life. It is a street where hot, or supposedly hot, items are regularly sold and you can hear droopy-eyed dudes rappin' "Pick up yaw purrfoom 'fore the POlice pick me up."

I slept at home for a week after I moved all my things into my new apartment. For various reasons I was unable physically to remove myself from my parents' house. I explained afterwards that it made me dizzy to have everything in cartons which were no higher than my bed. "There's no depth in my new place," I told my family. My brothers began referring to my apartment as "Mara's country house." But, after the twinges of separation anxiety had gone and I had realized one morning that I had even moved my toothbrush into my uninhabited apartment, I left. It was too embarrassing to face the family when everyone knew that I was paying rent. I would spend the day at my apartment trying to get things together and would sneak home in the evening, hoping no one I knew witnessed my return. When I finally left, it took weeks to adjust to the fact that I actually *had* my own place. It was a rude shock to discover that living alone wasn't going to bring me any closer to complete joy and inner peace. Sure, it was quiet-quiet, like a crypt. The air-conditioner made strange noises and so did I. Then everything began to fall into place and I was grateful that I had had the foresight not to live with someone.

I decided to live alone primarily because I foresaw any potential roommate as either a thief, a bore, or a sickly thing who was prone to colds and stomach viruses. It would no doubt say to me on a miserable winter night, as it sat on my favorite sunglasses, "Oh I feeeeel so lousssy, I sure hope you don't catch what I have." Of course I would catch it since we would be sharing the bathroom and it would have sneezed on me during its contagious period.

I didn't want the irritation that comes from constant companionship. I didn't want to argue about what music was playing, who owed more on the phone bill, who had not cleaned off the jam smeared on the side of the refrigerator because who didn't do it. I wanted quiet because I had always shared a room either at home with my sister or away at various schools I had attended.

(Continued on page 184)



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ALONE IS BEST

(Continued from page 183)

And, even if I had a boyfriend and wanted to live with him, I couldn't because I didn't want to kill my grandfather. I opted for being forsakenly alone.

I imagined living alone to be pretty much what I have found it to be. There is never anyone to fix a light bulb for you (except the superintendent, and you have to make sure you've tipped him at Christmas or he won't hear you). When my desk (which came in pieces with no instructions and the presumption that it was a breeze to assemble) collapsed one day as I was typing and I had to dive underneath and support it with my back until I could fix the legs, there was no one to whom I could scream, "Get the typewriter off, Jerk, this thing's breaking my back." Had I not gone under the desk I would certainly have escaped with nothing less than four broken toes and a busted Smith-Corona.

There is never anyone volunteering to put a hand down a bathtub drain clogged with clumps of hair belonging to the previous tenant. When you come home, there is no one waiting who has brought flowers and has had the good grace to cook dinner. The telephone becomes the major source of socializing. There is no one to make you laugh and no one to annoy you. Sometimes it's boring and lonely and often it's bliss. It's a lifestyle that is conducive to selfishness and requires a steady reliance on inner resources and a modicum of self-discipline and independence. I lack self-discipline, but so far it's working out O.K.

The non-view I have from my apartment looks like what a German superintendent and his family, on a holiday, might see from a motel about thirty miles outside of Munich—perhaps in an industrial town where Mercedes steering wheels are made. There are tiny prefab gardens with vinyl flower pots and bulbous barbecue stands, the kind that was on sale for $12.93 a few weeks ago. I keep the curtains drawn and explain to the occasional visitor that I prefer artificial light. It is hard for me to keep plants alive. I had bookshelves built when I first moved in. They have warped in less than four months.

I have a Hide-A-Bed which is covered in white nappy cotton, a material that is impossible to keep clean; and, at night when I want to go to sleep, I must remove the three filthy pillows and drag the Formica coffee table to one side of the ill-lit room. Then, straining and sometimes sighing heavily, I lift and pull the bed out—just like the man at Altman's showed me how to do. Most nights I wish I lived with that salesman from Altman's. He did it so well.

There is a heat problem in my building. It seems the building manager is notorious for turning down thermostats too low. It was 32 degrees the other night and I wasn't warm. With bluish fingers I turned the dial on the radiator to high and a gust of air-conditioning blew in my face. It made my hair look like I was in a boat in a high wind but the look on my face showed I wasn't having a good time. I called downstairs to find out if I was the only one whose apartment could safely store meat. The doorman said that the whole building was freezing. Before he disconnected the housephone, I heard him giggle.

I have gone to sleep at night only to be awakened by my stroke-victim neighbor who screams, "NO, NO, NO, NO, NO" at four in the morning. I have been told by a doctor that it is common for a stroke victim to scream negatives if the brain has been badly impaired. In any case, I have often been awakened by my neighbor who also whoops sometimes, "WHOOP, WHOOP, WHOOP." Then I do what I do when she does what she does at four in the morning. I put my fingers in my ears and hum loud like a fly. It is difficult to sleep at the same time. It is at times like these that I regret not living with someone. At least, if I had a roommate, it too might be cursing in between hums. But I am alone, awake, and thinking of ways to break my two-year lease which has twenty more months left.

"Sometimes it's boring and lonely... often it's bliss"

I imagine myself in court, numerous hour-long cassettes are scattered all over the defense table. On each cassette is an hour of "NO, NO, NO, NO," and "WHOOP, WHOOP, WHOOP." The building manager is sitting across the courtroom sneering at me. I speak to the judge in a moment of anguish brought on by the fact that I appear to be losing the case. "Well, your Honor, could *you* eat if you kept hearing these tortured cries at all hours of the night?" The judge answers, "No, child." Then, as the manager, gives me a I'm-going-to-send-my-boys-down-to-talk-to-you look, the judge says, "I have heard the case and am of the opinion that said plaintiff (he mispronounces my last name and I correct him —for the record) has the right to break said lease with twenty more months left." BANG! goes the gavel, case dismissed.

Sometimes as I lie awake, not by choice, in my exposed Hide-A-Bed, my afflicted neighbor whooping, I alternate fantasies. I think, among other thoughts, what my murder would be like if I were ever murdered. It is another of my attempts to ignore the cries of either the neighbor or her frustrated husband—sometimes it's hard to tell which one is shrieking. By now I have my brutal murder visualized down to the final second, the final whimper, the final contact of metal upon skin and cord around neck.

My murder goes like this: It is late (but not very) on a cold, rainy Sunday night. I have to unlock the lobby door because the note written to the tenants tells me that William the doorman is in the basement and will be back in five minutes. I find that my key sticks in the lock and it takes ten minutes to open the building door. I think that I could be raped and three months pregnant by the time William finishes.

I take the elevator and unlock my front door. All is dark, including the intruder who is sitting on the couch. I hang up my coat and turn on the lights. I inhale sharply as I am confronted with the fact that the

(Continued on page 201)

Dites-le avec les yeux

(Say it with the eyes)



Stendhal

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Strength to stop drinking, start living: how I found it

By Jean Kirkpatrick

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In "Turnabout: Help for a New Life," soon to be published by Doubleday, Jean Kirkpatrick reveals her struggle with alcoholism. Kirkpatrick, a Ph.D. in sociology, is founder/president of Women for Sobriety, Inc., an organization that "helps alcoholics realize their full potential as women."*

Quakertown looked exactly the same as when I left it several months earlier. Only my father looked different. The end was written on his features and I was twisted and choked inside. I felt rage and hatred for all of life. My emotions were not to be trusted, so violent were they. Others must have sensed it, since most others let me alone.

I felt cheated. I wanted to talk to my dad, to tell him that I was really going to manage my problem, but he was just barely able to manage just staying alive.

On the last Tuesday I sat with him during the afternoon, while my mother attended a luncheon in his honor for the thirty years he had devoted to school directorship. I marvelled at the irony of life, how we attend to the closing ceremonies and how they are planned to meet the exigencies of time. There was something macabre about all of it.

As we spent the afternoon together, I wondered how long it would be, this suffering, this living yet not living.

But I didn't have long to wait. On Saturday morning I was called home to help get him to the hospital again.

And that night the phone call came.

Tragedy is funny. You know it's happening to you but you don't react to it until you have time, maybe days later, after all the realities of social mores have been cared for.

On the day of the funeral, I took several large gulps of whiskey but it just wasn't the same, not after the long times I'd been knowing sobriety. It tasted like poison and I hated myself for trying to reawaken a craving I had almost tamed.

But I drank and the not taking more later was again a tremendous temptation. I knew that I could never drink like others and I was just about ready to accept the fact that I was indeed an alcoholic and had been most of my life, having shown classic signs of it at the age of eighteen.

"It's so nice you're home, Jean. Now you can look after Mother," Hilda Smith was saying, a friend of our family's for decades, now here for the viewing.

"Yes, just in time," I said with genial acceptance. She should *know!* My mind was aflame with anger and resentment.

"How nice to see you, Jean. Mother will certainly need you now," another friend came by.

"Oh, yes. Thank you for coming," I murmured. When would it end, this barbaric ritual for the dead?

"That's such good cake. Have you had some?" one of Mother's bridge club women said. "I'll miss your father. He was such a good man, don't you think?"

Why answer? "Yes, he was," I said, hating her, watching her while she munched on her cake, plump fingers carrying it to and from her mouth.

"There you are, Jean. I've been looking for you. Too bad about your father. What are you going to do now, move in with Mother?"

Funny, I had never thought about it but the hand that writes on the wall was beginning to write something for me, and I didn't like what I was seeing. Move home? Never! Give up the farm? How could I? That's where I drank and recovered and wrote my dissertation, it was part of me, bringing it back from a ramshackle house to something livable? Move home? With Mother? Oh, for a drink! But that avenue was definitely shut and I wanted it shut. I wanted to be something new and not what I'd been. I wanted to be rid of the utter disgust I felt for myself as a person. In this past half year I had begun to get several glimpses of myself and I despised every one of them.

I disliked failure and I knew that I was one, not in the professional sense but as a human being. My perceptions of others, most especially myself, were clouded by my self-absorption. Now, this minute, in this room filled with humanity, I began to look at them, to see them as persons with needs and desires. How did they go about satisfying them? Surely if these people could make it, I could too. What had I found so hard about making it? Did I simply give in and say I couldn't do it, not meet life's demands, life's problems? It seemed that way but how did it happen? Why did I walk away from everything?

"Mother is taking this so well, isn't she?"

"Yes, she certainly is. Thank you for coming."

And now the present situation demanded action and clear thought without emotional reaction. Sell your furniture, rent or sell your house, move home, have the shoulder operation you've been putting off, get a job and, if there is none, make one for yourself.

"So nice to see you Jean. You got home just in time to help Mother."

"Yes," I murmured.

No emotional reactions. Just do it. And then get some kind of meaningful plan and a working philosophy. Everything you've used before must be scrapped.

"You're looking well, Jean."

She can see I don't have a hangover and

(Continued on page 190)



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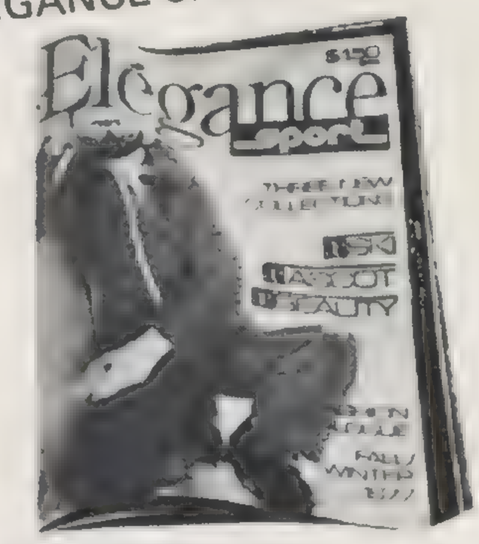


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HABIT-KICKING

(Continued from page 186)

I'm not drinking. *That's* what she really means. Whoops, Jean. There you go with that defensiveness. Believe that she means what she says and nothing more. O.K. Done.

"Thank you," I smiled. "I'm feeling a lot better than I had."

"So nice you're home. You'll be needed."

Needed? Does my mother need me? Needed. Hmmmmmm.

"Are you home to stay, Jean?"

"Yes, I guess so." Was I?

"Hope we'll be seeing you. It's been a long time since we've talked."

"Yes. See you."

I looked at Nancy carefully. She really seemed to want to talk to me. Could it be?

I looked at her again and found her gaze resting on me. I smiled and she smiled back.

How about that? Maybe it was true that what we express is what is returned to us. I decided to try it.

"Hello, Jim. Nice seeing you." I smiled broadly.

He smiled and took my hand. "Long time no see. You're looking great."

"So are you. How's your wife?"

He beamed. "She's over there. Wait, I'll get her."

"Fine."

While I waited I thought about this new key I had found. It seemed to be true. But then, hadn't I read somewhere that our first concern is ourself? And isn't that true?

Jim came back with his wife, June. We made small talk and all the while I observed that my extension of good feelings was reflected by them. We get back what we give. Give away your sobriety to keep it. My helping Ruth a few months ago had helped me. "Do onto others. . . ."

I began to get restless. I wanted to be away from this evening and begin my life anew. I wished I could talk to my father about it but that phase was gone, a chapter closed. I knew I would always miss my dad and be sorry for what I never said or did. It would affect me to the degree I would let it and I knew, if I weren't careful, it could throw me if I thought much about it. I had really bombed out with my dad. I was filled with regret and yet I soon learned its uselessness.

I crossed the room to my mother's side. She looked shrivelled and tired. I took her arm and said:

"I think we should get to bed. How about if I put things away?"

"All right, but I must talk to everyone."

"But you already have. We've seen them for hours."

Thank heaven everyone was leaving. I was glad for the heavy occasion to be over. I was done with my father's death. It was over. I was ready to move on.

Standing at the door, I said my good-bye's to our friends, people I'd known all of my life, people who meant nothing to me because I loathed small towns and those persons and conventions associated with them. I had made a mockery of everything that they stood for. No wonder I could sense their negative feelings for me, and yet many forgave me and even expressed concern for me.

"Good night. Thank you for coming."

They passed out the door, squeezing my hand and that of my mother as they went. My aunts and uncles stayed afterward but I disappeared as quickly as possible. I was free from the oppression of reality.

My friend Florence stayed and, after slipping away for a short period, we went back to Mother's house and prepared for the long night ahead.

My body and mind screamed for a drink. I almost yearned for the pain of something other than that of reality. The next two days I was thoroughly consumed with the problems of burial and taxes. Florence stayed at the farm while I stayed with my mother, who seemed to be in a total daze. One time, while looking out of the kitchen window she said, "He liked you so much. He often asked me to call you to come over but I knew you were busy."

A fist squeezed my heart into a pulp and I heard the ticking of my time bomb. That day I took my mother to sign the autopsy report. The military funeral was the next day.

"It was time to put my life into gear"

I suppose the gray areas of life tend to fade away with the application of self-discipline and restraint, even though one thinks the long days of sadness will never end. Somehow we need to wallow in the event for a period, as if we must. The day after the funeral I drove past the grave site and the men were filling the ground hole. I felt totally disoriented and strange. For hours I drove around before returning to Mother's home.

My mother was totally distraught for many weeks following. Her life was completely interlocked with my father's and she was now left to wait out the rest of her life.

My days disappeared into weeks. I had rented an IBM composer and began with several jobs from the local printers. But work was very slow. Never was I able to make the amount of monthly rent, of $150.00. The future was very bleak. My thoughts began to turn to writing a monthly newsletter for retired persons. I also began to consider selling my property, for I knew I had to move home with my mother full-time. Florence stayed over Christmas and New Year of 1972 and then returned to Rhode Island. Both Mother and I hated to see her go, for she had helped us immeasurably over the difficult period of transition.

On the day she left, I hit a low spot of almost unmanageable proportions. I had to face up to leaving my farm, my first real home.

Before going back to the farm, I drove around for a long time with no special place in mind. I drove as a means of keeping myself occupied to keep from drinking. I wondered how normal people handled all of this time that stretches out so long? What to do with time? There was so much of it. I would certainly have to keep myself busy. But with what?

(Continued on page 192)

"I take a break from life's little problems,
behind the wheel of my Mustang."



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Fertilizing: Its importance in creating superior wines.



Fertilizing the vineyard is a vital part in the art of growing premium wine grapes. It is not a simple operation.

Its Importance

A healthy grapevine can thrive for 80 years or more. In fact, the older its stock, generally the better its grapes.

During the vine's lifetime its nutritional requirements will change from its earliest years—when it is being trained to the desired form for grape growing—to its later years—as it gradually matures into an established vine.

Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

Different Needs

Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a renditon of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be analyzed and compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to determine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

Fertilizing As An Exact Science

There are two good reasons why we take so much care when it comes to fertilizing: under-fertilizing and over-fertilizing. Under-fertilizing greatly reduces vine growth and bud fruitfulness, whereas over-fertilizing can produce such exceptionally heavy leaf growth as to curtail bud fruitfulness and grape production.

These phenomena are the result of an imbalance of what is known as the carbohydrate-nitrogen level of the vine.

A high carbohydrate-moderate nitrogen level produces moderate vegetative growth, early wood maturity, abundant fruit bud formation and good fruit production.

This is what we look for in the Gallo Vineyards.

Petiole Analysis

In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

The petiole is the stalk of a vine leaf. By taking a sample of it and analyzing it, we can determine the current nutritional status of the entire grapevine.

If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section—plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

Our Solution

These are only a few of the many special steps we take in the Gallo Vineyards to try to grow the finest grapes possible.

It is only by such meticulous care along the entire chain of grape growing and winemaking steps that we can hope to achieve our goal:

To provide you with the finest wines we can produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

HABIT-KICKING

(Continued from page 190)

My life seemed to be very empty. No family except Mother, no children, no husband or relationship, no job, no money, no close friends who didn't drink, no hobbies, because there had never been time, and no hope of much in the future.

The bleakness of all of it hit me hard. I began to perspire, just the way I always had when I thought about the dissertation. But you got that finished!

Unless I got some work soon, I'd lose my farm and Mother would lose her house. Then what?

I turned the car around sharply and gave the accelerator pedal a punch. The car sped away and I gloried in the surge of power. I wanted to drive wildly and scream and yell. Maybe drive into a wall. Everything inside of me was rebelling . . . my mind, my body, my spirit. Why stop drinking? What the hell for? Who wants to be sober and miserable and face all this crap? What good is it? What does it accomplish? *Why* must we do it? Just because everyone else was doing it didn't make it the right way. And certainly most others didn't seem happy. That was for sure!

I drove to the liquor store and bought a pint of Seagrams. It felt good to stand in the brightly lighted store among my old friends, bottles of every color and hue and shape. They could be depended upon. Only my reaction to it could not. But that was all different now. Maybe.

Racing home, I dreamed about drinking and being completely relaxed and free from problems. It would be glorious.

But as I walked into the silent house, I knew that I probably wouldn't. I was scared. I didn't want to be sick and miserable and have to go through the drying out all over again. I forced myself to think about shaking apart, to think about heaving and vomiting, I thought about the terrible depression and the inconsolable sadness that went with it all.

I walked to the kitchen and tore open the bottle's seal. The glass was handy for me to fill with the liquor. I swirled it and looked at it carefully. I tantalized myself with it.

Where had I read something about an obsession with liquor as part of it? It was certainly true for me. I was obsessed with the thought of drinking and wanting to be drunk but not sick. I began to remember the days when I was hooked on pills as well, all kinds of pills. But mainly the amphetamines. Pills and booze. Booze and pills. It was a real wonder that I was still walking around. Then I never knew what I had taken or how much. But who cared? I know I didn't.

I began to see that my present feelings were different. I really cared now. That's real funny, Jean. Here you stand with a glass of liquor in your hand.

I poured it down the sink. Then poured the remainder of the bottle down the sink. I began to giggle . . . soon my sink would have cirrhosis. That makes two of us. Maybe we can go to AA together, my sink and I.

AA. What was I going to do? I hated it those last few times I had been there. Somehow I had to work through this for myself, find a way to stay sober and be happy.

(Continued on page 196)

Nov. Vogue—Pgs. 177-192

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HABIT-KICKING

(Continued from page 192)

That's all, Jean, stay sober and be happy.

After pouring all the liquor down the sink, I went to the second floor, put on my pajamas and crawled into bed. Florence had sent me some new publications from the Unity movement and I wanted to read them. These days I read almost anything my hands came upon. The answer was surely somewhere. Over the rainbow?

Unity is a religious group who thinks about God in ways entirely different from the way I ever had. The overruling concept was that God was in me. Funny, just like Emerson.

I read avidly and time moved quickly. I was not even aware of its passing. Nice.

When I did come to the end of the small book I was reading, my thoughts were racing. Unity spoke about growing, preparing oneself to the greatest degree of fulfillment. Spiritual growth.

Spiritual growth! But that's it, that's the answer, that's what it's all about! To grow spiritually and to understand self and then others. Mainly to envision life as a spiritual adventure, as an opportunity to learn awareness of Nature (God) and all things natural. The scheme of it all. I began to think about Toynbee and his views of those civilizations that survived because of the spiritual core. Here was value, the only kind that meant anything. It provided life with quality rather than the quantity of possession we all seemed to strive for.

I was excited, I felt alive. All the time I was reading, a quiet comfort and happiness overcame me. I had always hated the phrase, "being at peace" but, undeniably, I was. But I was also filled with enthusiasm and eager to be on the road to spiritual growth.

Dawn was filtering through my bedroom window. It was early November and the colors were brilliant magenta. Thrilling. Dazzling and thrilling. The birth of a new day, a day for me to have for experience and growth.

Unity taught the expectation of happiness. No, they taught the expectation of all good things coming from one's inner feeling of happiness.

I felt happy. Elated. Oh, it was good to be alive, to be able to do. But what?

Old worry crept over me and I was again miserable. Suddenly I realized something I had been thinking about. I changed my entire outlook by changing my thoughts. While thinking happily and about expectations, I was exuberant. The moment I permitted my thoughts to be negative and brooding, I felt angry and frustrated, filled with uneasiness and disquiet.

That's a big secret, Jean. Thoughts *you* make dictate a mental and physical state.

I practiced. I began to think beautiful thoughts about the ocean and walking along the edge of the water. I thought about the dawn I'd just witnessed and I thought about being at work in a job I loved, whatever it might be.

And the thoughts again produced a sense of serenity and peace. I thought about God *in* me and I felt strangely comforted and happy.

I had stumbled upon a great truth, one that must have been hanging around for ages. Why hadn't I found it before? Maybe I wasn't ready for it.

But now I surely was.

I began to plan a new life. First I knew I had to move home with Mother, as much as I dreaded it. Oh, no . . . no negative thoughts. I forced myself to see it as an opportunity to grow. Brother, that's a real trick.

Anyway, I'd move home, sell my furniture and rent my house. I couldn't bear to think about selling it. Renting would be difficult. But I knew I could do it, because I was beginning to see that my life had been filled with possessions that possessed me. How often had I said that I wish a time would come when everything I owned would be working at the same time . . . the vacuum cleaner, the refrigerator, and the thousand and one other appliances and mechanical gadgets I owned?

Now I wanted to strip myself down to me, to be rid of all possessions except the shell of the house. It was a bit scary. Everything gone? But I was determined to really make a new life, no halfway stuff.

I arose. This was the day for the beginning of an absolutely new life. I'd place an advertisement about my furniture and I'd see a realtor about renting the house. And today I'd begin dismantling it. While doing that, I'd think about what to do for income.

Purpose . . . that's what I'd needed. Now my purpose was clear. Start with the road to growing spiritually, rid self of possessions, and know that God is close by, *in* me. Still a strange thought. But I knew that I could grow with it. Lately God was truly out to lunch in Argentina for me. Now I wanted to feel the real presence.

Today. All of today, a beautiful day. I filled the house with music and was impatient for the newspaper office to open to place the classified advertisement for the furniture.

I began to go through my desk and throw things away. I had a tendency to keep things but I forced myself to really clean house. Everything. Remember, possessions possess.

I had turned the radio dial to the classical music station and Rachmaninoff was blaring throughout the house. My emotions soared with the music. How far I had come from one of my basic loves! My life seemed only to have been occupied with getting a drink, drinking, and recovering from drinking. Nothing else. But how did it all happen and for so long? I am an intelligent and professional woman, but all those years slipped by, all in an alcoholic daze. Years, decades, several decades!

The insidiousness . . . alcoholism. Yes, say it. Get used to it. You were victimized by the disease of alcoholism and your life was nearly ruined. Amen.

Alcoholic. I hated the word. It reminded me of the three years in AA and having to say, "My name is Jean and I'm an alcoholic." It was all true enough but I still hated it. It made me feel creepy, like a reject, like a victim of an unmentionable. The "disease of alcoholism" didn't sound nearly as bad. Anyway, I have a drinking problem, no matter what it's called, but I knew I wouldn't go back to AA. I knew I couldn't keep saying "I'm an alcoholic." Of course, if I didn't go back to AA, I'd certainly have to come to some way of understanding myself and my problem.

Weeks had passed and I was not drunk

(Continued on page 201)

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HABIT-KICKING

(Continued from page 196)

but I could feel the time bomb in me. Certainly that part would have to be changed. It had become noticeable to me that the longer the time stretched between, the more I wanted to be sober. I liked being without a headache, I liked knowing where I was all of the time, I liked feeling good. However there was still depression and the obsession with the thought of drinking and escape.

Depression would be a big problem to overcome. It began to seem that the more candy I ate, the worse my depression became. My reading seemed to show this to be true, that many alcoholics are hypoglycemics. Trapped. . . no drinking, no candy, no ice cream, depression.

Hold up, Jean. Stop getting into this bind. Accept this day, grow and be happy, practice being placid. Depression must stay in that period of hospitalization and psychiatry. Those dark, tunnel days of despairing. . . . All for a small fee of $50,000. Hmmmmmmmm. You're a real expensive hunk of flesh. Colleges, those graduated from and thrown out of, roughly maybe $50,000. And booze, for all those twenty-seven years must surely run another $50,000. And what about the hospitals? All the operations and long stays?

A real juicy piece of property, that's what you are. Now take care of the investment.

Looking at the clock, I saw it was time for me to get into action, to put my life into gear. I began to think about drinking, because I always drank when I was anticipating excitement, when I was excited about doing something, like a Holiday feeling, the anticipation of something wonderful about to happen that never did. My body was not craving a drink, only my mind. So far it seemed to me that the mental craving was the worst to overcome. I was permitting my mind to drive me bananas with the obsession of wanting a drink of wanting to drink. Obviously it was a habit I had formed and one that was deeply ingrained and would take much overcoming. There was also the element of being afraid of doing something . . . anything . . . without the aid of a drink, the crutch. What did I fear? People? Did I think I'd act foolishly?

Enough thinking. Time to act without a drink. See how it goes. I called the newspaper and placed an ad for the sale of the furniture, giving tomorrow evening as the first time it was available. I noticed my hands were wet with perspiration, as I replaced the phone in its cradle. Ridiculous. Just ridiculous.

Dressing, I again found my thoughts on drinking. There had to be a way to get away from this. I suppose it has to do with replacement. Obviously I couldn't have been so occupied with drinking all of those years without it possessing me. But would it take twenty-seven years to get rid of that mental habit? I had to keep busy and keep myself involved in more things than I could possibly do. Then worry about getting everything accomplished would replace thoughts of drinking. It would be a long process but it was the only way. That much I knew.

The first day the advertisement appeared, I had dozens of phone calls. By evening, when the people started to come to see my furniture, there was an almost frivolous atmosphere. I felt giddy, like it wasn't really happening, that the house being dismantled was not my own. I was thankful for these mental tricks.

John and Judy came. "You're not selling this desk? Or that dresser that you worked so hard to refinish?" John asked with incredulity.

"There's no place to put them over at my mother's home."

He looked at me searchingly and I felt a lump in my throat.

"Look. You and Judy take the chest of drawers and the bureau and I'll feel that they aren't gone. O.K.?"

"Of course we'll do that, if that's what you want."

"Yes. It is."

I also felt better about everything after that. Not everything was gone. When Sylvia heard that I was selling the furniture, she called from Florida and insisted that I keep almost everything for her. She was going to store it in a furniture warehouse for the time being.

The getting rid of furniture ended up with my selling several beds, kitchen furniture, radios, rugs, refrigerator, a wash machine—while all of the pieces I cherished went to persons I loved. It had not been the disaster I first thought it would be.

The move to my mother's home was accomplished quickly. I moved into a small bedroom and tried to resign myself to knowing life would get better with effort on my part.

A young couple with two children moved into the farm, my only solution for keeping it. ▽

ALONE IS BEST

(Continued from page 184)

man on my Hide-A-Bed is not a friend. He has a machete and his hair is braided all over with beads, shells, and brass knobs. He speaks to me in French. I understand some of the words he is hissing. "Kill, White, American, Capitalist, Bitch." I am unable to interpret the other things he is promising to do to me.

I offer him coffee. I offer him my body. *"Voulez-vous moi?"* He shakes his head (the shells tinkling against the brass knobs) and says he can't touch white women; religion, you know. He has noticed my telephone answering machine and is familiar with how it works. He tells me to record a disgusting message into the machine: I know I will be strangled with the thirteen-foot cord I had ordered from the phone company for easy mobility in my room.

The tape goes like this: "Hi, this is Mara. I've been strangled, macheted, and brutally murdered. The sofa is ruined. If you'd like to leave your name and number I'm sure my mother will be over later to discover the gruesome mess and will pick up my messages for me. Thanks, and have a nice day."

He is pleased because he keeps repeating, *"Bon, Bon, Bon."* Then he kills me with cord and machete and leaves quietly. He is able to slip out of the building because William still hasn't finished in the basement. They never catch my killer. My family is grief stricken for a while, but they forget quickly. My grandfather, however, is stuck for the remaining rent, which is a year-and-a-half's worth. ▽



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NORTH LITTLE ROCK — Lou Hoffman's
PARIS — The Koret
PINE BLUFF — Carlene's Casuals
ROGERS — Campbell-Bell · Stroud's Store
RUSSELLVILLE — Mason's
SEARCY — The Ideal Shop
WEST MEMPHIS — Hallum's
CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA —
J W Robinson — All Stores
ARCADIA — Dobrins · Hinshaws
CALEXICO — The Sam Ellis Store
CHULA VISTA — Disney's Lingerie
COVINA — Dobrins
ESCONDIDO — The Mercantile
GLENDORA — Dobrins
HUNTINGTON PARK — Winemans
LA VERNE — Van Dusen
MISSION VIEJO — Winemans
OAKLAND — Capwells
OCEANSIDE — Huckabay's
PLACENTIA — Winemans
POWAY — Elsie's Dainty Duds
SACRAMENTO — Weinstock's
SAN BERNARDINO — Harris Co. — All Stores · Hogan's Junior House
SAN DIEGO — John Gilchrist · Walker-Scott — All Stores
SAN FRANCISCO — Macy's
SYLMAR — Rasmussen's
WHITTIER — Hinshaws
COLORADO
DENVER — May D & F
LOVELAND — Country Boutique
STERLING — Jones Style Shop
CONNECTICUT
D.M. Read — All Stores
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON — Woodward & Lothrop
FLORIDA
CLEARWATER — Gayfers
CRESCENT CITY — Hildas Style Shop
DAYTONA BEACH — Belk-Lindsey
FT. WALTON BEACH — Gayfers
JACKSONVILLE — Jill Stevens · The Lingerie Shoppe · Methodist Hospital Gift Plaza · Sharon Rose
LAKE CITY — Belk-Hudson · Lovely Shop
MONTECELLO — Fashion Flair
OCALA — Martha Courtoy · Rheinauers
ORLANDO — Gibbs-Louis Co
PANAMA CITY — Belk-Hudson · Gayfers
PENSACOLA — Gayfers
ST. AUGUSTINE — To Her With Love
TALLAHASSEE — Gayfers · Millers · Rheinauers
GEORGIA
BRUNSWICK — Belk-Hudson
GAINESVILLE — Belk · Cozy Corner
HINESVILLE — Style by Touch
MACON — Belk
MOULTRIE — Belk-Hudson
SAVANNAH — Belk · Levys of Savannah
STATESBORO — Belk
TIFTON — Belk-Hudson
VALDOSTA — Belk-Hudson · O.H. Luke
WARNER ROBINS — Belk
WAYCROSS — Churchwell on Satilla
IDAHO
BOISE — The Bazaar, Inc.
IDAHO FALLS — Lamonts
POCATELLO — Lamonts
ILLINOIS
CHICAGO — Carson Pirie Scott & Co. — State St. & Suburban Stores · Chas V. Weise · Marshall Field & Co. · People Store
INDIANA
CRAWFORDSVILLE — Loeb's
DEMOTTE — Jay-Shar
ELKHART — Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
EVANSVILLE — Stewart's
FT. WAYNE — Barber's · Nobbson's — All Stores
INDIANAPOLIS — Block's — All Stores · Cecil's · Lazarus — All Stores
LAFAYETTE — Loeb's
MADISON — Todd's
MARION — Ball Stores
MICHIGAN CITY — Carson Pirie Scott & Co
MUNCIE — Ball Stores
RICHMOND — Elder-Beerman
RUSHVILLE — Todd's
VINCENNES — Gimble-Bond Co
WINCHESTER — Jo's
IOWA
CEDAR RAPIDS — The Killian Co.
CLARINDA — Emma D's Duds
DAVENPORT — Harned · Peterson · Von Mauer
MASON CITY — Bergos
WATERLOO — James Black Co
KANSAS
COFFEYVILLE — Edwards
LEAVENWORTH — The Daffodil
PITTSBURG — Newmans
WICHITA — Dillards · The Model Clothing Co
KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON — Dawahare's · McAlpin's · Shillitos · Stewart's · The Undie Box
LOUISVILLE — Byck's · Shillitos · Stewart's
LOUISIANA
BATON ROUGE — Harlow's · Goudchaux · Gus Mayer · I.H. Rubenstein's
NEW ORLEANS — D.H. Holmes — All Stores · Godchaux · Labiches · Maison Blanche
SHREVEPORT — Palais Royal
MARYLAND
BALTIMORE — Hochschild-Kohn — All Stores · Hutzlers — All Stores · Stewart & Co.
PIKESVILLE — Pearl R. Kaufman Inc
TOWSON — Pearl R. Kaufman Inc.
MICHIGAN
DETROIT — Crowleys · J.L. Hudson Co
SAGINAW — Wiechmann's
MINNESOTA
ALBERT LEA — Wallace's
CLOQUET — Johnson Co.
DULUTH — The Glass Block · Wahl's
MANKATO — Brett's
MINNEAPOLIS — Daytons · Donaldsons
ST. CLOUD — Fandel Co
ST. PAUL — Field Schlick
WAYZATA — The Foursome
WINONA — H. Choate & Co
MISSISSIPPI
BILOXI — Gayfers
JACKSON — Bernards · Gayfers
MISSOURI
JOPLIN — Clarkes Good Clothes · Newmans · Vandevers
KANSAS CITY — Adlers
ST. JOSEPH — Townsend & Wall
SPRINGFIELD — Dillards · Newmans
MONTANA
COLUMBIA — Jean Prange Boutique · Roths
NEBRASKA
OMAHA — J. L. Brandeis & Co
NEW JERSEY
FLEMMINGTON — S P Dunham & Co
JERSEY CITY — Marion & Rose
LAKEWOOD — Reynolds Bros — All Stores
PARAMUS · RIDGEWOOD — B Altman
PATTERSON — Meyer Bros. — All Stores
PRINCETON — Ediths Lingerie
SHORT HILLS — B. Altman & Co
TRENTON — S. P. Dunham & Co — All Stores
NEW MEXICO
ALBURQUERQUE — Dillards · Goldwaters · Kistler-Collister
HOBBS — Dunlaps
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN — Lestan Fashions
BUFFALO — L. L. Berger
HUNTINGTON — Dora Meyers Corset Shop
JACKSON HEIGHTS — Dorothy Zucker
MT. KISCO — Ables
NEW YORK CITY — B. Altman — All Stores · A. Rosenthal
OCEANSIDE — Chwatskys
PORT WASHINGTON — Port Plaza Dept. Store
ROCHESTER — B. Forman — All Stores · McCurdy's — All Stores · Sibley's — All Stores
ROCKVILLE CENTRE — Rezelle Inc.
SAYVILLE — The Bra Shoppe
NORTH CAROLINA
Thalhimers — All Stores
ALBEMARLE — Belk
ASHEBORO — Belk-Yates
ASHEVILLE — Belk
BURLINGTON — Belk-Beck
CHARLOTTE — Ailene's · Belk — All Stores · Casual Corner
CONCORD — Belk
DURHAM — Belk Leggett · Emory's Lingerie
ELIZABETH CITY — Belk Tyler
FRANKLIN — Twin Shop
GASTONIA — Mathews-Belk
GREENSBORO — Lauries
GREENVILLE — Belk Tyler · Blount Harvey · Brody's — Pitt Plaza
GOLDBORO — Belk Tyler
HENDERSONVILLE — Belk-Simpson
HICKORY — Belk Broome
HIGH POINT — Belk-Beck
JACKSONVILLE — Belk
KINSTON — Belk Tyler
LEXINGTON — T. F. Ward
LUMBERTON — Emory's Lingerie
MOREHEAD — Belk
NAGS HEAD — The Galleon Esplanade
NEW BERN — Belk
NEWLAND — Shoppe on the Square
RALEIGH — Emory's Lingerie · Hudson-Belk — All Stores · Katherine Crowder · Ronson's, Ltd
REIDSVILLE — Laurie Shop
ROCKY MT. — Belk Tyler
ROXBORO — Carney's
SALISBURY — Belk-Harry
TARBORO — Belk Tyler
WASHINGTON — Belk Tyler
WEST JEFFERSON — Cathy's
WILSON — Belk Tyler
WINSTON-SALEM — L. Roberts
OHIO
CINCINNATI — Mabley & Carew — All Stores · McAlpin's — All Stores · Pogue's — All Stores · Shillito's — All Stores
COLUMBUS — Lazarus — All Stores · Madisons — All Stores · Town & Country Shops — All Stores
DAYTON — Elder-Beerman — All Stores · Metropolitan Shop — All Stores · Rike's — All Stores
OKLAHOMA
John A. Brown — All Stores
Dillards — All Stores
ADA — The Smart Shop
BLACKWELL — Bee's Boutique
CLAREMORE — The Villager
CLEVELAND — Four Seasons Fashions
COALGATE — Hudsons
DRUMRIGHT — Smart Shop
EDMOND — McCalls
ENID — Lamberts · Margo's La Mode
GUTHRIE — Carol Anns
HENRYETTA — Shir-Lin
KINGFISHER — Hens Den
LINDSAY — Bonnies Young Fashions
MCALESTER — Hunt's
MIAMI — Belk
MIDWEST CITY — Margo's La Mode
MUSKOGEE — Carol Lees Fashions · Susmans
NORMAN — Low's
OKEMAH — Nelda Rayes Boutique
OKLAHOMA CITY — Andeels · Clarke's Good Clothes · Emmer's · Hamptons · Jeromes · Margo's La Mode · Rothchilds · Streets
PONCA CITY — Edwards
PRYOR — The Villager
PURCELL — Fashion World
SAPULPA — Saieds
SEMINOLE — Herins
STILLWATER — Katz Dept. Store
TAHLEQUAH — Workmans Dept. Store
TULSA — Streets · Vandevers
WEWOKA — Anns Shop
OREGON
Bon Marche — All Stores
Emporium — All Stores
Lipmans — All Stores
Meier & Frank — All Stores
ALBANY — Broadway — All Stores
ASHLAND — The Parkview
ASTORIA — Kay Lynns
CORVALLIS — Berlenes
GRANTS PASS — Griffiths Dept. Store
GRESHAM — W. R. Hicks
PORTLAND — Leisure Trunk · Nordstrom
SALEM — La Pointes — All Stores
SEASIDE — Kay Lynns
PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA — Gimbles
PITTSBURGH — Kaufmann's
SOUTH CAROLINA
AIKEN — Belk
BARNWELL — The Pear Tree
CHARLESTON — Belk — All Stores
CONWAY — Jerry Cox Co
GREENVILLE — Belk-Simpson
LANCASTER — Belk
MYRTLE BEACH — Belk
ROCK HILL — Belk
SPARTANBURG — Belk-Hudson — All Stores
TENNESSEE
MEMPHIS — B Lowenstein Bros · M M Cohn Co
TEXAS
Dillards — All Stores
Joskes — All Stores
Sanger-Harris — All Stores
AUSTIN — Yarlings
EL PASO — Popular — All Stores
FT. WORTH — R. E. Cox · Striplings
HOUSTON — Foleys · Joskes · Margo's La Mode
LUBBOCK — Hemphill Wells
SAN ANTONIO — Margo's La Mode · Joskes
UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY — Juliettes · ZCMI
VIRGINIA
CULPEPPER — Leggetts
MANASSAS — Leggetts
NORFOLK — Rices-Nachmans
WASHINGTON
Bon Marche — All Stores
Frederick & Nelson — All Stores
Lamonts — All Stores
Nordstrom — All Stores
WEST VIRGINIA
BLUEFIELD — Town & Tweed Shop
MORGANTOWN — Finn's
PRINCETON — Santon Bros
WHEELING — Horne's
WILLIAMSON — Harvit's
WISCONSIN
GREEN BAY — Pranges — All Stores
MADISON — Manchesters — All Stores
MILWAUKEE — The Milwaukee Boston Store — All Stores
WYOMING
CASPER — Hers Inc
LANDER — Kathryns Shop

Vassarette®
Name-the-Kitten Contest

1 GRAND PRIZE
EMBA® 'Breath of Spring' Tourmaline® white mink coat
50 Second Prizes . . soft-as-a-kitten Velvelour® wrap robes
100 Third Prizes . . . . . soft-as-a-kitten canvas tote bags
200 Fourth Prizes . . . . . plush toy kittens

Official Rules:

1. To enter, print your name for the Vassarette kitten on an official entry blank, or on a 5"x5" sheet of paper. Include your name, address (including zip code) and telephone number. Mail all entries to: Vassarette, Dept. 2-01-45, Box 1369, Minneapolis, MN 55440
2. Entries will be accepted through December 31, 1977. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and uniqueness. Winners will be notified by January 31, 1978. Decisions of the judges will be final. No substitutions or exchange of prizes. Liability for taxes is the winners' responsibility.
3. Each name must be submitted on a separate entry blank, or a 5"x5" sheet of paper. Official entry blanks may be obtained in the Intimate Apparel Department of participating stores.
4. In the event that the winning name is submitted by more than one individual, a drawing will be held to determine the grand prize winner. Second place prizes will be awarded to the runner-up.
5. Contest is open to all residents of the United States, except employees and their relatives of Vassarette, Munsingwear Inc., and advertising agency.
6. All entries automatically become property of Vassarette.
7. A list of names of the prize winners may be secured by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the above address.
8. Void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted by law.



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Name-the-Kitten Contest

1 White Mink Coat • 50 Velvelour® Robes
100 Fashion Totes • 200 Plush Toy Kittens

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Kitten's Name _____

Name _____ Phone _____ (Area Code)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Entries must be received by Vassarette by December 31, 1977. Void where prohibited by law.



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Delicious to the touch. Luscious to the eye. All in warm whisper-light Velvelour® of brushed Dacron® polyester.

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In marvelous looks like these:

Left, Status Stripes, Sandpiper with Ivory Bisque banding. About $38.

Right, Imperial Wrap, Silver Blue. About $37.

All prices suggested retail.
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New space for new art

By Barbara Rose

What does New York lack that Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Boston, and Houston have? Answer: an exhibition museum devoted to the work of living American artists rather than to any permanent collection. Since more artists are concentrated in New York than anywhere else, the absence of a public, noncommercial showcase for their work is particularly ironic. Overflowing with historical art treasure, New York's major museums are short on exhibition space for, and low on support of, new art—possibly because operating costs in the Big Apple are so astronomical that shows have to draw huge crowds to keep museums from following the city into insolvency. The result: a turnabout toward historically certified art and "superstar" ex-



Warren Silverman

New Museum's Tucker: unfreezing the action

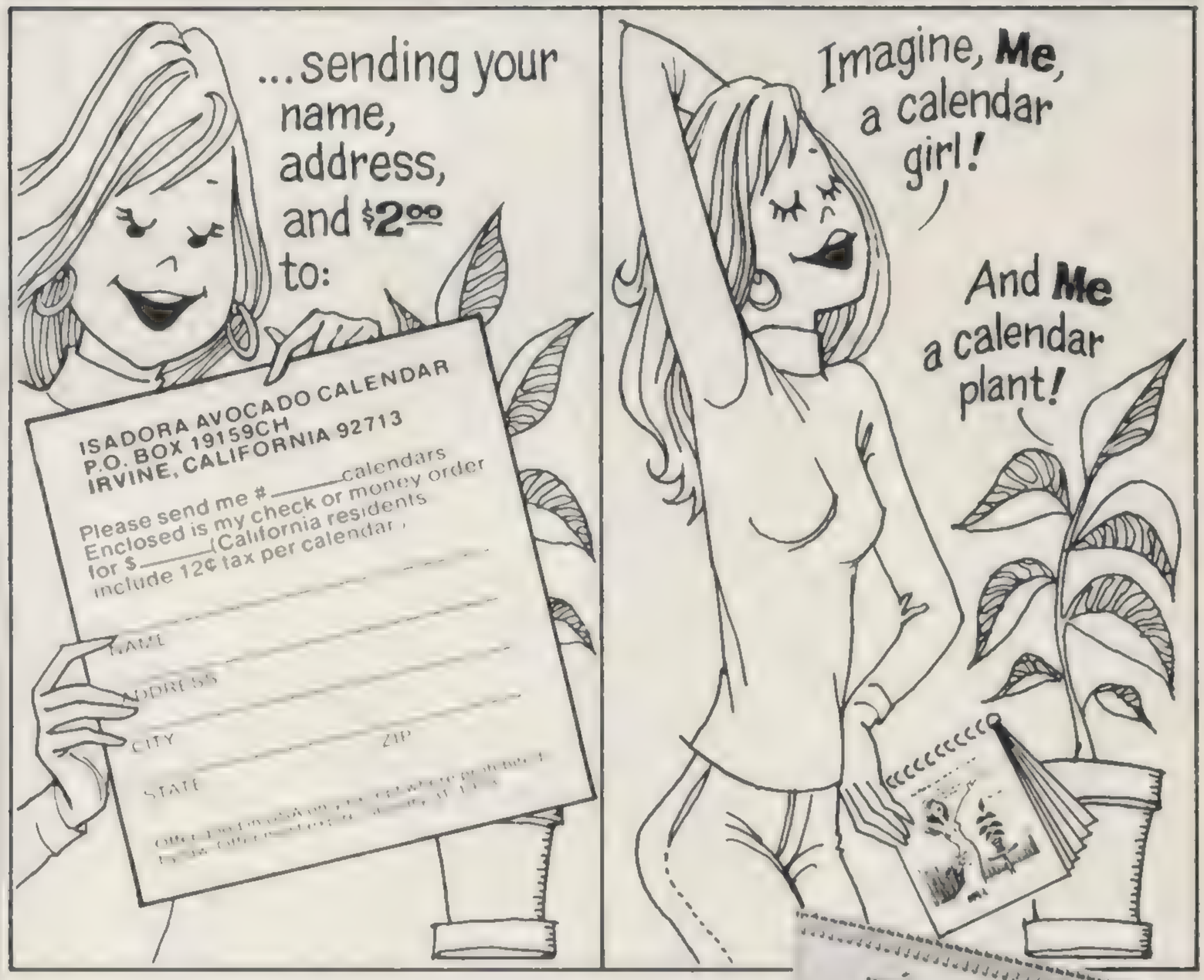
hibitions sure to attract crowds. But, the lowly artists, who come to New York to live in an atmosphere of great art, find they are frozen out of the action.

To remedy the neglect, former Whitney Museum of American Art curator Marcia Tucker is bravely starting The New Museum, a shoestring operation modeled on the European *Künsthalles* or temporary exhibition galleries. Eventually, she hopes to expand The New Museum into an important center for the work of living artists—both in and outside of New York. Located at 65 Fifth Avenue, The New Museum officially opens November 14 with a show of early, never-exhibited work by five artists who have considerable reputations as innovators: Joel Shapiro, Elizabeth Murray, Dorothea Rockburne, Ron Gorchov, and Dennis Oppenheim.

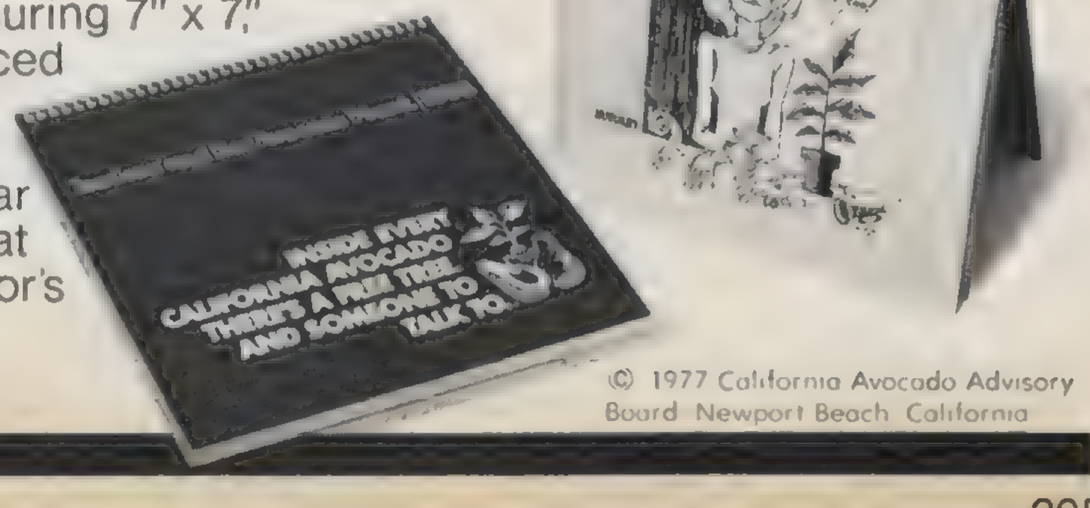
Director Tucker's intention is to stimulate dialogue with a controversial show that may irritate some, please others, and generally get things moving. And hurrah for her—the New York art world, resting too long on its hard-won laurels, is ripe for a good shake-up. Excited artists have contributed time and effort to refurbish the gallery. Future exhibitions scheduled at The New Museum include a retrospective of the mystical paintings by Alfred Jensen, and a show tentatively called *"Bad" Painting* that examines the idea of good taste as a fixed critical criterion, which should stir up a lot of healthy argument. ▽

Isadora and Her Avocado Plant.©





Isadora's 1978 calendar contains 12 original, full color, drawings of Isadora and her Avocado Plant. Measuring 7" x 7," it's beautifully produced and spiral bound to stand or lay flat. Isadora's first calendar is a great gift idea that just may be a collector's item.



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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **November**

Aries: Brave as a lion, and ready to leap at anything new; **Taurus:** Don't be bullish; **Gemini:** Stalking your other half—and you could find him; **Cancer:** Roadblocks, but still in luck; **Leo:** Stay out of the sunshine until the last week; **Virgo:** Good time for shrewdies; **Libra:** Look backward, but carefully; **Scorpio:** In the news; **Sagittarius:** Your aim's off; **Capricorn:** Go it alone—but look to distant peaks; **Aquarius:** Try something strange; **Pisces:** Off and waffling

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

New ventures suit you, and Mars (your ruler) in Leo makes you as brave as a lion. Tackle now anything you have put off. Seek new projects; the best day to start them is the 11th. The middle of the month is the right time to give extra attention to those you love. Someone who trusts you seeks your advice; justify this confidence by trying to solve the problem.

Health: Strong
Money: Good
Love: Steady

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

In spite of your sweet approach to others, you insist that all goes your way. Take up an idea on the 9th; it will thrive and endure. Don't be stubborn with those you care for on the 14th. If a new program is offered you on the 20th, hesitate; it may turn out to be alien to your normally placid nature. Venus, now in Scorpio, will present troublesome situations—watch it!

Health: Reliable
Money: Substantial
Love: Flourishing

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

Useless irritations sap your potential during the first nine days. Avoid gossip or disagreements, as the unexpected can occur. Wait until the 13th to initiate whatever you will; a response to your notions should surface by the 18th. Your best, dreamiest day is the 20th. Your ruler Mercury, now in Sagittarius, turns your thoughts toward finding a mate. Work at it, and you could get results.

Health: Wary
Money: Splendid
Love: Wanted

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

Hold onto the gains you have accumulated; nothing is canceled, but you are facing postponements. You are still in luck; the winner Jupiter is in your sign, bringing you success with ideas. More good fortune comes to you if you will cooperate with a new, exciting friend on the 20th to improve your endeavors.

Health: Fine
Money: Great
Love: Lacking

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

You are courageous in all matters, but you could overdo now—what with Mars (the warrior) in your sign. Don't take the initiative, except in projecting ideas; even then, don't speak until after the 9th. You should never begin anything when Mercury, as now, is in Scorpio. The 16th is quite troublesome. This is never your month; go underground and make plans that you may produce after the 22nd. Then, the Sun (your ruler) enters Sagittarius and shines on you, giving you a lovely week.

Health: Calm down
Money: Speculative
Love: Coming

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

You always get on well during this, the Scorpio season—it suits your shrewd practicality. The first nine days of the month, Mercury can come through for you if you don't allow Saturn (ruling law) to bring disappointments. On the 18th, look closely before you fall for an interesting idea. A dream can expand into a fascinating fact if you work at it on the 20th.

Health: Nervous
Money: Maybe
Love: Wait

Libra

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

You do not like to return to past alliances; but you may, at least, have to review an old situation on the 9th. Pause before you get involved in anything important; Venus will help you as it enters Scorpio, a sign that slows you down. The 14th is the best day for a new experience. The 20th holds risk; stay on your mark. The 22nd is a powerful, yet subtle, day; a dream may prove to be worthwhile—try it out.

Health: Worried
Money: Up
Love: Not sure

(Continued on page 208)

Elizabeth

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Elizabeth Arden Salon

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with a Style of Her Own"

—Hubert de Givenchy



GIVENCHY III
PARFUM
GIVENCHY-PARIS

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 206)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 21

You continue to be in the news; but when you are seeking the limelight, you should know when to stop pressing your claims. The last week tightens you up, when alien Uranus begins to make things go against you. Your ruling Mars is no match for so difficult a historymaker as Uranus. Ease up; you can catch up at another time.

Health: Irritable
Money: Speculative
Love: Not now

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21

You are not in your element now. Mars gives you confidence and strength, but you shouldn't lean on its influence too heavily. On the 10th, gentle Venus replaces Mars, and you then lose an ally. Your opinions now are off-base; but you will be on-track again on the 14th, and on the 19th you will say the correct thing. On the 26th, you come into your witty own and end the month in high spirits.

Health: Moody
Money: Unsteady
Love: Demoralizing

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Your ruler Saturn enters Virgo on the 17th, and that suits you. Saturn is a strongly independent planet, making no invitation to others and playing a single game. The planet will have this influence on you, willing you to reorganize the work load and act independently. Jupiter supports you, slanting your likes and concerns toward a distant vision of the future; it is a future that you need, very much, to replan.

Health: Good prospects
Money: Better
Love: Steady

Aquarius

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18

The odd view that is your trademark is given ample chance for expression now, as you start the month on a questioning note. You could get help in disclosing innovative ideas—if you have them—regarding music or the visual arts. Circulating newsworthy information on the 18th could turn the tide in your favor. Aquarians should always do unusual things, especially while their ruler, as now, is in the powerful sign of Scorpio. Give it a try.

Health: Optimistic
Money: Potential
Love: Unusual

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

To make a definite decision is always difficult for you; it will now be particularly hard since you have so many options to choose from. You can make a secret pact on the 1st. Socialize with those you love on the 5th, and, on the 20th, discuss an advantageous financial deal. Then, make the 22nd your last adventurous day of the month.

Health: Hopeful
Money: Speculative
Love: Certain



Who was Lady Glammis? Why did a Melbourne woman cut the cuffs off her husband's shirts? When are women supposed to stick pins in their sleeve and sing a little song? The answers to these and other intriguing questions, plus quotes, anecdotes, and plenty of space to note your engagements, are

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Beauty Q&A

What to know about chemosurgery . . . having facials . . . menstrual cramps

Q **What exactly is chemosurgery? I have a friend who had it done and she looks great, but is it safe?**

A Chemosurgery (also called chemabrasion) is a medical procedure that uses chemicals (hence the prefix "chemo") to burn and peel the outermost layers of skin. In the process of healing, skin rejuvenates itself and gives the face a younger, smoother look. Under the right conditions, chemosurgery helps skin discolorations, shallow acne scars, and fine wrinkles but not facial sags or deep furrows. The right conditions include: (1) Having chemosurgery done *only* under a doctor's guidance; (2) Having the right type of skin. Fair-skinned people get better results from chemosurgery than olive- or deeper-skinned people, who may end up with pigment differences between treated and untreated areas; (3) Being in optimum health. One possible chemosurgery danger: the chemical (phenol) used to burn skin can be absorbed into the body and affect kidney function.

For the record, there are pros and cons to chemosurgery treatment; and, if you are contemplating it, best bet is to discuss this with one or more doctors (in many cases, second-opinion counseling is a great mind-reliever). For more on the subject, recommended and our primary source: Sylvia Rosenthal's *Cosmetic Surgery: A Consumer's Guide* (J. B. Lippincott).

Q **Is it true that it's a good idea to have a professional facial regularly? Because I have never had problems with my skin, I have never had one. Are there advantages to having a facial even if one has clear skin?**

A We asked Cinandre's facial expert Dayle Paret. Her reply: "Not having a facial because you have good skin is like not having your teeth cleaned because you don't have cavities." A regular facial is a beauty must, especially if you live in the city. Reason: city faces get dirtier, have more chance of blackheads and in a shorter period of time. How often is often enough for a facial? Dayle suggests once every 3-4 months for clear skin, more often if you have skin problems or live in a city. For the latter, Dayle suggests a professional facial that deep-cleans skin.

How Dayle does her professional facial: She steams face, then gently presses out impurities (using a technique you can't—*shouldn't*—duplicate on yourself). The deep-cleaning process is sandwiched between delicious lotion-and-cream massages, masks, which make your skin relax, look great, and—just as important—feel good, too. For at-home between-facials skin care, Dayle suggests a liquid facial cleanser or mild soap that rinses off with water followed by a toner and a moisturizer every day, a mask once a week.

Q **I get mild cramps every month before my period begins. My doctor says they're normal and that most women experience menstrual cramps occasionally, but I find them uncomfortable. Is there any way to help relieve them?**

A Premenstrual cramps are common. If you've checked with your doctor and found that what you are experiencing is, in fact, normal cramping, read on for suggestions. According to Dr. Roy Petrie, assistant professor of obstetrics/gynecology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University: The human uterus is a muscle that, day to day, is constantly contracting at sub-threshold levels, which means you don't feel the process. Premenstrual cramps are caused by stronger-than-usual contractions when the uterus tries to shed its lining. Some women feel severe pain at this time, some don't. Best cramp preventer: Keep your body in good shape by getting regular exercise all month long. A fit person may not notice minor aches and pains; and keeping abdominal muscles strong cuts down the strain of the contractions. Other cramp relievers: Hot baths are often soothing. Dr. Petrie says they relax muscles, divert your attention from pain. Light exercise while you're having cramps may help, too (but check with your doctor *first*).

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Paul Bocuse, top French chef, shares some favorite recipes

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This month, American cooks can read Paul Bocuse's own cookbook, published in English by Pantheon. Here, straight from France's premier chef, more recipes:*

■ POACHED CHICKEN IN ASPIC (Poularde pochée à la gelée)

four to six servings

3-pound roasting chicken, cleaned
4-5 cans jellied chicken consommé (not jellied madrilène which is red), or 6-8 cups homemade veal stock
A large bunch of fresh tarragon leaves
Salt and freshly ground white pepper
2 egg whites
2 envelopes Knox unflavored gelatin

Put the chicken, breast side up, into an enamel-lined, oval-shaped casserole, just large enough to hold the chicken comfortably. Add enough consommé or stock to cover chicken completely. Bring to a boil, skim, reduce heat, and simmer, covered, for 40-60 minutes or till chicken leg moves easily and is tender when pierced with a fork. Do not overcook. Remove the casserole from the heat. Put the tarragon (reserving a few perfect sprigs for decoration and a few sprigs for the accompanying green-bean salad) under the chicken and let it all cool, uncovered, in a cool place, *not* the refrigerator. When the broth is cool, remove chicken to a platter, discard the tarragon, and pour the broth into a very clean pot. Add salt and freshly ground white pepper to taste.

In order to have a very clear aspic, pour 1 cup of the broth into a clean 2-quart mixing bowl and add the egg whites. Bring the remaining broth to a boil. Whip the egg-white-broth mixture with a wire whisk and gradually pour the hot broth into it, whisking all the while. Pour it all back into the pot and whisk constantly over medium heat till broth begins to simmer. Stop whisking at once.

Wash and wring out several layers of clean cheesecloth in cold water and use them to line a colander. Strain the broth through it into another clean bowl and let it cool. Into an oval serving platter just a bit larger than the chicken, pour enough of the strained broth to make a ¼-inch layer. Put platter and bowl into refrigerator. As it cools, it should jell. If it does, skip the next paragraph.

If the broth does not jell, proceed as follows: Scrape the cooled but not jelled broth from the platter into a small bowl. Sprinkle the gelatin over it, let it stand for a few minutes till the gelatin softens. Meanwhile, heat the remaining broth. Then blend the cool gelatin-broth mixture into the pot of hot broth. Stir constantly over low heat till gelatin is quite dissolved. Pour ¼-inch layer into your serving platter and the rest into a bowl to cool. Put platter and bowl into refrigerator to hasten the cooling process.

As soon as the aspic in the platter has set, remove from refrigerator, and set the chicken on it, breast side up. At about the same time, the aspic in the bowl should have reached the syrupy stage. Dip a pastry brush into the aspic and paint it on the chicken. Cool in refrigerator for 10 minutes. Repeat the process twice.

Blanch the reserved sprigs of tarragon in boiling water for 10 seconds, dip them at once into ice water, and pat them dry on paper towels. Arrange them decoratively on the chicken breast and paint on, very carefully, a final coat of aspic.

Pour any remaining broth (if it has jelled, you may have to heat it a bit first to be able to pour it) into a pan in a half-inch layer. When it has jelled, cut it with a knife into half-inch cubes. Arrange them around the chicken on the platter. Keep in a cool place, preferably not the refrigerator, which destroys the flavor and texture of poached chicken, till ready to serve. Bocuse serves it with String-Bean Salad.

■ STRING-BEAN SALAD (Salade de haricots verts)

six servings

1½ pounds fresh young string beans

Vinaigrette Sauce:
1 part wine vinegar to 4 parts olive or walnut oil
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Garnish:
1 hard-boiled egg and 1 shallot, finely minced and mixed together

Trim ends and strings of beans. Steam them over boiling water till just tender but still fairly crisp. Dress with the vinaigrette sauce and, just before serving, sprinkle the garnish over all.

■ SALAD OF BAKED BEETS AND ONIONS

Wash but do not peel 2 or 3 medium-size beets and 2 or 3 onions of the same size. Bake at 300° on an aluminum-foil-lined

(Continued on page 216)

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FRENCH BEST

(Continued from page 214)

baking sheet. Remove from oven as soon as vegetables are tender when pierced through with a sharp knife. Let them cool somewhat, peel them, and cut them into slices. Dress with salt, freshly ground pepper, wine vinegar, olive oil, and chopped fresh parsley or chervil. **Bocuse's alternate dressing:** Season vegetables with salt and pepper to taste. Mix together lemon juice, *crème fraîche* or sour cream, and Dijon mustard, in the proportion of 2 tablespoons cream and ½ teaspoon mustard to the juice of 1 lemon. Combine dressing with beets and onions. **G. and F.'s Tip:** Add a tablespoon of chopped fresh dill to either of these dressings.

Paul Bocuse feels that the importance of vegetables in cooking is often overlooked and gave us two simple, unusual vegetable dishes we had never eaten before. Now that *crème fraîche* is available in America (at Maison Glass in New York and other specialty shops), try them both. *Crème fraîche* has an admirable quality: it doesn't curdle when cooked.

EGGPLANT IN CREAM
(Aubergines à la crème)

six servings

2 medium or small eggplants
2 tablespoons butter and 1 tablespoon peanut oil
(or 3 tablespoons clarified butter)
2 tablespoons *crème fraîche*
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley or chives

Peel eggplants and cut ¼-inch slices.
Sprinkle with salt rather generously and let them sit 30 minutes. Press out bitter juices, drain, and pat dry. Cook them, covered, in the butter and oil in a heavy skillet over low heat. Turn eggplant slices so that they are golden on both sides. When they are tender, add cream, and cook over medium heat till cream has reduced by half. Correct seasoning; they probably will need only a generous amount of freshly ground pepper. Remove from heat, add a bit of butter and the chopped herbs. Excellent with broiled lamb chops or fish.

PUREE OF SWEET PEPPERS
(Purée de piments doux)

four servings

4 large sweet red or green peppers (but *not* a mixture of both colors)
or 6 medium-size sweet peppers
2-3 tablespoons butter plus 1 teaspoon
½ cup rice
1 to 1½ cups jellied chicken consommé at room temperature
2 tablespoons *crème fraîche* (or sour cream)
Salt and pepper to taste

Broil the peppers on an aluminum-foil-lined baking sheet, turning often till they are charred. Remove from oven and peel off the skins; 30 minutes in a tightly sealed plastic bag in the refrigerator makes it easy. Remove and discard the white centers and seeds. In a heavy saucepan over low heat, cook peppers, covered, in 2-3 tablespoons butter till very tender.

Meanwhile, boil rice in consommé till it is tender, in fact, till it is rather mushy. Drain rice, and put it, along with peppers, in a blender or Cuisinart Food Processor (using a bit of the consommé if necessary) till it is well puréed. Return it to the saucepan and "dry" it over the lowest heat till it is fairly thick. Stir in the *crème fraîche* and mix well over the heat. Correct seasoning, swirl in a teaspoon of butter, and serve.

STRAWBERRY CUP
(Fraises aux fruits d'or)

four to six servings

1 very ripe pineapple
1 pint ripe strawberries

(Continued on page 219)



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FRENCH BEST

(Continued from page 216)

1 orange
Sugar
Grenadine syrup
Port wine (or a mixture of equal amounts of port and red wine) or kirsch
½ cup whipped cream and ¼ cup chopped unsalted pistachio nuts, optional

Cut pineapple into quarters. Cut away and discard hard central core. With a sharp knife, cut away and discard the outside of the pineapple. Cut the fruit into ¼-inch wedges. Sprinkle them with port or kirsch and chill.

Wash the strawberries in running cold water. Do not let them sit in water. Dry on paper towels; remove stems and slice in half; sprinkle with port or kirsch and sugar to taste and chill.

Using a vegetable peeler, cut thin strips of orange peel, avoiding the bitter white pith just under the peel. If necessary, cut strips into smaller strips with a sharp knife. In a small saucepan, boil ¼ cup sugar and ½ cup water together 5 minutes. Drop in orange peels and boil another 5 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in 2-3 tablespoons grenadine syrup; let cool. Squeeze the orange and strain the juice over the strawberries.

Arrange the fruits in the following way, either in a glass bowl or in individual long-stemmed glasses: Pineapple wedges with their juice at the bottom; strawberry halves with their juice on top; lightly candied orange-peel strips with a bit of the syrup clinging to them on top of all. (If the syrup hardens, heat it slightly to melt it again.) Fill the bowl or stemmed glasses just to cover the pineapple and berries with port or with a mixture of port and red wine or with kirsch. Optional: Decorate with a ribbon of whipped cream and chopped unsalted pistachios.

The most basic, wholesome, homey, generous, and heart-warming of all French meals, usually reserved for the intimacy of the home, is the classic:

POT-AU-FEU

twelve or more servings

1 large carrot
5 ¾-inch sections of marrowbone and enough other beef and veal bones to make a total of 2 pounds
4-pound rump pot roast
4-pound sirloin tip
Meat stock (or 3 cans jellied chicken consommé and 3 cans beef broth)
Coarse salt
4-pound stewing hen
2 pounds cooking sausage, such as French cervelat or Italian cotechino or American smoked country sausage

Vegetables:
24 carrots
12 onions and 12 cloves
12 leeks
2 celery hearts
12 small white turnips
1 fennel
1 pound string beans

Bouquet Garni:
4 cloves garlic, peeled
1 or 2 bay leaves
Several sprigs parsley, chervil, and thyme
12 whole peppercorns

Croutons:
12 half-inch slices French bread
½ cup grated imported Swiss cheese

Cut the carrot into slices that can be used to "cork" the openings of the marrowbones at both ends. Place all the bones at the bottom of a very large copper, earthenware, or enamel pot with the marrowbones on top of the others.

Trim the rump roast and sirloin tip of excess fat and lay on top of the bones. Do *not* salt the meat. Cover with cold water or homemade meat stock or a combination of both to a height of 6 inches above the meat. (You can also use a mixture of 3 cans jellied chicken consommé, 3 cans beef broth, and enough water to come to a height of 6 inches above the meat.) Cook, uncovered, over high heat for 20 minutes while you begin to prepare the vegetables and *bouquet garni*.

Peel all the vegetables; stick each onion with 1 clove; wash the leeks and cut off the green part to use in the *bouquet garni*. Cut the celery hearts, turnips, and fennel bulb in half. Trim string beans of ends and strings. Wrap the carrots in cheesecloth and tie with string so that they can be removed

(Continued on page 220)



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FRENCH BEST

(Continued from page 219)

easily when done. Do the same with the onions, turnips, and string beans.

Prepare *bouquet garni:* Wrap in cheesecloth the green parts of the leeks with all the *bouquet* ingredients. Tie so that it can be removed easily.

When the *pot-au-feu* has cooked for 20 minutes, skim with a ladle, not a slotted spoon. Scrape off any scum that has gathered on the sides of the pot. (Bocuse's tip: Put the pot half on and half off the heat. All the "scum" will gather at one end of the pot for easy skimming.) Lower heat to a simmer, cook another 20 minutes, and skim again. Add the salt, chicken, *bouquet garni,* and vegetables. This will stop the cooking. Raise heat till bouillon simmers again and simmer slowly for another 3 to 3½ hours.

The 2 cuts of beef and the bones and the *bouquet garni* are the only things that remain to the end. All the other ingredients should be removed as soon as they are tender. Test them with a long needle that can pierce the cheesecloth. The string beans will be done first, then the remaining vegetables, then the chicken, which should take about 2½ to 3 hours. When you remove the cooked ingredients, put them on a platter, cover them with a bit of the bouillon to keep moist, and keep warm in the lowest oven heat.

An hour before serving, prick sausages in several places with the point of a sharp knife and cook in simmering water in a separate pot. Just before serving, return the chicken and vegetables to the *pot-au-feu* to reheat and prepare the croutons: Toast the French bread on one side under the broiler. Turn the pieces of bread, sprinkle generously with grated cheese, and pass under the broiler just until cheese is melted and lightly browned.

When ready to serve, drain the bouillon through a cheesecloth-lined colander into a soup tureen, correct the seasoning, and stir in a tablespoon of red wine, if you like. Put a crouton in the bottom of each soup bowl and pour the soup over it. This is the first course.

As the second course, carve the meat, chicken, and sausages into serving portions and serve on platters surrounded by the vegetables arranged in a decorative pattern. Accompaniments are Dijon mustard, coarse salt, and sour gherkins (Dessaux brand *cornichons*). Bocuse also suggests a vinaigrette sauce to serve over the meats, made in the proportion of 1 part wine vinegar to 4 parts walnut oil, lots of chopped fresh parsley and chervil (or chives), and salt and freshly ground pepper to taste.

Leftover beef can be used to make a Miroton or a Salade de Boeuf Parmentier (recipes follow), while any leftover vegetables are delicious at room temperature as a salad dressed with the same vinaigrette sauce.

MIROTON

six servings

1½ to 2 pounds leftover boiled beef filet
6 medium-size onions, peeled, finely sliced, and then cut into strips
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil

1 heaping tablespoon flour
2 cups bouillon
(or canned jellied chicken
or beef consommé
at room temperature)
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
3 medium-size ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and coarsely chopped
1 teaspoon tomato paste
2 cloves garlic, peeled and bruised
4 boiled potatoes, sliced
1-3 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
1-2 tablespoons breadcrumbs
Sugar, salt, and freshly ground pepper
6 sour gherkins (Dessaux brand French *cornichons*), finely sliced or chopped

Leave the leftover boiled beef out of the refrigerator for 3-4 hours so that it is at room temperature before preparing the Miroton.

Boil the sliced onions for 5 minutes. Drain and pat dry on paper towels. In a heavy pot, cook the onions in the butter and oil over low heat, stirring often with a wooden spoon, till translucent but not brown—10-15 minutes. Sprinkle flour over onions and cook, stirring, for 4-5 minutes, pressing out any lumps of flour. Stir in vinegar and remove from heat till it cooks slightly.

Return onion mixture to low heat. Bring the bouillon to a boil and gradually add to the onion mixture, stirring constantly to prevent any lumps from forming. Add tomatoes, tomato paste, garlic, a pinch of sugar, a bit of salt, and a generous twist of freshly ground pepper. Bring to a boil, reduce heat to low, and simmer 20 minutes. The recipe can be prepared ahead of time up to this point.

Fifteen minutes before serving time, cut the leftover beef into ½-inch slices and arrange in a single, slightly overlapping row on the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Spread most of the sauce over the meat. Arrange the boiled potatoes in a row of overlapping slices on top of the meat or around the edges of the dish. Season them lightly with salt and pepper and cover them with the remaining sauce. Sprinkle with the chopped parsley, breadcrumbs, and a bit of melted butter. Bake at 350° for 15 minutes and serve, sprinkling the chopped gherkins over all just before serving. One of the finest leftover meat dishes imaginable.

G. and F.'s Tip: If you want to increase the number of servings, the Miroton can be stretched by arranging slices of boiled sausage (such as French cervelat or Italian cotechino) under the potato slices.

Another way, much simpler, to use leftover boiled beef is Beef Salad, Parmentier.

BEEF SALAD, PARMENTIER
(Salade de boeuf parmentier)

Mix equal amounts of leftover boiled beef, cut into ¾-inch cubes, and of boiled potatoes, cut into ¼-inch slices, while hot. Season immediately with salt, freshly ground pepper, oil, red wine vinegar, finely chopped scallions (including a bit of the green), and chopped fresh herbs, such as parsley, tarragon, and chervil.

G. and F.'s Tip: Add finely chopped celery hearts.





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Best present to give a college student, an overseas friend bound for America . . . or yourself: Amtrak's U.S.A. Rail Pass for unlimited coach travel on 27,000 miles of the Amtrak and Southern Railway systems. P.S.: Pass has a new low price, now through May 15, 1978: $185 for 14 days, $250 for 21 days, $295 for a month. Contact Amtrak, your travel agent, or see page 228 for further information.

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WE PROTEST:

Hotels that are understaffed during the "breakfast hours"—when guests often want to check out quickly to make early A.M. flights. Why don't hotel managers realize this morning rush hour needs to be more heavily manned?—D.M.

TEMPLE TREK

South India—where fabulous temples explode with sculpture, where musicians, dancers, poets today perpetuate fifteen hundred years of Hindu culture—is the target for The Asia Society's 25-day winter tour leaving New York February 17. On the itinerary: rarely seen towns such as Badami, with its rock-cut caves; Kumbakonam, known for Chola bronze images; Hampi, medieval capital of Hindu Empire. Plus Bombay, Madras, Goa, and more! Group leader: Dr. Gary A. Tartakov—he's taught Indian Art History at Berkeley, U.C.L.A., is now with U. Mass. Cost of trip—with all meals—$2824 (includes $500 contribution, tax deductible, to Asia Society). For details: Patricia V. Young, Asia Society, 112 East 64th St., N.Y., NY 10021. (Sculpted Shore Temple at Mahabalipuram, *below.*)

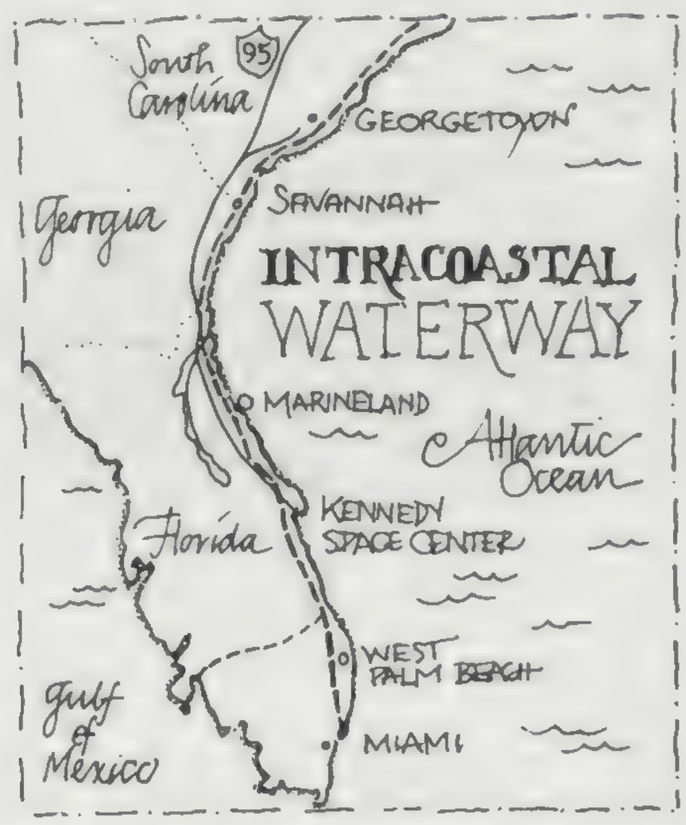


For the person who'd rather read "National Geographic" than go dancing at Régine's: Give, this Christmas, a copy of "Expeditions," the new explorer's manual for planning journeys to out-of-the-way parts of the world. Chapters of the book —each written by a different adventurer/expert—cover all phases of hard-core traveling: in jungle, desert, polar regions; white-water rafting; health precautions; trip-mate selection. Edited by John Blashford-Snell and Alistair Ballantine of the British Travel Club WEXAS, "Expeditions" is available from Faber Paperbacks; $5.95 at most bookstores.

3 SUPER NEW YEARS

No plans yet for New Year's Eve? Consider the following:
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Dec. 28—Shop, sight-see Riviera via limousine. Play golf, tennis; helicopter off to Alps for skiing. Dinner: Hermitage's Belle Epoque Restaurant—order anything. *Après:* Casino and/or Régine's Jimmy'z nightclub.
Dec. 29—Day at leisure. Dinner—*au choix:* Grill de L'Hôtel de Paris, Rampoldi, Astoria, Chez Septime, Bistroquet, Vistaëro.
Dec. 30—Fly to Paris; stay at Inter-Continental Paris hotel—limousine for personal use. Gala dinner in a métro station. Dancing: Régine's.
New Year's Eve—Start with dinner at Inter-Continental's private Salon Napoléon. Ring in '78 with champagne at Charles de Gaulle Airport; board Concorde 12:15 A.M. Celebrate a second New Year in air, when Concorde flies back into 1977. Arrive Washington 10 P.M., 1977—in time for New Year's celebration #3 at French Embassy. Recover at Madison Hotel. Price: $4500. Contact Air France or write: Quest Concepts, 62 W. 45th St., N.Y., NY 10036.

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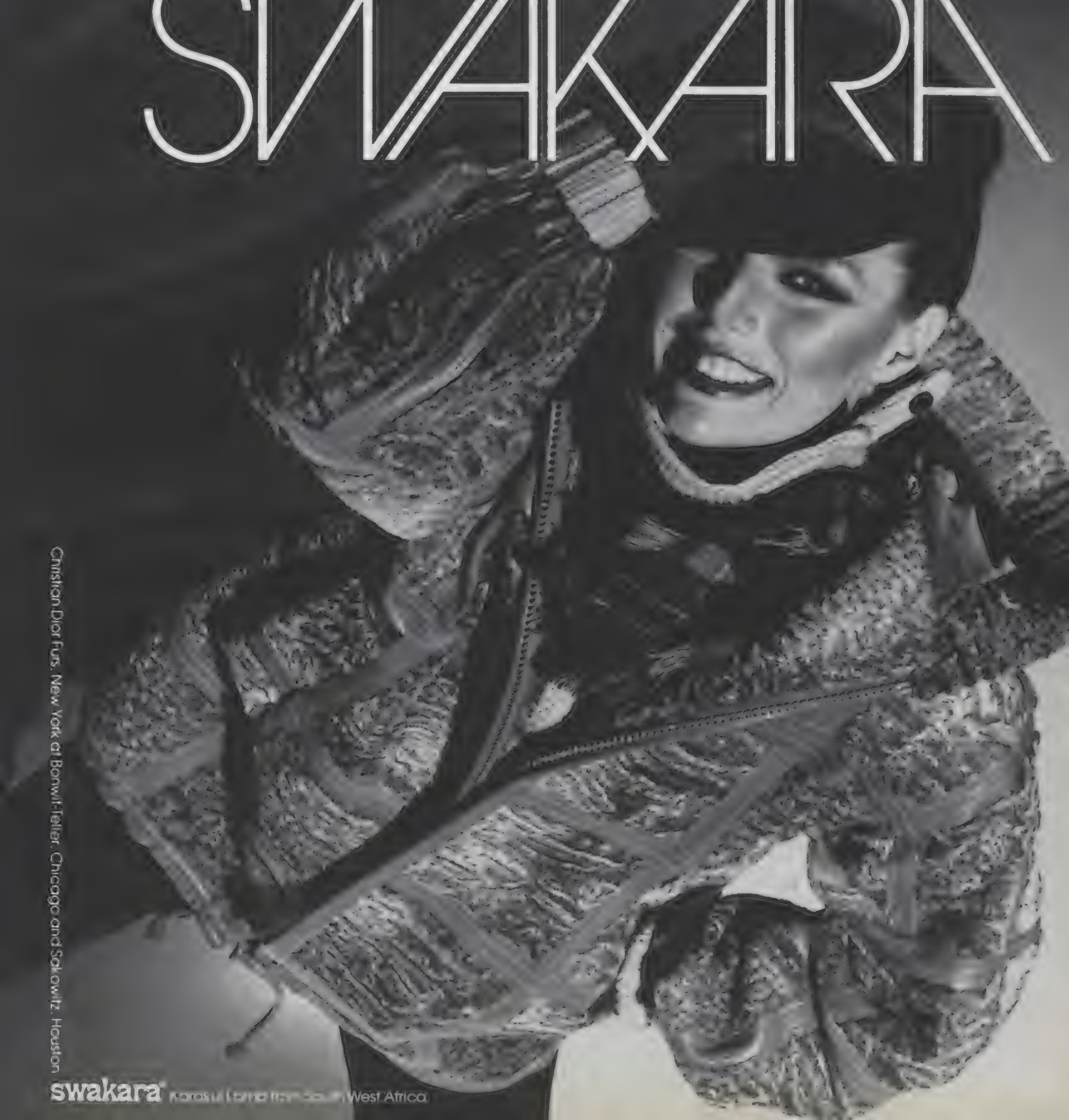


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Back-road seduction—in Spain's "hidden" towns, castles, countryside

By Despina Messinesi

I loved my 2289-kilometer tour of Spain. The great cities of Seville, Córdoba, and Granada dazzled me, as did the geometry of Spain's cultivated, productive fields. I marveled at the irrigation system, at the great man-made lakes, at the dams and



In Spain's Andalusia, the frost-white village of Arcos de la Frontera sits below a lion-gold, crenelated castle and churches

aqueducts built centuries ago by Romans or Moors. I fell in love with the gallantry of the truck drivers, *los caballeros de la carretera;* when it is safe to pass them, they wink their rear lights and wave you on. I loved the anachronisms: ancient lookout towers—square Roman ones, round Arab ones like chessmen or spools of thread—near contemporary, dove-white cement towers used for silos. I loved the sounds of Spain: the trickle of Moorish fountains, the tiny chimes emanating from magnificent bell towers, *golondrinas*—the Spanish word for swallows.

My travels began and ended in Madrid. Even though I snoozed almost all the way across the Atlantic on Iberia's smooth overnight flight from New York—not even waking for morning coffee—once landed in Madrid, I drove directly to the Hotel Villa Magna and to bed. A year ago, I had stayed at this marvelous hotel, but I was totally unprepared for the warm, handshaking welcome I received from the silver-haired doorman, the concierge, and the elegant reception manager. After a delicious nap, a luxurious bath, and a noon breakfast-in-bed, I drove off to see Spain.

On the map, my tracks through the southwestern part of Spain—as far west as the Atlantic Ocean—resemble an elongated loop. My doughnut-shaped course reminded me of *churros*—zesty specialties of deep-fried batter which you see, hear, smell, and eat in the morning. That we drove mainly on secondary roads shunned by most tourists was a key to the instant seduction of my journey. My traveling companions were Victor, my tireless Spanish driver; a road map; three books, all titled *Spain:* one by Sacheverell Sitwell, two guide books—Michelin and Hachette; and the recently published *Paradores of Spain* by Jan Read and Maite Manjon.

Here's my itinerary, one I recommend and would repeat in a flash:

Driving west from Madrid to Oropesa, we bypassed the highway that leads to Portugal and took secondary roads. Along the way, forests of pine; meadows with flocks of lambs, their fleece the color of burnt earth; dams and summer resorts circling man-made lakes; a feeling of height; wonderful smells of pine and white rockroses.

My whole trip was stop, look, and visit. At sight of a cork tree, its peeled bark the color of a fresh wound, I had to jump out of the car to touch the moist surface. My first stop in the town of San Martin de Valdeiglesias, to see its ivy-covered fourteenth-century castle built on Visigoth foundations, set the pattern for all my spontaneous forays to out-of-the-way towns and villages: We drove directly to the main square; then took, like a wide-angle lens shot, a swift turnaround into the narrow streets and to the marketplace to get the real feeling of Spain.

(Continued on page 228)

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TRAVEL: SPAIN

(Continued from page 227)

Naturally, I often went off-course—two miles off, when I tracked down the famous Bulls of Guisando. Four plump granite bulls—some say the beasts are of Roman origin—stood in a sunny meadow. In Spain, one's mind, rather like an Olympic athlete, is constantly leaping over centuries. Near to where I saw the Roman bulls, I found a monastery where Isabella the Catholic was proclaimed Queen in 1468.

In the hamlet of Piedralaves, tile roofs of



In Spanish bars, prized Jamón serrano (cured ham from acorn-fed pigs raised in Estremadura) is both a delicacy and decoration

houses extended above second-floor wooden balconies that seemed about to collapse either from their two-hundred-year age or from the weight of flowers. In doorways, women and girls sat primly blanketed under the large cloths they embroidered.

"That's the Oropesa Parador," said my driver, pointing to a crenelated castle on a hill that looked like a medieval tapestry. With exceptional skill, the Spanish Government has preserved and converted many

"I felt like Don Quixote in the 20th century"

deserted castles and monasteries all over the country into extraordinarily comfortable hotels or Paradors. I felt like Don Quixote in the twentieth century. Imagine walking into a fifteenth-century castle-hotel with air conditioning, steam heat, fireplaces, deep sofas in huge lounges with beamed ceilings.

My room, Number Four, was a dream. I loved the dark green, striped bedspread with foot-long fringe, the polished red-tiled

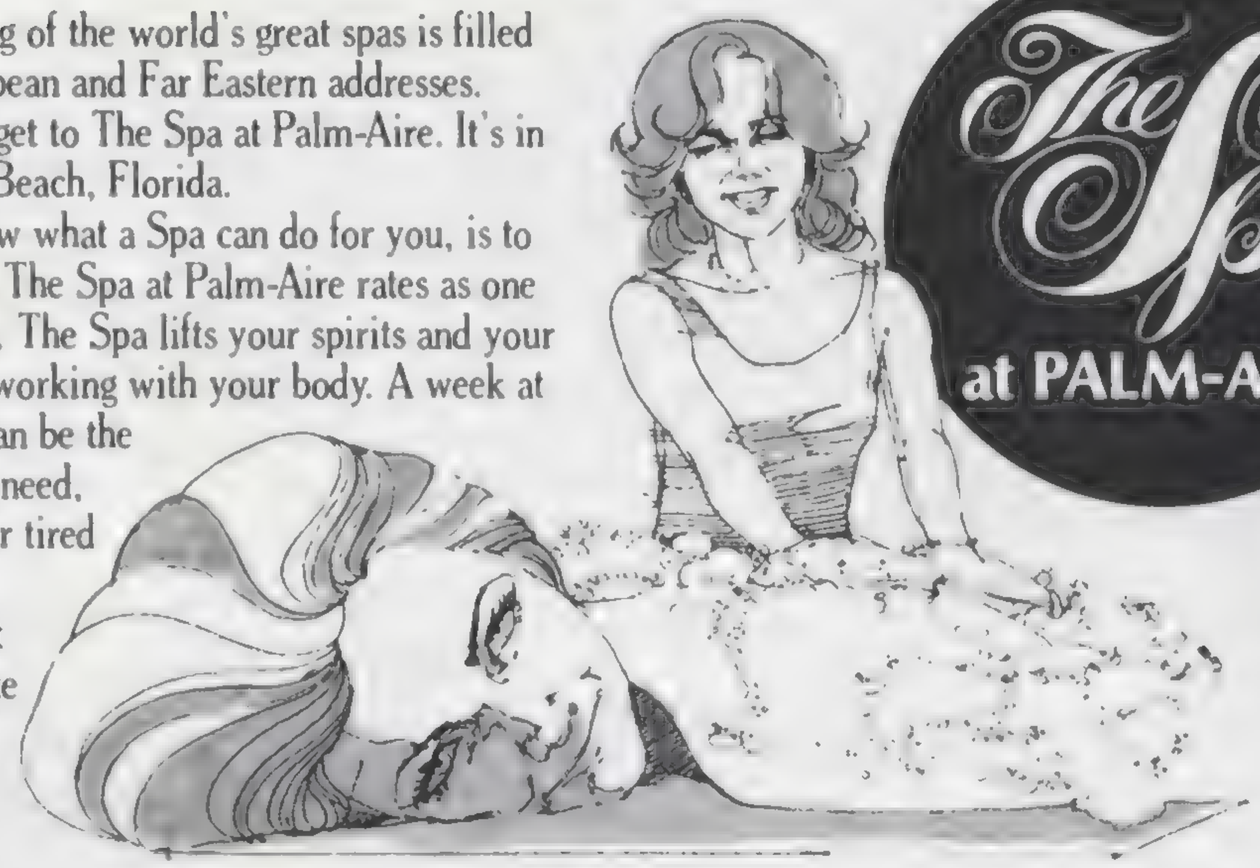
(Continued on page 230)

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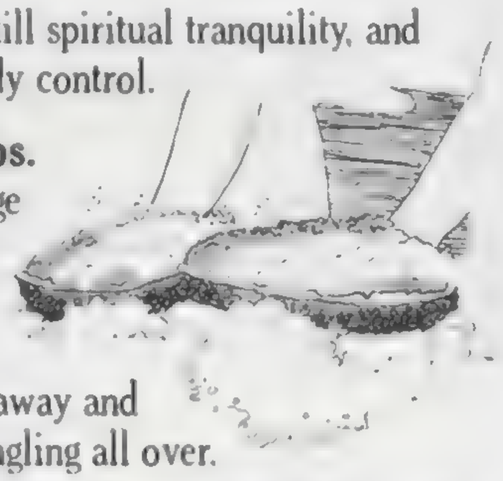
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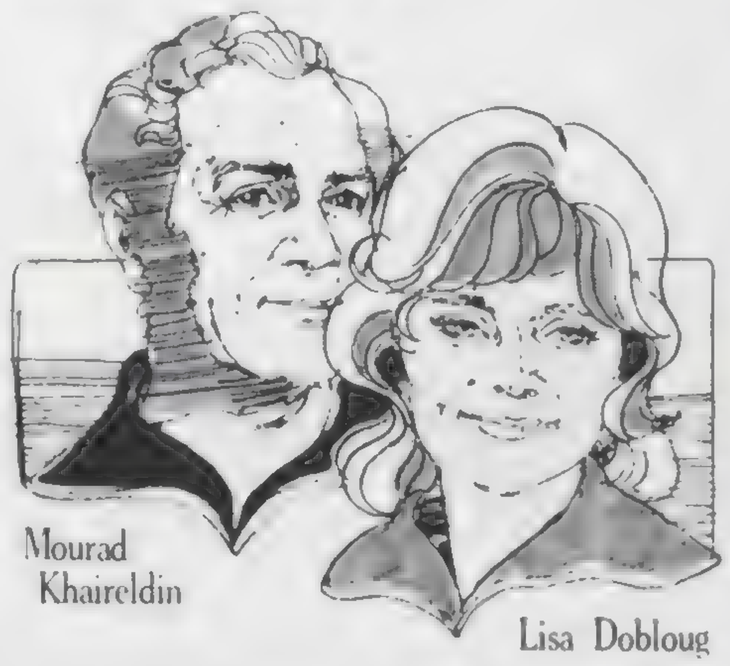
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Mourad Khaireldin — Lisa Dobloug

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TRAVEL: SPAIN

(Continued from page 228)

floor inset with blue stars, the tremendous white-tiled bathroom with white marble floor and deep-set window shuttered in wood.

Both from my room and from the bathroom, the view was sensational—like looking down from a plane. The sounds of trains far below echoed, as they do in deserts. At night, beds are turned down; the rooms have telephones, good reading lights, and stocked "frigo-bars" (small refrigerators) that even have salted peanuts. It's not surprising that the rooms at the Parador are reserved months in advance. The Parador at Oropesa, ninety minutes on the direct highway from Madrid, is a favorite all-year weekend place for Madrileños.

At Oropesa, as in other Paradors where I stayed, the menus are typed in Spanish, English, and French; the gazpacho is generally excellent, as is the local wine.

From Oropesa to Cáceres, a full day's journey, the route through the Tiétar Valley was abundant with plum and peach orchards, vast stretches of tobacco fields. The red brick buildings with geometric designs were sheds for drying tobacco. Irresistible were the fields of sunflowers rubbernecking with the sun.

Arriving at Villanueva de la Vera in midmorning, I saw the town in full swing. Cars jammed the plaza; kids splashed and giggled in the center fountain. Women were furiously scrubbing the cobbled streets —no sidewalks in villages—outside their doorways. Unusual were the three-story, eighteenth-century houses with ravishing wooden balconies. Village streets were so narrow that only small cars—at best—could squeeze through.

Wherever I went, I ran into construction either to widen the roads or to eliminate sharp curves. Any feeling of annoyance was instantly dissolved by warning signs, which said: "We are working for you, forgive the inconvenience." Of course you did. The road message was typically Spanish and gallant.



Castles and turreted Trujillo: backdrops for a statue of Trujillo's most famous citizen, Pizarro, conqueror of Peru

My next stop: Jarandilla de la Vera, where the Parador in a fourteenth-century castle is named "Carlos V" after Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor who, in 1555, stayed there after his abdication. The first thing I noticed at the gate was the Emperor's coat of arms: the double-headed eagle. The castle, built of stone the color of ripe wheat, has such perfection it looks like a Hollywood set: round, fat battlement towers, a drawbridge—now filled with pink oleanders—stone steps with *azulejøs* (tile) risers, man-tall fireplaces, enormous halls and bedrooms with canopied four-poster beds.

The Monastery of Yuste, where Charles

"I fell in love with the gallantry of the Spanish truck drivers"

V retired and died, is about five miles away from the Jarandilla castle; the Emperor lived at the castle only until his apartment in the monastary was completed to his specifications. On the road from Jarandilla to Yuste, winding through melancholy eucalyptus woods and thinking about the weary, ailing Charles V, I lost track of time. When I reached the monastery, it was closed for luncheon. I had skipped this detail in the guidebooks. From then on, checking visiting hours was rule Number One.

To kill the time until the Monastery reopened, my driver and I forged ahead in search of food. Nearby, above a dammed river where families were sunning, swimming, and eating, was a simple roadhouse with tables under trees. On my trip, when —like this day—I was hesitant about what to eat, I'd order a French omelet; in Spain, this means a plain omelet rather than one filled with potatoes. I also loved the crisp rolls and wrapped butter patties, thrived on local or Manchego cheese, and always drank mineral water.

When we backtracked to Yuste, I was moved by the modesty and austerity of the retired sovereign's four-room apartment. Specially designed for him in his study that overlooked a small garden with orange trees and a fountain was a reclining chair and footrest for his painful gout; in the dark bedroom, its walls and canopied bed draped in black broadcloth, a doorway opened directly to the altar of the adjoining church, so that the Emperor might attend services without leaving his bed.

Not knowing Spanish handicaps sightseers such as me; it is the only language most guides, particularly in remote towns, speak. At Yuste, a Hieronymite monk in white led us into the church and around the serene cloister next door. Not understanding a word of what the monk said, I defected from the group. Climbing a narrow staircase to the lovely, broad, arcaded balcony, I passed the closed doors of monks' cells, a vast library, and headed for an open door. I found myself in the choir

(Continued on page 232)

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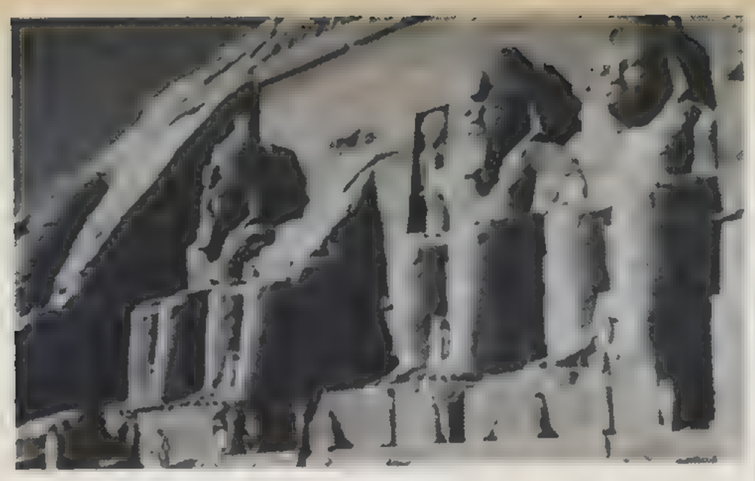


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TRAVEL: SPAIN

(Continued from page 230)

loft of the church, with its magnificent, dark-wooden, carved stalls. A monk, startled by my presence, made me understand more by gestures than by words that I was off limits.

Twelfth-century granite walls the color of honey and semicircular turrets where storks love to nest guard the city of Plasencia, my next stop. After an espresso at a café under the arcaded Plaza Mayor, I dashed off to the old part of town. Lined up along narrow streets as if they were planned for an exhibition were the showpieces of the town: noble houses, churches, and a cathedral that was built during the thirteenth until the sixteenth century.

From Plasencia to Cáceres, live oaks dominated the undulating landscape. Symmetrically planted, the oaks looked like black chenille dots against the brown soil: the favorite colors of Spain's master designer Balenciaga. Whizzing across the Rio Tajo, which flows to Portugal, and past a sea-sized reservoir, I reached Cáceres just as the sun was making its last flush.

Without wasting the remaining daylight in registering at the hotel, I dashed to the Old City. In its extraordinary arrangement of sun-bruised stone mansions, belfries, towers, and warren of steep cobbled streets, stairways, and alleys—just wide enough for a horse to pass—I half expected to see, swinging around the corner, a helmeted rider with a lance. People still live inside the mansions with their coats of arms and exceptionally small windows; the military government occupies a fifteenth-century house with arcaded courtyard and elaborate ironwork. Recently installed in a baroque mansion built over the old Alcázar is the excellent Archeological Museum. Instead of a basement, it has an ancient Moorish cistern, like an indoor pool, with horseshoe arches that rise above the dark water.

Tramping over cobbled streets hurts; a visitor should wear thick rubber-soled shoes to cushion the feet. Each day, without knowing it, you chalk up extra miles just by going from your car to a site. In the Paradors, to reach your room, you must often cross immense courtyards, go down long corridors, and climb steps paved in stone. You then repeat this stretch going to the bar and restaurant—provided you don't get lost, as I did.

In the modern part of Cáceres, the cozy Hotel Extremadura suits the weary sightseer: small lobby, elevator, short corridors to air-conditioned rooms, and on the second floor, a lobby, garden with pool, and restaurant. The hotel is named after the harsh, landlocked province of Estremadura, where many of the famous conquistadors were born. Estremadura's geography was perhaps what inspired those heroes to seek the sea and new worlds.

Francisco Pizarro, the wily conqueror of Peru, was born in 1476 in Trujillo, thirty miles east of Cáceres. On the Plaza Mayor in Trujillo today, you can't miss the two-story-tall Pizarro shield plastered on the corner of a palace and wrapped around its side walls. The feudal town, with fortress, churches, and noble houses, rises like music to a Moorish castle. Many Madrileños have haciendas in this part of the country and spend long weekends here—it is 157 miles from Madrid.

For a quick lunch in Trujillo—reasonable prices, fast service, and top-quality ingredients—try Hostal Emilia on the fringes of town. Tip: For best service, get to Spanish restaurants before the natives do—try lunch at 1:30, dinner at 9:00.

Bearing south from Trujillo, here is a wrap-up of my ramblings: First, to Mérida —Spain's fabulous preserve of Roman splendors—to see the Roman theater with its two-tiered, columned stage, half-mile-long bridge streaming with cars; arched aqueduct.

Arcos de la Frontera: cliff-hanging Church of Saint Peter ringed by 16th- and 18th-century fortress walls



Mérida's Parador, in a former seventeenth-century convent, is a gem; the former chapel is now a lounge, the cloister, a jungle of plants, with rare Visigoth columns. In summer, the cloister is tented over with an ivy-printed awning.

Spain's roads are beautifully marked with easy-to-read signs pointing to cities, star sites, and Paradors. In the flat, almost uninhabited Estremadura region, all olive trees and vineyards, the Zafra Parador—a fifteenth-century Moorish castle with crenelated towers rises like a mirage. Imagine swimming in a pool cradled by lion-gold fortifications or watching television under an exquisitely carved gilt ceiling in the castle, where, in 1504, Hernán Cortés, conqueror of Mexico, lived before he took off for his expeditions to the New World.

"Imagine staying in a medieval castle that's air-conditioned"

In Zafra, stroll through two ravishing plazas—the larger is eighteenth-century, the small one is sixteenth—circled by frost-

(Continued on page 234)

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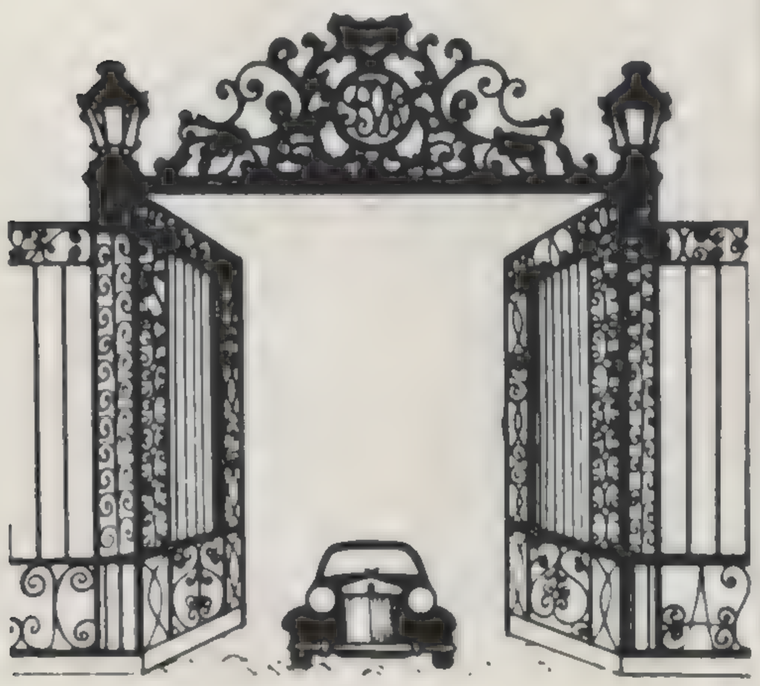


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TRAVEL: SPAIN

(Continued from page 232)

white houses with mascara-black balconies. My memorable, mental snapshot of Zafra is one of a thin-hipped, tall fellow—a Gary Cooper type—in white shirt, midi-length jeans over blond boots, grey flat-crowned and brimmed Cordoba hat.

Driving through Estremadura, a region famous for hams, I caught sight of two hundred prized pigs being led out of pens



In Spain: patios and arcades cool as caves; easy-going sight-seeing in carriages drawn by horses wearing straw hats

to feed. (Exercise is not part of the pig's regimen.) Each must have weighed around two hundred pounds; they had sleek, long, fat, brown bodies, no smell, and were absolutely clean.

Vasco Núñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean in 1513, was born in Jerez de los Cal alleros, a small, white, fortified town that is today a thirty-minute drive from Zafra. There, lunch at El Casino, where the whole town—parish priest, businessmen, women with small children—congregates; order *Jamón serrano, the* ham

In Zafra: two ravishing plazas, a Moorish castle, Spanish Cowboys

—plain, with melon, it's a treat.

"Different as day and night," is particularly true in Spanish towns and cities. Monuments, gardens, and fountains look dramatically different with spotlights beamed on them. At night, I loved clop-clopping over cobbled streets, peering through iron gates into patios, or strolling in the streets clogged with people.

Driving through Andalusia, the seductive southwestern chunk of Spain, I was amazed at the glistening, green, irrigated fields, olive groves, and miles of vineyards that stretched to faraway hills round as pregnant bellies.

Pointing up toward a white village, hung like a crumpled linen handkerchief on a cliff, my driver said, "That's Arcos de la Frontera—where the Parador is." In Arcos de la Frontera, our strong brakes were a must to maneuver the almost perpendicular alleys and to stop at red traffic lights mounted on seventeenth-century houses.

Off the main highway, the medieval treasure-town of Villanueva de la Vera: granite arcades, wooden balconies, and storks nesting



Around the town's Plaza was the church, Parador, municipal offices, a belvedere with a sweeping view of planted fields and, like a signature in blue ink at the bottom of a canvas, a small span of river.

Unlike the other castle-Paradors where I stayed, the Arcos Parador—white with iron grills, patio, vaulted ceiling—is only eleven years old, but it fits into the scene. I enjoyed riding its elevator and looking out of my room at the goings-on on the plaza. Church bells clanked the quarter hours, and in the morning, twig brooms over the cobbles made scratchy noises.

Only twenty miles separate Arcos de la Frontera from the world-famous sherry town of Jerez de la Frontera. Dining at the Arcos Parador, I was enchanted to find that the local "white" jug wine had both the amber coloring and the taste of sherry: just one of the charming surprises of my travels to the small, hidden towns of Spain.

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San Diego—the city that's still too good to be true

By Richard Alleman

San Diego's nonstop treats begin—of all places—driving in on the freeway. Surging south down Interstate 5—edged and divided in the center with purple and white African daisies—you pass through stark amber hills, then suddenly come upon glorious Mission Bay Park, San Diego's 4600-acre city park of white sand beaches, grassy coves, and blue Pacific waters dotted with sailboats and glistening in sunshine. From then on, you'll practically never lose sight of the water. You'll sail on it, dine next to it, cross bridges and causeways over it, simply gaze at it from hotel room or car.

Water is a vital part of this seaport/naval base city, constantly adding an extra dimension of beauty wherever you look. Equally seductive, San Diego's climate approaches perfection with an average annual temperature of seventy degrees (21 C.), very little rain, practically no humidity. People go sailing and fishing, play golf and tennis all year.

One of San Diego's biggest surprises, the Little America Westgate Hotel, stands right in the center of downtown, a few blocks from the waterfront. Don't be misled by this hotel's name: The nineteen-story, 225-room Westgate is not little nor is it particularly American, its lobby hung with eighteenth-century French tapestries, its lavish guest rooms—no two alike—decorated with original oil paintings and European furniture.

A few Westgate luxuries: bathrooms with gold or bronze fixtures, huge marble sinks, telephones, cakes of Neutrogena soap. The Westgate also has one of the best restaurants in town, the Fontainebleau Room, where waiters in white gloves and black tie—surprisingly unpretentious and friendly despite their attire—serve beef Wellington on candlelit tables while a grand piano plays softly in the background. After dinner, returning to your room, you find a good-night chocolate on the table next to your oversized, three-sheeted bed that's already been turned down for you.



Culver Pictures

Marilyn Monroe and Tony Curtis cavorting in front of San Diego's landmark Del Coronado Hotel in film "Some Like It Hot."

Stretching across San Diego Bay, the spectacular two-mile-long San Diego Bay Bridge looks like the track of a gigantic monorail. This graceful architectural wonder leads to the island (actually a peninsula) town of Coronado. On Coronado, another wonder: the Del Coronado Hotel, a landmark of Victorian gingerbread, turrets, cupolas, built in 1888 and still going strong. Supposedly the Duke of Windsor met Mrs. Simpson at the Del in the 'twenties. Here too, Marilyn Monroe romped in the surf in the film *Some Like It Hot*. Constantly being renovated and refurbished, the hotel's original 399 rooms keep their Victorian charm: wicker furniture, high ceilings, bright wallpaper, fireplaces. A recent addition to the Del: the 200-room, all air-conditioned Ocean Towers stands on the beach just south of the main hotel.

At the Del Coronado, Victorian-splendid dining under a huge arched wooden ceiling hung with chandeliers shaped like crowns in the 1000-seat Crown Dining Room. More intimate: the wood-paneled Prince of Wales Grille—or the Chart House restaurant in the hotel's original 1888 boathouse.

Geared for twentieth-century sports people, the Del's tennis program features classes run by pro Ben Press and seven courts—all lighted. And to help take out the kinks, both the men's and women's spas were completely renovated two years ago.

Fifteen minutes north of downtown San Diego and Coronado, palms, cedars, jasmine, bougainvillaea seem to grow almost everywhere in the enchanting seaside community of La Jolla. Strategically located on Prospect Road (La Jolla's main shopping street), the pink stucco La Valencia Hotel—built in 1926—still attracts movie people and celebrities just as it did when Charles Laughton, Greta Garbo, and Aimee Semple McPherson used to hide out in its beamed-ceilinged rooms with European furnishings.

Everyone in town meets for lunch on La Valencia's tree-shaded, jungly patio—and, later, for drinks in the hotel's Whaling Bar decorated with harpoons, New Bedford lanterns, pewter candles, and paintings of whaling scenes. For fabulous views of the Pacific and its rugged coastline as well as good food, La Valencia's tenth-story Sky-

(Continued on page 240)





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The O'Malley Marmalade Jar.



TRAVEL: SAN DIEGO

(Continued from page 236)

room has three walls of windows. The show-stopping sight in winter: schools of whales migrating south for their breeding season.

Sports nuts flock to the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club in North La Jolla to hole up in one of the seventy-seven apartments with kitchens and eleven hotel rooms that this private club rents to non-members. On the Club's compound of low brown adobe buildings by the sea, super facilities: fourteen tennis courts; pro shop; nine-hole pitch-and-putt golf course; Olympic-sized, blue-tiled swimming pool; broad private beach with cabañas; romantic Marine Room Restaurant and Spindrift Bar where Pacific surf sprays the picture-window walls.

In San Diego's downtown harbor, called the Embarcadero, you can't miss finding Anthony's Fish Grotto, one of the city's oldest and best-known restaurants. It's near the 1866 windjammer *Star of India*, one of three restored ships making up San Diego's floating Maritime Museum with exhibits of seafaring history on board the ships. Check out the Museum, then lunch on California sand dabs, abalone, or some other seafood specialty at Anthony's. A few blocks away, Lubach's, another San Diego landmark restaurant, also serves seafood, but the in-the-know crowd often orders roast duck with black cherries or calf's sweetbreads in wine sauce. At both restaurants: fine views of San Diego's lively harbor.

Three miles from the Embarcadero, a causeway off Harbor Drive leads to Harbor Island, a San Diego pleasure enclave of hotels, parks, marinas, restaurants. It's hard to believe that this island—right across from San Diego's smack-in-the-center-of-town airport—didn't exist ten years ago: It was man-made in the late 'sixties. Adjacent to Harbor Island's 331-room Sheraton Inn, the white stucco, tile-roofed El Torito restaurant serves south-of-the-border (the Mexican border is only sixteen miles south) fare: *chile relleño, chile verde*, Jumbo-Ritas—triple Margaritas . . . watch out!

At Sea World, a 4700-pound killer whale does back flips

Nearby, the Boathouse, a Harbor Island nightclub/restaurant built of glass and wood extends over the water and draws a young crowd that likes the seafood, prime rib, salads, live entertainment, not to mention the romantic view. Reuben's—also on Harbor Island—is *the* spot for later-afternoon drinks—especially on Fridays—and omelets anytime. Two Reuben's omelet variations: sautéed mushrooms with chili and cheese, sautéed artichoke hearts with crab meat. Docked right next door, the Mississippi riverboat restaurant Reuben E. Lee features Chinook salmon and New Orleans bouillabaisse in its top-deck Seafood Room, dancing in the lounge below.

Choreographing San Diego sightseeing can be a staggering project—there's almost too much to see and do. In Balboa Park alone: eight museums, biking trails, theaters, gardens—and the renowned San Diego Zoo with the largest number of species of animals in the world, many exhibited without bars or cages, the animals separated from visitors by moats. Thirty miles to the north, in an 1800-acre setting of rugged hills and valleys that could almost be Africa, the Zoo's Wild Animal Park exists to preserve endangered and nearly extinct species. You can see the animals—white rhinos, Asian and African elephants, gigantic East African eland antelope, 2000-pound Asiatic water buffalo—via an electric (non-polluting) monorail that winds through five miles of this incredible preserve.

Back in Balboa Park, the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theater—a super-planetarium with wraparound screen, seventy projectors, eighty-seven speakers—excites kids and parents with space spectaculars. Also in Balboa Park: the Fine Arts Gallery, the Museum of Man anthropological museum, the Natural History Museum, and the Old Globe Theatre, headquarters for San Diego's Shakespeare Festival in summer and—along with the smaller Carter Center Stage—site of productions of contemporary plays throughout the year.

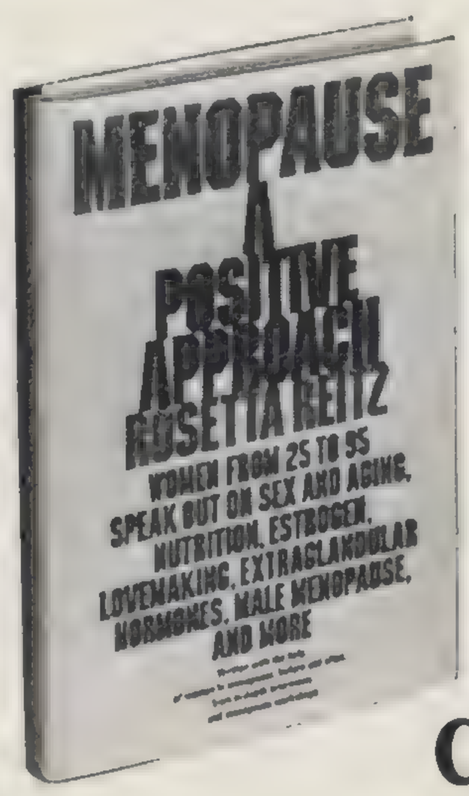
In Mission Bay Park, the city's beach and water playground, nautical pleasures: sailing (you can rent boats of all sizes); special areas for water skiing, others for hot-rod speedboats; six beaches for swimming, and—the star attraction—Sea World. This oceanic Radio City Music Hall has six different shows featuring porpoises, dolphins, seals, penguins, and—the headliner—a 4700-pound killer whale named Shamu that does back flips.

Less show biz at the aquarium on the eucalyptus-scented grounds of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography edging the sea at La Jolla, but some of the specimens displayed in the Institute's twenty-two marine-life tanks you'll probably never see anywhere else: a thirty-pound, four-legged coelacanth fish; venomous lion fish; gaudily colored parrot fish. After seeing the sea creatures and the Institute's new tidepool exhibit outside, take a walk on the beautiful Scripps campus—part of the University of California system—where, between classes, students swim and surf on the beach just steps away from classrooms.

Just thirty freeway-minutes north of the ocean world of San Diego, Rancho Santo Fe, a peaceful village of Spanish-style buildings clustered in a hilly grove of eucalyptus trees attracts anyone craving flawless country air, quiet, seclusion. At Rancho Santa Fe's family-owned and friendly Inn, six gardeners tend the lush grounds, guests stay in cozy adobe cottages, many with fireplaces. Among the Inn's low-keyed diversions: a green-tiled swimming pool and patio; a 4000-book library that doubles as a private dining room; a lounge with huge fireplace, massive sofas, Chinese prints, models of ships; ocean swimming five miles away at Del Mar; and, recently added, three tennis courts across the road from the Inn.

At the larger Inn at Rancho Bernardo, also thirty freeway-minutes north of San Diego, less seclusion but more activities: sixty-three holes of golf, two heated pools, horseback riding, a knockout two-day cram course at its Tennis College, and shopping at a fifty-store, Mexican-style plaza nearby. ▽

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Health

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By Melva Weber

NEW EASY CANCER TEST

A new skin test may save thousands of women's lives if it proves a sure detective for breast cancer at very early stages. The test, discovered by Georg F. Springer, M.D., at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, is called a T-antigen test and works by producing a skin reaction somewhat like a positive tuberculin test's if there is even the smallest start of breast cancer. The test is said to detect cancer earlier than it can be discovered by mammography, and far earlier than any lump can be felt.

Dr. Springer's test has detected cancer in seventy cases before any other sign appeared, has indicated cancer in two other cases still being closely watched, and has signaled one case where cancer was not found until six months later. Where the test has been negative, no cases of cancer have turned up. Next, a check-out for accuracy and certainty in large numbers of patients at Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NY.

WHEN SILENCE IS UNHEALTHY

Learn a new word, "alexithymia," used in connection with psychosomatic disorders. Coined by Peter Sifneos, M.D., a psychiatrist at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, alexithymia simply means "no words for feelings."

When asked to describe his feelings about a certain event, the alexithymic gives elaborate details about the time, the place, and his own actions—but never a word about how he actually felt. Unable to express feelings verbally, such persons may react to stress by getting sick. Pressure to talk about feelings may simply make them worse; so it's important for a doctor to recognize the trait in order to use a different treatment approach.

Classic diseases that may arise from psychosomatic stress include peptic ulcer, ulcerative colitis, asthma, high blood pressure, rheumatoid arthritis, thyroid and skin disorders, and, of course, obesity and its opposite, anorexia nervosa.

LIFE-SAVING UPDATE

More and more people are learning to apply cardiopulmonary resuscitation, or CPR, to rescue persons whose hearts have stopped. CPR applies rhythmic pressure to the patient's chest, keeps blood flowing to the brain, preventing damage and death. A suggestion for improving present CPR technique from Johns Hopkins Hospital and School of Medicine: Be sure chest compression lasts half of each cycle's duration—stopping for a distinct pause while the chest is at peak compression. "The duration of chest compression is more important than the rate of compressions," said Myron Weisfeldt, M.D., director of the school's cardiology division and one of five doctors who developed the modified CPR technique.

NURSES ON YOUR SIDE

Prime guardian of your human rights in health care should be the professional nurse. So says the National League for Nursing, official accrediting organization for nurse education. In a strong position paper on patients' rights, the League declares nurses' responsibilities to include protecting the privacy and dignity of patients, seeing that patients are treated properly and without unfair discrimination, and helping patients become informed in order to make intelligent decisions about their own health care. The League believes nurses not only should support patients' rights in personal care, but should insist that institutional policies also uphold those rights. After all, Florence Nightingale was a militant, too. For more on how nursing education, nursing service, and home health care can help you, write the National League for Nursing, Ten Columbus Circle, New York, NY 10019.

THE GOOD NEWS: HEART DEATHS DECREASE

Death rates from the great vascular killers—heart attacks and strokes—have been going down steadily since the early 'sixties. Between 1963 and 1975, according to government statistics, coronary deaths were reduced by more than 27 percent among people in the heart-risk years between thirty-five and fifty-five. And, in the same period, deaths by stroke decreased by more than one-third among the stroke-vulnerable forty-five- to seventy-five-year-old group.

Weldon J. Walker, M.D., of the White Memorial Medical Center in Los Angeles gave the main reasons for the heart-warming news in "The New England Journal of Medicine." In early 1964, Dr. Walker reminded his fellow physicians, two big things happened: Surgeon General Luther Terry issued a warning about the health hazards of smoking, and the American Heart Association told the American public how it ought to change its eating habits. Many Americans listened, and a remarkable drop-off in heart death rates began immediately.

Deaths from strokes also were dramatically reduced during this time of the discovery of effective drugs for blood-pressure control and a nationwide campaign to find and treat people with high blood pressure. It all shows, said Dr. Walker, that the American public can change its habits.

RUB-ON NUTRIENT

Zinc, an indispensable element for every cell of the body, usually is supplied in sufficient amounts in the diet. But in some conditions, the levels of body zinc, as measured in the blood, fall too low and may lead to serious deficiency problems. Nutritionist Lucille S. Hurley, Ph.D., and researcher Carl L. Keen, at the University of California at Davis, discovered they could "feed" significant amounts of zinc to laboratory rats by applying it right to the skin. They believe further research will show zinc is readily absorbed by human skin, and that doctors may even be able to treat zinc deficiency by using zinc-bearing ointments or lotions.

TO GET YOUR BLOOD READY

Between 4000 and 8000 lives could be saved each year through the general use of low doses of heparin, an anticlotting drug, before planned surgery, says the American Heart Association. Blood clots that form in the deep veins of the legs, then break loose and travel into the lungs, block arteries and endanger life are a particular threat following major surgery.
The Association's Council on Thrombosis, making the recommendation in the heart journal *Circulation*, specified that patients should have the proper blood conditions for the preoperative treatment, and that doctors and surgeons must make the final decision for or against heparin treatment in each case.
The Council adds that if all medically competent patients over forty facing plannec chest or abdominal surgery were to receive heparin treatment, the result would be about 80 percent fewer cases of pulmonary blood clots following operations.

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VOGUE'S eye view







THE NEW SKIRT-DRESSING



Everyone is talking skirts . . . softer, prettier, gentler skirts, never too big, never too bulky. The base for dressing today is a skirt—and if you have a few good ones, you have it made! . . . The skirt that started it all: Versace's drawstring-waist dirndl. Everything about it—the gathered top, the not-too-full shape, the soft fabric—is news. He did it in angora (1) and put it with a ribbon-stripe silk blouse . . . he did it as a drawstring wrap skirt in the thinnest thin suède **(2),** a look—a fabric!—to keep your eye on for spring. The new appeal of a wrap skirt **(3)**—gathered at the top, gently slit, with a just-right softness and slide—key skirt to watch. (From Julio.) . . . **Re: skirts at night.** Besides the fact that they've never been more attractive, the wonderful thing is the variety. They go for all degrees of evening, from the biggest **(4)**—the ultra-glamorous ankle-length skirt (Mary McFadden's gold-dazzled P.M. dressing)—to the flirt of a flounced, tiered skirt **(5)** that goes with satin boots (Saint Laurent Rive Gauche). . . . **At-home skirt dressing** can mean the ease and coziness of a cotton-fleece drawstring skirt **(6,** Portfolio's perfect-in-the-country look) or the all-out seduction of a narrow, slit crêpe de Chine sarong to the ankle **(7,** from Fernando Sanchez).

a word about petticoats with skirts (slits especially): the most charming thing-to-add is a pretty petticoat--in lace or eyelet or in flounced cotton flannel. Good place to find them: antique clothing stores.







Fashion Tidbits...

● The word from Paris--socks!--the accessory of the moment. Socks with new fall sandals. And wool crochet socks with fringed-tongued loafers. . . .

● In N.Y., lacy, striped, and patterned anklets all over town! Most charming: peeking through sandal straps. At night at-home, gold-threaded knee socks over black satin pegged pants, rolled down in black satin mules.

● Thinnest suède--this year's sneaky fabric-to-watch. Some of the places to find it: Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, Versace, Oscar de la Renta, Muriel Grateau, and Valentino. Best look now: pale suède under fur. The thinner suède skirt (see 2, right) is what you'll be looking for when Feb. rolls around.

● Smash success--all the new P.M. shoe delights. Super-high high-heeled sandals with unexpected touches--embroidered ribbon, beading, a mix of pale metallic colors or bright ones.

● At home, it's the ballet slipper or attractive (comfortable!) mix of metal mules.

● More gold...just when you thought gold had had it . . . along comes Oscar's wonderful sheer gold pullovers. . . . Mary McFadden's hip-wrapped Lurex skirts. . . . Julio's gilded slides of silk --it's the season!

Marianne Barcellona

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Orlane, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Paris.

Why is November so DAZZZLINGLY different?

. . . first off, since we popped the question, a few answers: Because nightlife hits high gear in November (and this year—!). Because there's a festive undercurrent in the air. Because the first Christmas spirit blows in, and so do the first resort clothes—both signaling all kinds of pleasures ahead. Because, suddenly, you're in the mood to dazzle. And because, this November, **there is a whole new mood of dressing-up dressing** that has never been more dazzling. Or less heavy-handed. It has to do with the very modern, very beguiling, very *soft* kind of dressing that has been breezing our way since August. And you're going to see it right across the board—in a gala way, in an at-home-dressing-for-two way, in a $6 pair of earrings and a $4,500 mink blouson. **There are some very fast ways of walking into this kind of glamour.** The effect of simply lifting one side of your hair with a cluster of lacquered-red hair sticks, for instance. (If you want to spark a familiar little dress fast, this is wildfire; it is also, in a resort, cool.) Or the effect of a long skirt that's been knotted on one side to reveal a sexy surprise of a shoe—high, naked, with a few golden threads wrapping the ankle. Or, if you happen to own a big, cozy fur coat, the bravado effect of putting a thin, pale suède blouson underneath with its neckline pulled wide, wide open—bare and dazzling. **If you noticed that we've just used "effect" three times, you just discovered half the secret to this kind of dressing.** Which is: the switch—the quick, unexpected turn that's the difference between dazzle and dazzzzle. It could be as big-time as a sleek, domed, diamond-and-sapphire ring . . . that looks like a man's. It could be a piece of frothy black lace tied in a neckline . . . an eyelet petticoat that's a half-inch longer than your skirts. If you've got a closetful of brilliant jewel-colored tops (and you couldn't have done yourself a more timely favor!), it could be a pair of palest peach charmeuse pants that gather at the waist and taper to a wisp at the ankle—*and* short gold kidskin boots to shove them into sometimes. The point is: it can be, but it doesn't have to be a big deal to make a big (dazzzzling) difference. . . . And while we've got your ear: it isn't restricted to women—switching a man's dinner jacket for a black cashmere cardigan is part of it. And just one of the unexpected switches you'll find in this issue. . . !





the new NIGHTLIFE

It's the time of the year to have the time of your life—and we're going to make it very easy.... Starting next page, what to do, what to dare, what to see—a guide to places and pleasures all across the country. Here, a little jewel-gazing...it goes with the season

The stunners

Today's jewels—clean, modern, appetizing as jellybeans. Diamonds for openers (for everything!)... and: new colors of stones, new textures, new shapes. If you haven't looked at this kind of jewelry for a long time...it's changed...and it's sensational

Diamonds are the beginning, *left:* the edging on Van Cleef & Arpels's extraordinary ribbon-of-sapphire and ribbon-of-ruby bracelets. With the new diamond ring—the dome ring—here, an emerald-cut diamond imbedded in sapphires. (In case you're wondering how it's done—bracelets and ring—invisible platinum settings hold small, perfectly-cut stones.) Sapphire bracelet, $88,000; ruby bracelet, $125,000; ring, $38,000....Totally sensuous "jewel"—First de Van Cleef & Arpels, their rich, long-lasting fragrance...it goes—very well—with the new nightlife. Hair, Harry King; makeup, Sandra Linter. Fashion details, next to last page.

Stan Malinowsk.

THE AVERAGE NIGHTLIFE



Ann-Margret,
Queen of Las Vegas
Nightclub Life,
in her razzle-dazzle
L.V. Hilton show

what it's all about... where it's happening

By

Pete Hamill

Jazz

From the beginning, jazz has been the music of the American night. They called it ragtime in those first years in New Orleans in the 1890's, when the young Black musicians took the sounds of the white brass bands indoors and reinvented them. It was dance music then, played in saloons and whorehouses, but the music didn't become jazz until a few years later. The best date is 1894.

"It needed something still," said writer Rudi Blesh, "something to be added to the gaiety, something deeper, something darker. A cry, a wail, the other side of laughter. The first great black New Orleans trumpeter, Buddy Bolden, added it. He found it in the night. . . ."

That something was the blues, and Buddy Bolden first played the blues, according to the jazz historians, in a night place called the Globe Hall at St. Claude and St. Peter Streets. It was crude and rough, but it was a beginning. The first great master was a young boy who lived in a reform school called the Waif's Home. That reform school had a musical director named Peter Davis and one day he handed a cornet to the boy, whose name was Louis Armstrong. When Louis was released from the home at sixteen, he was on his way to becoming one of the greatest trumpet players who ever lived, and his graduate schools were the saloons, whorehouses, and dance halls of the American South.

Jazz has been that way ever since. It became America's classical music, possessed of extraordinary flexibility and range. It could speak of joy and celebration; it always spoke of pain. The music had structure and clarity, but the musicians also were free to play with form, to reinvent the melodic line the way Cubist painters had begun to reinvent the picture plane in the studios of Paris. And through all of its history, jazz has been a music of the night.

Kansas City in the '20's and '30's was one of the great jazz towns, a wide open brawling city full of speakeasies and whorehouses, all loosely controlled by the Pendergast machine. The great pianist Art Tatum described it as "a cellar, a dark place where the best wines are kept." And when young Charlie

(Continued on page 326)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pete Hamill's syndicated column, "Pete Hamill on Jazz," appears in the Sunday "New York Daily News." Out this month: his first full-length novel, "Flesh and Blood" (Random House).*



Atlanta Boston Chicago Houston Las Vegas Los A

Miniguides to these big-night cities start on page 147; photographic credits, page 334.



By

Jill Robinson

Eating and Drinking

I don't understand anyone who has dinner before nine o'clock. But that is not Night Eating, which begins when most restaurants close their kitchens, around eleven.

I know there are dark places in the cities where you come in dressed for evening, where actors still discuss the show that got away until 4:00 A.M., where students argue politics and lovers lick their fingers and try not to stare too long into each other's eyes—all this is night eating to someone; but, for me, it begins only after an early-night nap.

Most Night Eaters fall into two categories: After and Instead Of. I try to avoid places where people who have been to something go "for a bite after the. . . ." These are generally Day People who are going to be up a little too late; and they make too much noise, worry about what they're eating, or get into anxious erotic negotiations. They also get drunk and repeat themselves a lot, which is boring to overhear.

Confirmed Night People are up and/or out. Instead of doing anything, and in order to justify this, they have to do nothing with some style: they don't forget to include the names of the people they're gossiping about, do not confuse food with foreplay, and have developed subtler forms of seduction than the feeding of the face. You can hear the sharpening of the true Night Person's wit after midnight as conversation goes into high gear at the places that only they know about.

The serious Night Person *expects* the food to be bad. We have been forced to become inverse gourmets. Our esthetic sense is sinister, like our internal clocks; we expect to see faded, dusty plastic flowers where the Day Person demands hanging plants around the clock.

The real eating out must begin after midnight, the hour at which a cheeseburger takes on a certain decadence and the iridescent lighting in diners has the aura of candlelight. You see yourself absinthe green in the copper-tinted mirror, and one more forbidden pleasure ticks its toll around the eyes. Night Eating is staying up too late, raiding the refrigerator in the grand manner, eating after bedtime—better yet, having no bedtime.

The all-night diner, for instance, is the ultimate permissive parent. The Night Eaters there respect each other's privacy. The brightness demands you keep your eyes to yourself; and, when you do look around, it's like dancing under strobes: you catch flashes of each other's expressions. The fat food you eat is luminous and gilt-edged with butter the color of American cheese. You do not count the calories of night food any more than you count the calories of food eaten while cooking, off someone's plate, or after making love. Fluorescence becomes the natural color of things between the hours of 1:00 or 2:00 and 6:00 A.M.

I wrote most of my new book in such a diner. It felt like school, possibly because I spent more time at such places during my school years than I did at school. And every night when I'd come in with my pages and colored pens, the people working there would ask, like teachers, "How's it going? Almost finished?" The cheeseburger, California style—mayo, tomato, and lettuce—would come automatically the way the Scotch and soda would in my drinking days when I talked only about writing; and, as the sky turned royal blue, the eggs-over-easy and English and, I admit it, the potatoes would come.

The Day People couples were long gone by then, and the punk-chic disco kids had tottered off on sky-high heels, the all-night truckers were still in and out, counter sitters; and the exhausted night-shift workers, exchanging domestic troubles, were about to fall out. Night People time is over when the first office workers come in, jackets on hangers in their cars, to order black and glazed to go, and I'd pack up my pages and my pens, drink the last of the coffee, pay up and go with the morning coming up all cream and olive green.

I mouse into my diner now that my book is done, waiting for a new one to eat its way into my nights. Without the book, being there is like coming to a dance alone.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jill Robinson wrote this piece in the Athena Diner, Fairfield, Connecticut, at 4:00 in the morning. Her novel "Perdido" will be published by Alfred A. Knopf this spring.*

By

Julie Baumgold

Love

The best time, Fleur and Ted agreed, was walking home late at night. They walked up Fifth Avenue with their arms around each other wondering how they would look in clothes from the store windows that they passed. This was the time, next to bed, when they were the closest. Ted, who was a bit of a romantic, thought of Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman walking home in *Indiscreet,* both knowing they would kiss, both waiting for the kiss, as her car followed slowly behind them.

Usually, Fleur and Ted carried home things they had accumulated from the evening. There were the ticket stubs in Ted's pocket, the matches in Fleur's evening bag from the restaurant where they had sat, napkins in their laps like white flags of surrender.

They stood for a moment looking into the Sherry-Netherland bar, feeling invisible as they saw night faces reflected in the mirrors; white women staring back at them from among the plants like lilies. Fleur imagined that she was one of those women with her eyes wide and dark being watched by a man at the bar.

We are nomads, Fleur thought, raising our tents in one place, resting and eating, then striking the poles to move on to the next caravansary. She liked the way the colder night wind blew the hair from her face, the way her body moved inside the filmy clothes, the stride of her legs in harem pants, the way the night, with its long desultory rhythms, conspired to feed them images of romance.

They saw a limousine stop. A man hurried into an apartment building followed by his chauffeur carrying a suitbag. Fleur and Ted laughed because they understood the whole affair—the fact that the man would stay over, that he didn't yet keep clothes at the woman's house.

"I wonder what that story is," Fleur said.

"It's nighttime in New York," said Ted.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Julie Baumgold, formerly a contributing editor at "New York" and "Esquire" magazines, is writing a novel called "Creatures of Habit" . . . and she is a confirmed noctambulist.*

Angeles New York City San Francisco Washington, DC

the new nightlife

The stunners

From the spectacular to the practical, diamonds are the world's best friend

The one-in-a-million dinner ring, *left:* domed like a man's (watch this look), with its single, fabulous sapphire and diamond bagettes imbedded in faceted citrine -- a jeweler's masterwork a modern stunner of a jewel! Bulgari-Danaos Ltd. $55,000.

The watch that fits flat as a ribbon, *left:* gold-and-lapis on a silky leather strap. $2,000. Bulgari-Danaos Ltd.

Timely diamonds-for-two, *right,* turn Piaget's classic black onyx watches into P.M. jewels. His, $2,990; hers (yours?), $4,900. Van Cleef & Arpels; Neiman-Marcus; Fred Joaillier, Beverly Hills.

Both pages: makeup, Rex; hair, Harry King.

He's in luck. Devin, a stunner of a new fragrance from Aramis—7 years in the making—is here. And worth every second. Somehow, they've bottled country-air-at-its-richest....

Stan Malinowski



THE NEW NIGHTLIFE



By

Régine

Disco Dancing

Dance has always been part of my life. Dancing meant so much to me that I started working at night, doing any kind of job as long as it was connected with music and dancing. I became a barmaid, opened doors for the night people, attended the ladies' rooms . . . I did not care; because the music was there, and I could also dance!

Through dancing, I got my first place in Paris, "Chez Régine's," then the second, "Jimmy's." Later, Monte Carlo, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, New York. . . .

Why did I choose Brazil? Here again, my choice was connected with dancing—I love going to the Carnival in Rio—go crazy when I hear Brazilian music. All the best disco music has an underlying Latin beat.

And New York? Each time I was in New York, I was constantly visiting Broadway taking dancing lessons—and so many of my New York friends are such great dancers! They all said, "Why don't you open a place for us here just like the Régine's in Paris?"

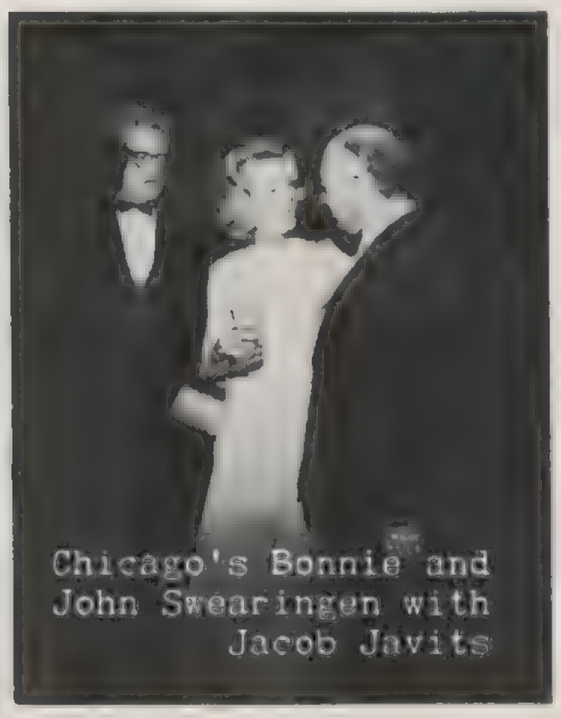
For me, dancing is letting go of your complexes, expressing yourself freely, feeling young. . . . In all my clubs, I like to watch the people on the dance floor. The way they move to the tempo reveals their real selves—I can make my own judgment about them. By looking at the crowd on the dance floor, I can tell who are the ones who've really come here to *dance*—not just to be seen at Régine's. I take complete and utter pleasure in watching them having fun.

A good dancer always fascinates the crowd watching him, and each of his moves is like a sensual vibe of a good lover. . . . Unfortunately, a good dancer is not always a good lover. It's important to have the lover; but having a good dance partner is equally important. To have both in one person is, of course, best of all!

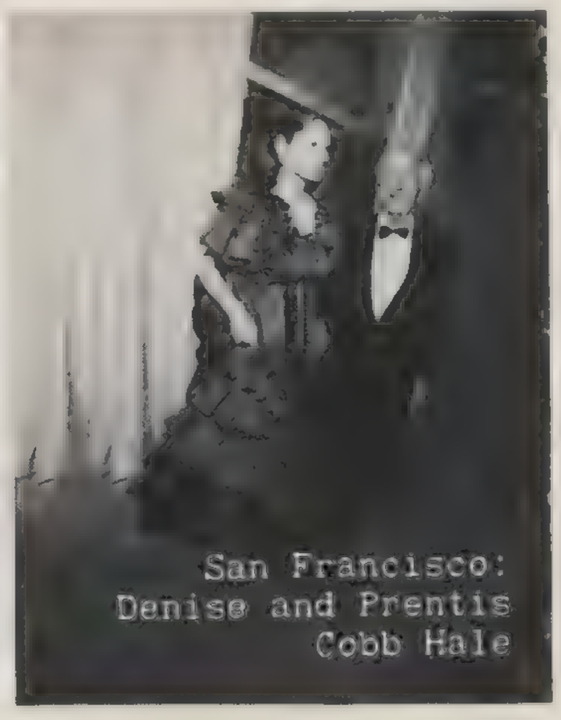
I do love to dance; and, when I dance well, I feel good, full of vitality. Strangely enough, I dance better when my feet hurt, when my shoes are too tight. Don't ask me why, I don't know myself! . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Régine, international Empress of discothèques, will guest star with Paul Anka in a dancing/singing cabaret, at Ceasar's Palace in Las Vegas later this month.*

Yrca and Ahmet Ertegün, N.Y.C.



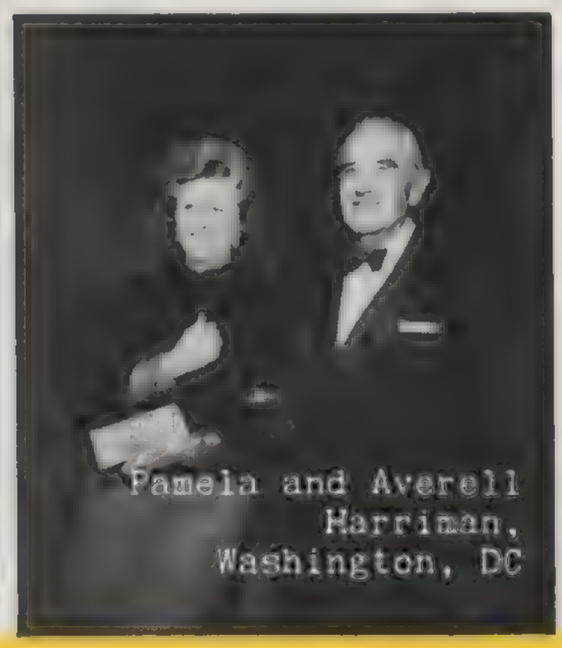
Chicago's Bonnie and John Swearingen with Jacob Javits



San Francisco: Denise and Prentis Cobb Hale

International Empress of the Night, Régine, dancing with Sterling St. Jacques, at her New York club

Jacque[illegible] Onassis with Caro[illegible] and Reinaldo Herrera, N.Y.C.



Pamela and Averell Harriman, Washington, DC



Houston's [illegible] Wyatt with [illegible] de Rosière

Atlanta Boston Chicago Houston Las Vegas Los

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Red hot and cool: the sounds at New York's Studio Rivbea

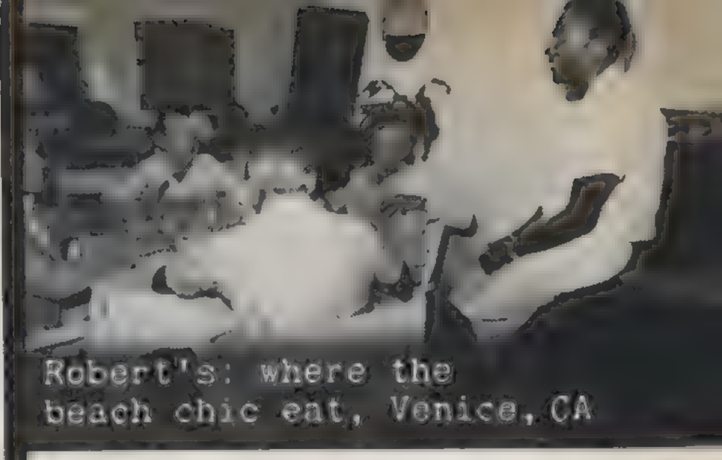
features, like *Mahogany*, are easy to memorize and Tony Perkins's death scene is an all-time midnight hoot favorite. Answering back awful dialogue that cries for a snappy retort is part of the sheer rapture of the scene. The beauty part is that the audience is usually more inventive than the filmmakers. Hollywood producers looking for scriptwriters might check out the audience at the New Yorker theater.

Films that require heavy concentration don't work. At 1:00 A.M., one doesn't want to ponder Liv Ullmann's condition in *Face to Face*. It's far more entertaining to applaud and hiss the fanged heavy of *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Characters of unrelenting but obvious nastiness are beloved. Anti-establishment movies are popular, too, but they needn't be druggy or spacy.

The film that midnight audiences in New York love the most right now is *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, which has been playing the Waverly Theater in Greenwich Village since April 1976. *Horror Show* audiences become part of the movie. They shower each other with rice during the film's wedding sequence, cover their heads with newspapers during the rainstorm, light candles when Barry Bostwick and Susan Sarandon get lost in the dark, and toss hot dogs in the air when Tim Curry sings that he's a hot dog.

Midnight movies are easy to digest and they're habit forming. One needn't be an insomniac to revel in them. But a sharp tongue, a quick mind, and a bag of popcorn help.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Arthur Bell covers parties, murders, politics, and movie stars in his weekly column, "Bell Tells," for "The Village Voice" . . . and spends a lot of time at midnight movies.*



Robert's: where the beach chic eat, Venice, CA

By

Charlotte Curtis

Dinner-Partying

Sure, there are cocktail parties, the opera, "21," and all those extravagant excuses to show off the last word in Mary McFadden couture; but, in the end, isn't the nicest evening out the little dinner with intelligent, articulate, and exquisitely well-informed close friends?

What matters, besides the ambience of candles, flowers, and the esthetic pleasure of handsome rooms, beautiful tables, good food, and guests who *look* as if they dressed especially for the occasion, is the conversation; and it matters a lot.

The best dinners, whether in Dallas, Dubuque, or the velvet eyries of Manhattan's Upper East Side, are no place for the willfully ignorant, the narrow-minded, the incurious. Rather, they are the most intellectually demanding of the indoor sports, depending for their success on accomplished participation.

(Continued on page 326)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Charlotte Curtis is associate editor of "The New York Times" and author of "The Rich and Other Atrocities." She spends her evenings at small dinners.*



Houston cattle auction, auctioneers: John Connally (left), Gerald Bowie

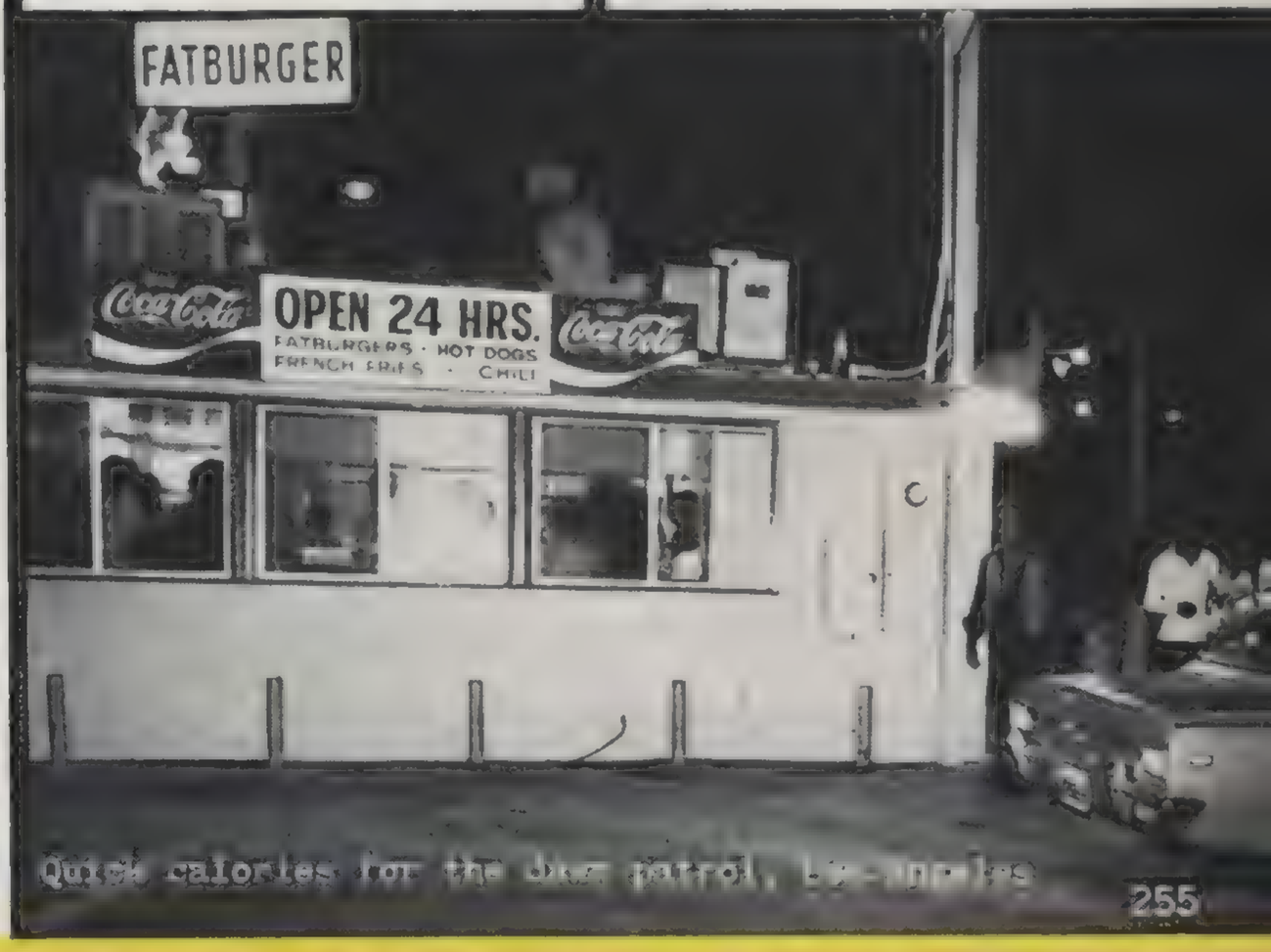
By

Arthur Bell

Movies

Something very special happens to an audience in the confines of a neighborhood movie palace during a midnight showing of *Star Wars* or *El Topo* or *Night of the Living Dead*. Festivity fills the air. It's like attending a party where every member of the audience knows every character on screen, and the fun is exhilarating.

Midnight film buffs often get hooked on one movie and visit it each week, the way they would visit family. They have their favorite stars, too. Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon as *Harold and Maude* are "divine," and Divine in *Pink Flamingos* is heaven. Although it's against house rules, cultists often sneak tape recorders into the theater, then go home and memorize lines and inflections so they can return next week and "talk along." Silly



Quick calories for the diet patrol, Los Angeles

the new nightlife

The stunners

Diamonds that give an edge to everything... color and texture that delight— there's a whole new appeal to jewels this year

The diamond-edged cuff, *left*—the most modern, most alluring look of gold. David Webb's "snakeskin"-textured cuff, diamond-and-platinum corners. $9,350.

To turn a makeup for evening, you can add more (and deeper) color ...or you can add a little shimmer. The easiest way is to start with a makeup that has a glow of its own— i.e., Princess Marcella Borghese's new—radiant—Lumina liquid makeup.

Glorious color send-up, *right:* smooth, silk-threaded beads of blue-lace agate and red jasper with gold... the flexible, flat-to-the-arm ribbon cuff in black jade, red jasper, and gold... rounded gold bangles inlaid with "splashes" of jasper and lapis lazuli. Everything, Angela Cummings of Tiffany. Necklaces, each $685: Cuff, $3,140. Bangle with jasper, $2,100; with lapis, $2,310.

The color goes on... deep, soft makeup color to blush eyes, cheeks, lips. Some of the prettiest, in Lancôme's Candlelight Colors collection:..Wild Cinnamon, for instance: new irresistible!—lipcolor and gloss. These 2 pages: hair, Harry King; makeup, Sandra Linter.

Stan Malinowski





By

Eve Babitz

Shopping

Absolute luxury always has been champagne and caviar, or was until all-night supermarkets stole the show and you could shop in the still of the night, hushed in empty splendor. No one but you and three other people who came there to stay out of your way. Empty aisles, all yours.

At last, not only can you stand there long enough to make up your mind whether to buy three-pound cans of coffee—anyway coffee, like everything, comes in so many sizes—or whether next time it has got to come down; but you also can take forever musing over how sophisticated Americans are these days when imported cheeses from far and wide sit where once Swiss was exotic. Products that have become stars on TV are finally where you can change your mind three times about buying them, and you can sink into a reverie smelling the Brylcreem because it'll always smell like teenage romance unless some mean expert improves it.

I had the beginner's luck, when I first moved to West Hollywood, to be a couple of blocks from Ralph's which not only was sort of an orchestra seat distance from the Sunset Strip but also was open twenty-four hours a day except unless something like Christmas brought it to a halt.

Until about 11:00 P.M., this Ralph's was so fraught with live action that cashiers used to shake their heads sometimes; but one nevertheless proclaimed, "Work any place else? How could I after all this?" But at night, even Ralph's—or *the* Ralph's as I impatiently call it—would finally unwind. The hordes would scatter leaving *the* Ralph's to 3:00 A.M. drifters like me catching up on the twentieth century, our carts rolling on silent wheels of rubber through the enchanted tableaux.

In Los Angeles, the supermarkets all have kosher sections, health food sections, Mexican and Thai shelves. These packages of foreign hungers mirror the city with their bilingual instructions. The "Gourmet" section bespeaks with marmalade and Bird's Custard, imported from England; tea kettles and cosiness uprooted, too. All those people. . . . In the daytime, remembering who *you*'re supposed

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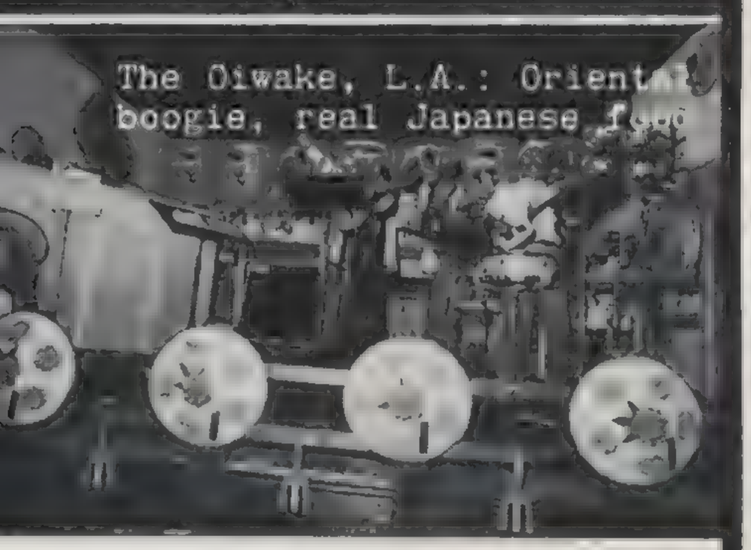
THE NEW NIGHTLIFE



All-night bike tours: new way to sightsee



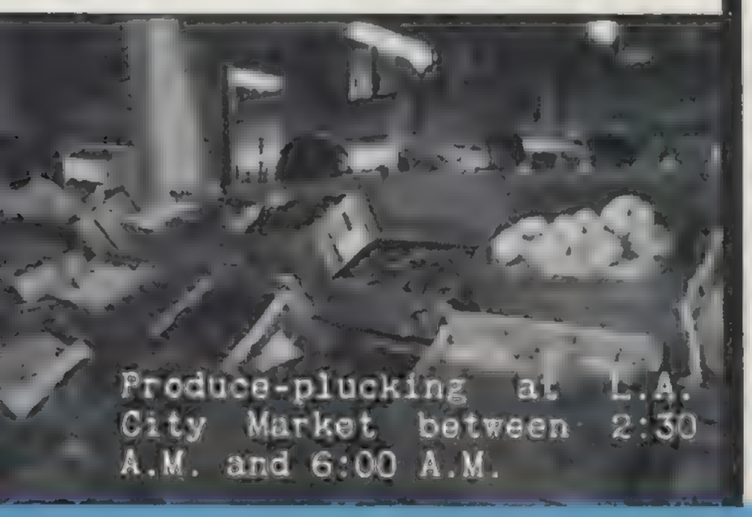
Hollywood's El Privado: long limos, grand star entrances



The Oiwake, L.A.: Oriental boogie, real Japanese food

to be is a full-time job in supermarkets; but, at night, there's leisure to think alone in those empty aisles, a new luxury. Once, champagne and caviar were all there was. And they only came in one size.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eve Babitz, a Vogue contributor, is still nestled in the heart of Hollywood, working on her latest novel, optimistically entitled "Sex and Rage."*



Produce-plucking at L.A. City Market between 2:30 A.M. and 6:00 A.M.

By B.J. Phillips

Sports

The best thing about the night is that it must become. Twilight, the slow, wonderful transformation of light and air, a state of grace free from both night and day . . . and time to play. I played baseball in a pasture until the sky dimmed out behind the ball and it started to fall at my feet or bounce into my face. Then, there was nothing left but to play chase, running fast enough to push the night air against my skin. A friend, so city-raised that pastures were an abstraction, played stickball until streetlights were not enough and he started to strike out.

Now I play stickball and my friend has a pasture in Vermont and we go to a ritual night baseball game during his annual trek to Manhattan. We sit in the upper deck and watch the green of the field become vivid under the lights as the sky deepens and then stretches away above us. After the game is over, we wait until the crowd has all but disappeared so that I can run across the parking lot. We gave up playing chase in 1975 when a policeman took my friend for a mugger and tackled him.

The explanations sounded as foolish as the bruises were painful; and, since the cop had gone down on the pavement, too, it looked like a long evening. Fortunately, I had the sense to compliment the policeman on his tackle ("The Jets could sure as hell use you at linebacker"), and he dissolved into recollections of games, scrapping under streetlights in Queens.

The cop—the collision of adult reality with the giggling childhood sprint across a parking lot—is the best reason for playing sports at night. It doesn't matter so much that the freedom and joy of childhood games in the twilight has become a macadam wasteland of work and responsibility and dailiness, as long as you can play in that sweet time between night and day.

A friend in San Diego jogs to the beach at sunset and then runs inland into the night. Swimming is better at night if for no other reason that it's easier to swim nude and swimming nude feels better. In California, people make dates to play tennis at 2:00 A.M. Klieg lights won't improve the backhand, but the night helps Inner Tennis; and, in California, the inner game is everything.

There is skiing by torchlight and hiking by moonlight and sailing under the stars. There is camping in the open air and playing pinballs in a haze of smoke. There also is playing softball in Central Park until it is so dark that the ball falls at your feet or bounces into your face. Then, there is a walk in silence, the savoring broken by a single sentence: "It's even better when no one can call you in and tell you it's time to go to bed."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *B.J. Phillips, sports editor at "Time" magazine, would like to go down in history as hitting .400 in the summer softball league . . . where she played at dusk a lot. As outfielder on the "Time" softball team, she is famous for her shoestring catches.*

An interview with Police Officer Ann Wilson

Self-defense

Police Officer Ann Wilson—a brown-haired, compact, thirty-six-year-old woman—is one of only three instructors, of either sex, in the physical education department of the New York City Police Academy. There, she teaches newly hired police officers (both men and women) and auxiliary police; she also retrains cops for street duty. In what? Self-defense, baton (nightsticks), sparring, first-aid, C.P.R. (cardiac-pulmonary resuscitation). And she's the only woman in America who does this. Before Officer Wilson took her job at the Police Academy, she was on patrol in New York City streets. When Vogue had questions about the tough realities that women face going out at night, Ann Wilson had her own answers.

Vogue: Are there special problems in teaching women self-defense?

(Continued on page 326)



Carrouseling till 12:00 A.M. on the Santa Monica Pier



Santa Monica Pier: midnight whopper-catching

Angeles New York City San Francisco Washington, DC





Different moves
for different evenings...
the new nightlife-dressing
is all about options.
Whether it's dinner *à deux*
in your living room, a black-tie
benefit, or all the fun
in between, there are degrees
of dressing—new ways to look—
for both of you!

NIGHT MOVES

When a quiet dinner at-home is a "big" evening, *left*: Julio's short, slide-y tunic and matching ankle-length slit skirt—panels of blue, black, and rust-printed silk—super easy, super luxurious, *modern*. Bucol fabric. Tunic, $390; skirt, $440. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's; Ultimo; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin.

The new black-tie at-home: black cashmere cardigan, classic pleat-front white dinner shirt, and black satin bow tie, worn with black wool gabardine, belt-loop pants...for the man who's never thought of himself as a black-tie type—the answer! Sweater, Alan Paine, $98. Givenchy for Chesa pants, $75. All men's clothing at Roos Atkins, San Francisco.

Her hair by Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Sandra Linter.

Bristol chair and sofa designed by Angelo Donghia for & Vice Versa; fabric by & Vice Versa.

For accessory and fashion details, see next to last page of this issue....

Fragrances for the two of you: fresh, flowery Woman by Jovan/woodsy Man by Jovan, an after-shave-cologne combination —in his/hers curving, sculpted bottles.

Chris Von Wangenheim



Gala-dressing, *opposite page, left:* from Galanos—Persian-printed silk in gold/royal blue/turquoise/red/black, with an overlayer of silver lace on the top and sleeves. It has the soft, straight, small-on-the-hip top and narrow-falling skirt he did every length, every way throughout his collection. About $1,800. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The classic dinner suit from Givenchy—a single-button, flap-pocketed jacket with peaked satin lapels, his white cotton voile tuck-front dinner shirt, and a silk bow tie. Suit, Givenchy Gentlemen by Checkers, in black polyester/worsted/mohair. About $250. At Roos Atkins, San Francisco. Accessories and fashion details, next to last page. Hair, Howard Fugler; makeup, Sandra Linter....
Fragrance for the two of you, in ways that do sensational things for skin: for her, Givenchy's L'Interdit Body Cream—a provocative, modern scent to smooth all over; for him, Givenchy Gentlemen Moisturizing After Shave Cream—a long-lasting, spice-scented face saver.



"Dressed" on most dinner/movie nights implies this kind of ease, *above:* a metallic-edged black cardigan with rhinestone buttons, over a matching pleated skirt—the kind of night look that a lot of women are most comfortable in. By St. John, in wool-and-rayon, about $290. Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's; I. Magnin....The sports jacket with the softness of a sweater—a black cashmere blazer with hand-stitched edges and silvery buttons. Worn here with grey flannel trousers, a striped dress shirt, and silk rep tie. Daks® Gentleman's Apparel jacket, about $225; pants, $60. At Roos Atkins, San Francisco. Accessories and fashion details, next to last page. Hair, Marc Pipino for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Sandra Linter. Bristol sofa designed by Angelo Donghia for & Vice Versa; fabric, & Vice Versa.



When the disco's the thing, *left,* Julio's irresistible tunics and ankle-narrowing charmeuse pants. *Far left:* rose charmeuse top, about $260; taupe pants, about $290. Abraham silk. Saks Fifth Avenue; Maison Blanche; Stanley Korshak; Balliet's; Sakowitz. *Center:* silk chiffon top in brown/gold/red, about $370; peach silk pants, about $290 American Silk Mills chiffon; Abraham charmeuse. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Charles Sumner Jacobson's; Miss Jackson's; Balliet's; Loretta Blum; Robinson's, California. *Near left,* unbeatable black: a tapered silk crêpe de Chine shirt and wool gabardine pants, pulled together with a black silk muffler. Shirt, Pancaldi and B., about $96. Pants, Yves Saint Laurent Menswear, about $50. Roos Atkins, San Francisco. Hair, Howard Fugler; makeup, Sandra Linter





NIGHT MOVES

There are as many ways to look
as there are kinds of dancing-evenings

For the restaurant-evening that leads to livelier amusements, *above,* the boardroom/bistro/disco-ease of striped suits from Yves Saint Laurent. *Left,* the double-breasted navy chalk-stripe. Wool/Dacron, about $200. *Right,* the vested charcoal-grey wool pinstripe. About $200. Roos Atkins, San Francisco. *Center,* the pretty new mix of textures at night—ruffled black mohair soft cardigan over a black lace scalloped-edged skirt. By Kasper for Joan Leslie. Mohair/acrylic/nylon sweater, cotton-and-nylon skirt, about $340. Altman's; Garfinckel's; John Baldwin; Halle's; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres. Hair, Marc Pipino for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Sandra Linter. Both pages, accessory and fashion details, next to last page....**Fragrance for the two of you:** subtle, foresty-green Yves Saint Laurent for Men/highspirited Rive Gauche for women

Chris Von Wangenheim.

Foolproof living-room dressing, *below*—the ease of Halston's silk crêpe de Chine tunic over pants, in a bold green-and-beige "batik" print. Cugnasca silk. Halston Originals, about $500. Jan., Halston Boutique, N.Y. and Chicago; L.S. Ayres; Younker-Kilpatrick; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin....The quiet luxury of Lanvin's double-breasted, dark-grey pinstripe suit with peaked lapels and slightly flared trousers. Lanvin by Greif & Co., in polyester/wool. About $190. At Roos Atkins, San Francisco. Accessory and fashion details, next to last page. Bristol sofa designed by Angelo Donghia for & Vice Versa; fabric, & Vice Versa.



The most dressed you'll ever be, *right*—bare black evening dresses in sheer, floaty fabrics. *Near right,* Stavropoulos's strapless silk georgette dress, tiered on top, flounced at the mid-calf hem...to wear with its own ruffled shawl. Abraham silk. About $850. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Maison Blanche; Stanley Korshak; Frost Bros. *Far right,* lace-edged chiffon camisole-dressing from Adele Simpson, with sashed, sunburst-pleated, ankle-length skirt—*the* big-evening length. Polyester chiffon dress and matching shawl (Kabat), about $280. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; John Baldwin; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Rich's; Halle's; Jacobson's; Dayton's; Meier & Frank. *Center,* the dinner suit with options—a six-button, double-breasted version with peaked satin lapels, satin buttons, and piping on the pockets. By Dimitri for After Six Formal Wear, in black Dacron/wool. About $225. At Roos Atkins, San Francisco. Both pages: hair, Marc Pipino for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Sandra Linter. Accessory and fashion details, next to last page.

Chris Von Wangenheim



On these eight pages: all about night energy—how to get (and keep!) it going, advice from body-energy experts, latest word on sleep. And more...

the beauty nightlife

What it takes to spend a night on the town: a little flirt, a little glamour, the right bio-clock (at New York discos, the action doesn't begin until midnight!), and a lot of: energy. Three energy-uppers: getting enough (and the proper kind of) sleep, being in healthy shape, eating well-balanced, nutritious food. On the down side of the energy scale: factors such as tension, stress, alcohol, air quality, even cigarette smoking all play a part—more about them next pages.

Right: **The look of a modern woman out on the town!** You can read energy—vitality!—in the look of glowing skin, healthy, shining hair that's got energy of its own. In the way it moves, in the way it looks—flies!—on the dance floor. One hair-lifter: shampoo such as Pantene's, humidity-tested in their special environment chamber. (More P.M. hair news, five pages ahead.) The flirty black *point d'esprit* ruffle-neck blouse, from Christian Dior Blouses. Yves Saint Laurent ear-rings. (For another view, details, see this month's cover.) Hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Rex.

Patrick Demarchelier

Dance the night away!

One of the best P.M. lifters is fragrance—i.e., the zing you get fro a dab, a splash, a spritz of a favorit scent. The alcohol base is one reason—it cools, refreshes skin, and, when it's gone, what you're left with is a pretty scent on skin. A natural with the Stephen Burrows bare slither of a dusty-pink jersey dress, *right*—his own Stephen (of course!). Here, with Van Cleef Arpels's 18k-gold evening ba wrapped at the waist, and their di mond-and-gold earrings. Hair, Marc Pipino of Pipino-Buccheri Salon. Makeup, Rex. Photographed in New York's Studio 54 disco. Fashion accessory details, next to last page.

The sandal to dance in *(closeup, opposite)*—broad-based at the heel and strapped at the ankle. From CustomCraft by Rossi

the beauty nightlife

Dancing is one of the best exercises. It builds endurance; it builds a beautiful— healthy! —heart.

dance as exercise

According to fitness expert Laurence Morehouse, Ph.D.: Dancing is one of the best body exercisers. It builds endurance (essential for increased energy). And helps develop a beautiful—healthy! heart....If you want to clock "mileage" on the dance floor—to own! The sterling-silver pedometer from Tiffany to clip on anywhere. And if you're a calorie-counter, also to know: for every hour on the disco floor, you burn 250-300 calories if you're having something alcoholic to drink, dancing more than compensates, e.g., 85 calories in a 3½-ounce glass of wine; 250 in the same-size gin martini.

p.m. revivers

According to fitness expert Robert Nideffer, Ph.D., who heads up Enhanced Performance Associates: "The best way to revitalize energy and make the transition from work-self to play-self is to break work's tension/pressure syndrome and redirect your attention."...Our suggestions: Meditate for twenty minutes, totally cut off from any distraction. Alternative: a warm-water bath loaded with deliciously scented bath oils such as Claire Burke's Pot Pourri. Even better—if one is available—a sauna. To relax (and in the process revive energy), do: neck rolls and stretch exercise for five minutes. Finish with a feet-up rest period. Other revitalizer: a change of clothes—e.g., if you slip into something as slinky/sensuous as the dress, *left*, you've got to feel better!

Patrick Demarchelier



if the shoe fits...

What's the best shoe, the best heel height to dance in? We asked Murray Weisenfeld—New York podiatrist to ballet dancers: "A woman can dance in a medium-heel shoe (the best) or a high-heel shoe *if* the heel base is broad. But if you wear a narrow-base high heel, you may run into a problem. For one thing, with that kind of heel, you find a greater number of ankle injuries. Another potential problem with a very high heel is the angle at which it places your foot. The angle increases weight and pressure on the foot's metatarsal heads (the rounded ends of the foot bones). This isn't too bad if you have a well-padded fleshy foot. But if you have a thin, bony foot, you may hurt the metatarsal heads." Possible results: bottom-of-the-foot calluses or corns, or a painful metatarsal. One preventer, says Dr. Weisenfeld, is a foam-rubber insole. Another: have a shoemaker put a metatarsal pad in your shoe. (*Tip:* ask for the men's size—bigger than the women's, it covers the entire ball of the foot.) ...**What to do for tired, swollen feet?** Best, according to Dr. Weisenfeld: "Alternate foot soaks with cold and hot water. Start with cold for one minute, then switch to hot; finish with a cold-water rinse. If you have a tendency to swollen ankles, alternate foot soaks will also help reduce the swelling. More relief: Lie in bed, feet propped against wall (or a pillow) for ten minutes—either helps reduce swelling."...**What about switching to flat shoes after having worn high heels for a long period of time?** According to Dr. Weisenfeld, "Most women who have worn high heels for a long period of time have shortened their calf muscles. When they switch from a high-heeled to a flat shoe, they feel as if they're falling backwards. The shortened calf muscle is to blame—it actually pulls you back; sometimes it causes pain. You can stretch a calf muscle with exercise." One to do: Stand barefoot, a foot and a half from a wall with hands touching wall, feet *flat* on the floor. Lean forward until you feel a pull in the back of your legs. Hold for ten seconds. Come back up. Repeat ten to fifteen times a day.

the beauty **nightlife**

The night is not for sleeping

Night music . . . dancing . . . movies . . . shopping . . . eating . . . loving . . . and other sports. They're all out there to be enjoyed. So don't spend all your nights sleeping. If you're sleep-smart, you already know that many old sleep maxims are rubbish. Maybe you don't know — or haven't tried — some of the new ideas about sleep. Check out what you believe against our rundown from the experts.

By Sally Steinberg

"The exhilaration of roaming night spots or curling up with a book will do you more good than time spent in bed seeking sleep you don't need"

Do you still think you need eight hours' sleep every night?
The twelfth-century prophet Maimonides said that one-third of the day was the right time for sleep. This prescription remains a favorite of mothers, haunting us in the small hours in discothèques. Television commercials speak of "sleep cripples," spreading the notion of lost sleep as a malady, inspiring fear of resulting fatigue and incapacity the following day. People feel that if they do not get that magical eight hours, somehow they are not fulfilling what must be a biological need.

The eight-hour formula, or any sleep time that looks as if it will do for everyone, is now under challenge, as science discovers that people are as idiosyncratic in their sleep habits as they are in their clothes. Five hours does for one what eight barely does for another.

Can you safely cut down your sleep time?
If you want to sleep less (the better to enjoy the New Nightlife), try cutting your nights by half hours and substituting a livelier activity. The exhilaration of roaming night spots or even of curling up with a book will do you more good than a restless bout of "trying" to get to sleep.

Willpower is the key to cutting down; it appears in experiments that subjects motivated to stay awake have little trouble, and few if any ill effects result from an hour's reduction in sleep time.

When do you need more sleep — and when can you get along with less?
Ernest Hartmann, M.D., director of the Boston State Hospital Sleep and Dreams Laboratory and author of *The Functions of Sleep*, has found that not only do some people need less sleep than others but that the same people sleep varying amounts, more at some points in their lives than at others. Recurrent findings suggest that we need less sleep when our lives are settled and pleasant and more when problems and changes occur.

Stress and sleep: a direct relation
Hartmann states that since stress and worry result in greater need for sleep, when these are diminished people can manage with less sleep; that's why you can party late at night on vacations. He states that "it is definitely possible . . . for someone to train himself to change within a range of perhaps one hour around his usual requirement."

In times of real stress, however, you may require more sleep. One of Hartmann's subjects was a man who, after a long period as a laborer, entered college in middle age, decreasing physical work and increasing mental strain. He needed one to two hours more sleep in his new life. It appears that the heavier the burden on our mind and emotions, the more sleep we need. Extra stress, change, or anxiety will increase the need for sleep. The extreme example of this phenomenon is that manic-depressive patients require a great deal of sleep in their depressed phases and little sleep in their manic ones.

Hartmann states that people who have had psychoanalysis have reduced their sleep time, and that this is "related to a decrease in . . . conflicts, less anxiety and worry, and, in general, feeling better about the world after treatment."

Are "night owls" really just skillful nappers?
Thomas Edison believed that a long night's sleep was detrimental to a productive life. He cut his sleep to two to four hours by his strong will and motivation for productivity. He did nap, however; and scientists have recently found that, in people deprived of sleep, there occur "mini-sleeps," when the subject sleeps so briefly that it is imperceptible to himself and observers, a small miracle of biology.

The best rest is in bed: true or false?
Time spent lying in bed worrying about whether you are getting enough sleep, tossing and turning on what seems a less and less comfortable mattress, is time wasted. Studies of insomnia are now exploring the question of what produces poor sleep and fatigue. It appears that sleep loss is not necessarily the cause. Insomniacs have higher levels of "physiological arousal" than normal, higher temperatures and pulse rates, almost as if they were using their sleeping bodies for waking functions, as if unfinished business prevented them from sinking into relaxed sleep. This is one reason why insomniacs think they are awake when brain wave machines show them to be asleep.

Fatigue is now known to result not from sleep loss alone but from a combination of emotional stress or depression and such physical complaints as hypoglycemia (low blood sugar). William C. Dement, M.D., Ph.D., sleep scientist at Stanford University, states that "sleep does not appear to explain the problem," and that irregular body rhythms related to the other complaints may play a part. Because insomniacs have trouble sleeping, they tend to stay in bed longer trying to sleep and worrying about lost sleep, which does not help them to combat their insomnia.

A late night brings its own antidote
Almost all doctors agree that, although we need sleep, sleeplessness is harmless, much more so than the pills people use to put themselves to sleep when they are not sleepy. When nature tells us we still have energy, we should not take a pill to fight it, nor should we worry that we are not sleepy. When we do lose needed sleep, our bodies make up for it by altered pattern and length of sleep, although not necessarily equal to the time lost.

The sleeping pill can destroy sleep
The allure of the sleeping pill is aided by publicity hinting of dangers in sleeplessness and scaring people into wondering what will happen if they do not sleep. The facts are that sleeping pills change sleep patterns; they suppress dreaming and interfere with deep sleep. Most pills lose their effectiveness after a few weeks, tempting the user to risk her life with increased dosage. Or, should she try to stop pill use suddenly, nightmares will result, worsening insomnia. Pill-taking insomniacs have worse insomnia than insomniacs who take no pills. We would do well to abandon any ideal of "perfect" sleep as just as unrealistic as "perfect" marriage. *(Continued on page 324)*

Patrick Demarchelier



Night energizers

disco dance

. is good exercise, but is it a tension-reliever? "Yes, to the extent that you can get involved in it and forget about the day's frustrations," says Robert Nideffer, Ph.D. "But for some, disco dancing can be a tension-inducer because of its pace and atmosphere. If the latter's the case, while dance may keep you physically fit, it may tire you emotionally."

Sensational disco-look, *left*: the Stephen Burrows dress; mass of hair that *moves*! Here, with ermine tails pinned in for amusement; and Cartier's gold-and-diamond hoop earrings. Ermine tails, Shareff Designs. Hair, Marc Pipino of Pipino-

drinking and cigarette smoking

—when you're staying out late, common sense prevails: the less you do of either, the better (and more alert) you'll feel. Small amounts of alcohol can help to relax you, but more than one or two drinks (maximum!) will begin to bring on fatigue—and fast. Alcohol (along with water) is the only thing absorbed directly into the bloodstream from the stomach rather than the intestine, says Dr. Halpern. His tip: Eating bulk foods such as cereals or breads with your meals will help to slow down alcohol's absorption into the blood. Other ideas: Make your first drink of the evening something nonalcoholic. And when you do take a stronger drink—take it with club soda or sparkling mineral water, *and* always with ice — it's an instant drink-diluter. . . . If you're a cigarette smoker . . . In a disco or any relaxing/leisure atmosphere, cigarette smokers tend to—sometimes without knowing it—smoke more than they usually do. One smoking negative — it's an energy-robber: the more you smoke, the more tired you'll begin to feel. Reason: cigarette smoke cuts down your body's oxygen-transporting ability — and also that of the people around you; sidestream cigarette smoke affects nonsmokers, too (for more on that, see Indoor Pollution, *right*).

eat for energy

—when you're getting ready for an evening out, says Seymour L. Halpern, M.D., attending physician and clinical assistant professor of medicine, New York Medical College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals, have a glass of orange juice—a good quick-energy source. If you're going out for dinner first, then going dancing, Dr. Halpern suggests: don't eat—or drink—too heavily, both bring on sleepiness. Instead: eat lightly—fish, chicken (meat is more difficult to digest), a salad, and vegetable. If you're planning a post-disco supper, instead, Dr. Halpern's suggestion: eat a modified breakfast before you go out—a glass of fruit juice, two protein foods such as an egg, skimmed milk, yogurt. The important thing: "two sources of energy—one quick, the other sustained energy to keep blood sugar (and energy level) up over a long period of time."

indoor-pollution report:

"Recent evidence suggests that levels of pollutants in the indoor environment can frequently exceed those levels commonly occurring in the outdoor environment" was the report of a recent air-quality study conducted at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory, University of California at Berkeley, by chemist Craig Hollowell and physicist Greg Traynor (for the U.S. Energy Research and Development Administration). Basing their work on experiments conducted in households, the research team measured noxious-chemical levels indoors from sources of combustion (cooking, heating, smoking). These chemicals include nitric oxide, nitrogen dioxide, and carbon monoxide (which can cause nausea and headache in small amounts).

Chief disco-pollutant is the sidestream (drifting) smoke from cigarettes—yours or someone else's—which releases particles and gases such as carbon monoxide. Will the smoke bother you? That depends on the degree of disco's ventilation, the duration of exposure, and personal tolerance. Sidestream smoke can irritate and burn eyes, reduce the blood's oxygen-carrying capability, thereby making you sleepy. If it does, try to get outside—or at least out of a crowded disco room—for a breath of fresher air.





hair energy

Whether hair is up or down, something's always happening... something more! —as in twist-and-pinned hair or soft-falling strands caught into place with—newest—a jewel ornament

The P.M. hair mood—gently waved, rippled hair, twisted-and-pinned up or loose around the face. And with the kind of versatility—the volume!—you see here. In other words, hair that's always changing, always moving—hair that never falls! The base for that kind of hair is: texture.

And if you don't have it, there are (healthy) ways to get it. Safest-on-hair methods: lots of thin-plaited wet-hair strands, dried, then unbraided. Or consider having hair permed with one of the new gentle adds-wave-to-hair formulas (three to look for, names at your favorite salon: L'Oréal, Redken, Revlon).

With texture as the base, four ways to wear hair at night, all by Harry King.... *Left:* new look of a French twist—asymmetric, with The Ultimate hair jewel: M&J Savitt's pavé-and-14k gold squiggle of a pin tucked in. (Details, for this and all the other ornaments, next to last page.) *Above:* pulled-to-the-crown small-knotted hair, with Ted Muehling's polished brass hair sticks pinned in *securely* (you don't want them flying out on the dance floor!). Braiding—lots of little ones or, as here (*above right*), one thick braid held with Elsa Peretti of Tiffany's black and red lacquered hair sticks. *Opposite:* gently rippled hair twisted and lifted with Ted Muehling's sculpted-brass hair sticks. Here, with a beige-and-Lurex scarf from Susan Allan for Let It Shine. Makeup, Rex.

Patrick Demarchelier

the beauty
nightlife

cold weather a.m.

The perfect cold-weather make-up day [illegible]

Beige cheeks, Matte Mocha Rose lips, Tartar-Taupe rimmed eyes. All from Dior. Emanuel Ungaro's flower-print-on-beige thin-wool blouse. Rosemary Peck wool-and-fur muffler.

warm weather a.m.

Points-south look for day: sunscreen protection (your skin's best warm-weather friend), touches of the sheerest color [illegible] here. Clinique's Tawnied Blush, Cinnamon Raisin lips, Silvered Apricot eyes). And the easiest not-weather hair to have: whether wet or dry, slicked back with a comb. Both pages: hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Rex. Metal-dipped leather bracelet by Tess Sholom for [illegible]

cold weather p.m.

Makeup changes at night: deeper color (under dimmer light) . . . and more! eyes. In this case, we've added smudges of Dove Grey Ombrette shadow, charcoal-y Tartar Black pencil, Winter Red lips. The ruffle-collar black-lace blouse (on our cover this month): from Christian Dior. Yves Saint Laurent earrings.

warm weather p.m.

What to wear at night when it's hot: tubes of mix-your-own color a tone or two deeper than the color you wear for day. For example, to the Cinnamon Raisin lip color, above, we've added Clinique's lip-pencil liner in Raspberry. Plus, the eye emphasizers here: smoky (Mushroom) shadow, Brown Glossy Mascara. Robin Kahn's laces edge the [illegible] bangles.



the travel-beauty idea

WINTER CLIMATES . . . Top priority on any must-take list: powder blush and foundation. Be sure foundation is the moisturized kind (for extra protection) and, if you're ski-vacationing, sunscreened, too. Other must: warmer-than-usual color—winter light is least flattering to skin. Ditto some kinds of restaurant/disco lighting. Your best P.M. friend—and to carry with you—all-over gold-tinged powder blusher. In addition: go for slides-onto-skin emollient liquid/cream makeup. And moisturizer—you can't live without one *wherever* you are.

Fashion and accessory details, next to last page.

Patrick Demarchelier

what makeup to take where depends on climate, light, skin color, and the clothes you wear

if you're heading: south

This year's sheer, natural makeup (all about it, last month) means travel makeup is easier, faster-to-pack than ever. Basics: eye/cheek/lip colors that work for day, plus one or two things that can turn day makeup—instantly—to evening (examples, *left*). What else (besides treatment musts) goes into a plastic-lined travel tote? If your destination is south, it's oodles of sunscreen or sun block. Reason: the maximum sun-on-skin color is barely a touch. Not-to-forget item is moisturizer—for face, body . . . lightweight is best. Makeups should be matte-finish creams/powders/pencils—all stay on longer in hot, humid weather, absorb some of skin's excess moisture/oil. Last word: take along translucent pressed powder; leave foundation home. With warm-weather clothes and a bit of sun, touches of color on bare skin is *all* the makeup you need!



Charlotte and Isabelle and Phyllis and Susan

Sex, replacing violence on TV screens, and the slow realization that while the New Old Reactionaries cry censorship, the New Enlightened Victorians find see-and-tell sex boring, take it for granted (except when it's all-out guffaws as in PBS's "I Claudius"—), and read "Madame Bovary" because it's sensual and romantic. . . . Restaurant One-upmanship, the hoppiest game in any town, with the winner the eater who firsts with the greatest finds during this unprecedented nationwide restaurant zoom. . . .

SHALOM, GOLDA!

When the most potent trio in the American theater team up to make a play, that's come-glory news. The trio: playwright William Gibson, far left, actress Anne Bancroft, director Arthur Penn. About twenty years ago, all three came to fame with "Two for the Seesaw," went on to "The Miracle Worker," and now it's "Golda," a biographical-drama that gives us Mother Israel, Golda Meir, complete. "How can you shrink seventy-five years into two hours?" asks an onstage Israeli. You have a Gibson master-play; stage-know-all Penn direction; and Anne Bancroft, very great American actress. "I think she can play anything," Arthur told Bill almost two decades ago. She can—and always from her heart out. "As soon as I met Golda Meir," says Annie, "I looked into her eyes and immediately felt that the part was me, and I had to do it. I can identify with this woman, because I had the same problems. I also ran away from home at sixteen to pursue an ideal. Mine was not to found a state but to make a name for myself in the theater."

Penn

Jasmine, the mysteries-of-the-East fragrant flower plant everybody wants in her house. . . .

Charlotte, Isabelle, Phyllis & Susan's N.Y., N.Y. in which C. Ford, I. Russek Leeds, P. Cerf Wagner, S. Payson Fine, a dazzle of Manhattan no-nonsense in-knows, pool their address books and come up with a tell-it-as-it-is services master guidebook. . . . Film weekends, such as those pioneered by critic Judith Crist at Tarrytown House, New York, where flicker names turn up to talk, pre- and/or re-view movies (Zinnemann brought his *Julia* recently) during a Friday-night dinner to Sunday after lunch, six-feature gorge. . . . "Attitude," the zippy way of saying, "putting on airs." A restaurant or club can be "non-attitude." You can have "too much attitude" for that non-A. place. . . . The human touch as medicine, expounded with passion by psychologist James J. Lynch, who says in his *The Broken Heart: The Medical Consequences of Loneliness:* "Medical practitioners must make people aware that their family and social life are every bit as important to health as dieting and exercising."...

Funny paper "Doonesbury" and its 1960's radical-minded, Garry Trudeau-observed characters who, in their upcoming superbly animated TV special, rethink their way of life, realize that they have been dissidents for an awfully long time and that it's the moment to leave their commune for life in a condo(minium). . . .

Rosalynn Carter, going all-out to get people to talk about mental health, to admit that they have problems. . . . Betty Ford, tippy-toeing through Moscow, gathering pointes for her NBC-TV Bolshoi Ballet Christmas special, *The Nutcracker*. . . . High romance, and this tiny-type personal advertisement of it on the front page of *The New York Times*: "Karen G. will you marry Anthony C.?"

—Leo Lerman

People are talking about...

To know Jasper Johns

...you need this rare look inside the studio/home of the enigmatic artist whose "flag" paintings first popped Pop Art

By Barbara Rose

At forty-seven, the recipient of degrees, awards, and medals too numerous to count, Jasper Johns, whose work is currently on view in a major retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art, is perhaps the most controversial and enigmatic figure in American art today. When he is pondering some problem, his expression assumes the impassiveness of a Japanese Nōh mask; laughing, often at his own jokes, the mouth opens into a broad Cheshire-cat grin. His art is as full of contradictions as his expressions: sensuous and physical in its painterly technique, it is equally intellectual and remote in its hermetic, subjective imagery, containing arcane references to art history, philosophy, and to the artist's own life.

As for Johns himself, his personality also seems polarized between the direct and the obscure, swinging back and forth like a pendulum from warm gregarious extroversion to cold withdrawn introversion, as contradictory and unpredictable as his art. In short, this is an exceptionally complex man making complex art congruent with the reality of a complex and disturbing time. Because of the difficulty of deciphering interwoven verbal and visual meanings, Johns's recent works have been bewildering to the general public, but they have created a field day of interpretation for critics, with whom Johns has an ongoing love-hate relationship. This relationship was celebrated in a sculpture titled "The Critic Sees," representing glasses with a mouth behind each lens instead of an eye.

It is a truism that avant-garde art goes against the grain of accepted taste. In Johns's case, however, the spirit of contradiction reigns supreme. With perverse pleasure, *(Continued on page 285)*



At right, detail from an untitled 1975 Jasper Johns painting now on exhibit in New York as part of the artist's retrospective show at the Whitney Museum of American Art. Far right: Johns in his country studio, seated in front of a new work.

Alexander Liberman







Essences of Jasper Johns

Here, in an intimate view of a window in the small studio in the country just outside of New York City where Jasper Johns paints most of the time, an encyclopedia of Johnsian motifs. The objects, arranged as if with intention in a personal shrine, aid Johns in making his paintings, as well as often appearing literally in his works: The ruler, for example, is the subject of a recent silk screen; the spoons, used to mix wax and paint, are an image in Johns's latest relief. The picture postcard of Dutch painter Frans Hals's "Governors of the Old Men's Almhouse," stuck in front of miniatures of Johns's flag and numeral drawings, reminds us of the artist's devotion to Old Master techniques—and of his acknowledgment that today's art is created in a context of reproduced images. The toothbrush appears, bristles replaced by gleaming teeth, in "The Critic Smiles." The glasses on the windowsill refer us to Johns's witty sculpture "The Critic Sees" and to its alternative "Summer Critic," a version with sunglasses!

To know Jasper Johns

Alexander Liberman


JASPER JOHNS
WHITNEY MUSEUM
OF AMERICAN ART
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7



To know Jasper Johns

(Continued)
he finds originality in inverting and subverting accepted definitions, refuting all claims regarding the supposed limits of painting, extending the parameters of painting, sculpture, and graphics—the three traditional media in which he works—to encompass new possibilities. Because we live in an age of critical doubt and skepticism, Johns's art, in its constant questioning of certitudes, is especially apposite. For example, "According to What" is his mocking title for a large painting made in 1964, incorporating the weirdly disembodied cast of a human leg, suspended upside down from the canvas.

Because Johns held out against the mechanical styles of the 'sixties, remaining faithful to hand painting with oil on canvas, the work was admired for its technical brilliance, and "According to What" has been deciphered as Johns's refutation of the contention by his mentor, Marcel Duchamp, that painting was dead. In this large, multivalent work, Johns outmaneuvered master chess player Duchamp by proving that new categories of illusion and representation, not explored by earlier art, could be conceived. Earlier, Johns had challenged the formless gestures of the Abstract Expressionist establishment with his tightly structured paintings of recognizable flags and targets. As if to sum up his general stance, he once painted a picture containing the solitary word NO.

Out of negativity, resistance, and pure old-fashioned contrariness, Johns arrived at an affirmative, positive statement about the viability and liveliness of painting as a contemporary art form. In the 'sixties, while Minimalists insisted painting was finished and that three-dimensional objects were the new art, and while the color-field painters stained pigment into canvas with rags and sponges, Johns stubbornly maintained he was inspired by Leonardo da Vinci and Cézanne, who, like Duchamp, saw art as fundamentally an intellectual activity. Finally Johns's increasing interest in philosophy, particularly in works investigating the psychology of perception, further distanced the mass public, who had been quick to acclaim Johns as the father of Pop Art (a young father since he was twenty-four when he painted the first American flag), from the esoteric content of his later works.

These later works, too, had their public, but that public now tends to be an elite circle of *cognoscenti* and collectors anticipating the appearance of one of Johns's oils, which the notoriously slow, painstaking artist infrequently produces. That limited public, which corresponds in size and education to the tiny audience that responded to high art in the past, awaits the rare appearance of a new Johns painting with the kind of excitement once reserved for the latest installment in serial melodramas. Like serials, Johns's works are episodic: the same images reappear in successive works like the interlocking lives of characters in a soap opera. The atmosphere of suspense is heightened by the return, in what seems infinite permutation, of identical familiar objects and images arranged and rearranged, juxtaposed and relocated like the elements of a private language that—with some effort—can be learned like English or Swahili. The suspense mounts: How will the flag appear this time? The numbers and letters, spoons and forks, the body parts, coat hangers, cups, rulers—what new associations and inversions will this imaginative artist invent to surprise the mind and eye?

In his last show, the impudent schoolboy in Johns could not resist throwing his critics an unexpected curve: After years of defying the axiom that Modernist art had *(Continued on page 323)*

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1. Jasper Johns in his studio, in front of a work in progress of the American flag—this time, seen vertically, doubled, and painted in shades of grey.
2. Working proof of the poster for the Whitney Museum retrospective.
3. Johns considering a new cast of his sculpture of a flashlight, 1958, originally modeled in plaster.
4. View into the dining room from Johns's studio.
5. The back of Johns's house, surrounded by woods; glass doors slide into ceiling, garage-style, leaving studio and living quarters open to trees, brook.
6. Plate spread with lithographic ink used by Johns in printmaking.
7. Interior of Johns's tidy, compact studio.
8. Johns, on a terrace beside a cast-aluminum relief of numerals, inviting friends to a delicious alfresco luncheon he has prepared.

Alexander Liberman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jane Fonda has done it all —and more. She's modeled in Paris; traveled, in wartime, to North Vietnam; joined in husband Tom Hayden's campaign for the U.S. Senate. She's lived the life of a star's child and, in her words, of "a middle-class" mother of two. She's played the virginal ingenue, a sexed-up "Barbarella," and now a tough, true, Lillian Hellman-like character in "Julia": the movie in which Jane and Vanessa Redgrave give us something magical and rare—women who are more than women characters; women who are people: whole, real, likeable. Two more of Jane's films, "Coming Home" and "Comes A Horseman Wild and Free," are in the can and about to burst out. Next month, Jane Fonda turns forty. Here, via talks with interviewer/Mutual Radio showman Fred Robbins, is Jane Fonda now.*

By Fred Robbins

Fred Robbins: These women whom you and Vanessa play—in *Julia*—who were they?
Jane Fonda: Julia was a very remarkable person. I've spoken to Lillian Hellman about the woman, Julia, which was not her real name. The character really existed; Lillian is obliged legally not to reveal the name. The parents were very, very rich. The father was in a high place in government. And they were horrible people. And in the midst of this grotesque, multimillionaire American family grew up this woman, Julia, who was brilliantly intelligent, very creative, very courageous. Who gave up all of her money to participate in what became an underground organization fighting against Hitler in Germany. And who gave her life for what she believed in.

My character—I'm not saying Lillian Hellman, but the person that I play—is too impressed by status, too impressed with money, too impressed with the need to have things around her—nice clothes and famous

At the classic age for a mid-life crisis, Jane Fonda knows who she is: mother, wife, actress, person with ideas

JANE FONDA, THE WOMAN

people. She never could make the kind of commitment that Julia made. Although, in the course of the story, Julia asks her to bring money secretly into Berlin to help political refugees, Jews and others, escape from Nazism. Which Lillian did. And which was brave, particularly given the fact that Lillian is Jewish. But this kind of risk, these kinds of courageous acts were done all the time, every day, by people like Julia. Lillian did it once in her life. And the memory of that, the memory of the terror of doing it, as well as the memory of the beauty and courage of her friend, was what prompted her later to write this story.

FR: What does *Julia* mean as far as the movie scene is concerned?

JF: In all of our forms of mass media, women are viewed almost exclusively in relationship to men. They're either going after a man or they've been ditched by a man, or they're trying to maintain a relationship with their husband, or they're competing with a woman for the affections of a man. It's almost as if, except for vis-à-vis a man, women have no real reason to exist.

That's not true. As all men and women know. So here is an opportunity to show two women who are intelligent but not boring: complex, strong, interesting, and courageous women. Who like each other. I don't mean sexually—it's not a relationship that's erotic or sexual. They're friends; they've been friends since childhood. It's the first time in my life—and I've made about twenty-five films—where I've had the opportunity to show on the screen a woman whose most important relationship, perhaps, is her relationship to a girlfriend. Which then becomes an adult relationship between two women.

I can express love for another woman. All of us women do love other women. There is some woman who has always meant a great deal to us. It's very nice to be in a film that puts forward a positive image, that gives role models for women to see and look to.

Most of the attempts to write so-called feminist films today are pathetic. And probably why it's so hard to find a juicy role for a woman today is that the Women's Movement has grown to such an extent. The consciousness of women has changed within the last five years and the old stereotypes just don't work anymore. I think most screenwriters realize this, but they don't know what to replace them with.

FR: How was it, working with Vanessa on *Julia*?

JF: She is the most remarkable actor, performer—man or woman—that I've ever worked with. It's poetry to watch her work. She picks me up and carries me along, just on the wings of her own inspiration. I've never seen anything quite like it.

FR: You understand Vanessa's militancy, don't you?

JF: No, I don't, really. Vanessa Redgrave represents a particular kind of ideology—Trotskyism. And I am not a Trotskyite. I think it's important to make that kind of distinction. I respect her because she frequently has taken positions that were courageous and because she is a very committed woman who tries to think things through. But the conclusions that she's come to, I don't share. So we try not to talk about it very much!

FR: It has been said that one of the reasons for the scarcity of great women's roles is the fact that men, in the final analysis, really don't know how to write for women. But where are the great women writers?

JF: I'm not of the school that believes that in order to have great women characters you have to have women write them. I think it's important that we have more women writing scripts, because I think women have a different way of viewing life and different things they feel are important. But some of the most wonderful women's parts have been written by men. And probably some of the great male characters will be written by women. A lot of the old stereotypes—the hooker with the heart of gold, the innocuous, innocent ingenue—have become almost obsolete in the face of what people are demanding more and more. But what are they going to be replaced by? Who are the new heroines? I feel as if I know who the new heroines will become, but I'm not the one who pulls the money strings. The people who determine what movies will be financed are men who run multinational corporations. And they have to decide what they think is bankable. The new stereotypes have to be created before we're going to see them on the screen.

FR: Do you have any opinion about stars who get a million or two million dollars for a picture?

JF: I think it's obscene almost. How can a movie actor be paid a million dollars while teachers can barely pay their bills? I can't imagine anything more important to a country than its teachers.

FR: What would you do if you were offered a million dollars for a picture?

JF: I'd take it, of course. But there's a big difference in what I'd do with it. Right now, I'd give my money away to all kinds of causes and movements that could turn the economy around. I want every dollar I can get, because I don't want the producers to have it. But as for myself, I couldn't care less about being rich.

FR: Who are your heroines? What kind of women would you like to see on the screen?

JF: Any kind of woman in the world, as long as she was the way a woman really is.

The part that I play in *Coming Home* is a conservative, male-defined Marine officer's wife. She married her ex-football player when she was just out of high school. She views the whole world through his eyes, but then she begins to go through some changes. Now, there are millions and millions of women like her. And if we can begin to show her the way she really is, she can be a kind of heroine.

FR: Do you think the Mary Tyler Moore character was valid?

JF: I'll tell you something terrible—I don't watch television at all. I don't have time. A day in my life does not leave time for television. Getting up, getting the kids to school—you have just X number of hours in the morning before the kids come home and then X number of hours while one is at the YWCA and the other is taking a nap. And you've got to fit everything in.

FR: Are you a traditional mom?

JF: I don't know what a traditional mom is. I think kids come first. I'm extremely lucky because I have a husband whom I can leave the children with and know that they will be in as good or better hands as when they're with me. He is a wonderful mother and father.

FR: What do you mean by Tom's being "a wonderful mother and father"?

JF: Most American fathers spend only a

(Continued on page 322)

RESORT '77
the right start

Welcome to some of the prettiest warm-weather clothes in memory—and to a tip-off of what's ahead (the news couldn't be more appealing!)

What happens when you take this fall's soft dresses—and start thinking warm weather, *right:* Julio's gentle slide-of-flowers dress bloused with its own double sashes, one striped, one sage-green. Of airy rayon twill (Yves Gonnet). Dress with one sash, $376; extra sash, $36. Late Nov., Saks Fifth Avenue; Charles Sumner; Margaret Rice; Ultimo; Miss Jackson's; I. Magnin. . . . The soft-colored lip color is Softened Plum, one of Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life Lipsticks.

Everywhere, there are small, feminine prints—and soft, charming dresses. At Oscar de la Renta, this is just the beginning. *opposite*—his little nightgown of a sundress in lavender-printed white eyelet. Polyester/cotton, about $220. Late Nov., Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; John Baldwin; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. Accessories, next to last page.

These 10 pages: hair by John Sahag; makeup, Vincent Nasso



RESORT '77

The delight ahead

The softness
stays. But.
The bigness is
smaller...
barer.
The fabrics
are paler,
sheerer.
The appeal
never stops...

Francesco Scavullo

Talk about delights—you'd own this for the sneaky-soft bareness of the top alone, *left*—not to mention the new paleness of the coloring, the charming print, the just-above-ankle-length (dinner-length!) skirt. Julio; cotton broadcloth (Sisan fabric), about $570. Late Nov., Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore; Neusteters; I. Magnin; Amen Wardy.... You want the lip color, too?—it's Autumn Pink, one of Germaine Monteil's Regime Lip Pencils.

Watch this kind of smallness, *right*—as the whole world turns more feminine, it leads the way! . . . We hardly have to say it's Oscar de la Renta. Silk organza dress, and matching shawl, about $850. Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's on the Plaza; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. . Accessories, next to last page.

RESORT

The delight that's right

It's no accident that there's not one pair of pants among the 12 skirts on these pages—nothing looks newer. Or prettier...!

One simple, gentle, sensational way to be dressed at night, *far left,* north or south — Geoffrey Beene's column of pinstriped crepe-kled silk in white and grey, bicused with a wonderful rhinestone-and-macramé sash — all the "jewel" you'd need, or want. Dress (Cugnasca fabric) and sash, about $700. Mid-Nov., Bergdorf Goodman, Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz.

When evening at Bill Blass turns this frankly romantic, you know there's been a shift in the winds. *left* — ivory silk georgette with tiny ruffles, and a neckline that wasn't meant to stay set on your shoulders. Dress (Kabat fabric), about $700. Mid-Nov., Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop, Hudson's; Dayton's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Neusteters

Skirts or dresses, day or night, blousing (and sheer fabrics) have caught on everywhere, *right* — ivory-on-ivory windowpane checks on the lightest, airiest cotton lino. Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. (Abraham fabric). Blouse, about $104; skirt, about $118. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Filene's; Rich's; Halle's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Famous-Barr; Sakowitz; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

Among the best things-to-look-forward-to, *near right,* this kind of unforced, unfussed-over allure—a silk charmeuse blouse, buttoned just once, a soft cotton damask dirndl—and a warm, sunny place to run off to! Calvin Klein blouse, about $110 (available mid-Dec.); skirt, about $100 (late Nov.). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdine's; Hudson's; Swanson's on the Plaza; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson.

Beauty this soft, *center,* starts soft. With care and moisturizing and protection that don't let up. With makeup that does more—in this case, with a new sheer Frances Denney base, called Truly Natural Face Color, that has sunscreen and moisturizer built right in. . . .The outsized translucent pendant (signal of a lot of accessories news-to-come!), Cara Croninger for Heaven. About $180. At Henri Bendel; Obelisk Gallery, Chestnut Hill, Mass.; Ultimo; Marie Leavell. Makeup, Vincent Nasso; hair, John Sahag.

If you're not in pales, this deep richness of color is it, *far right*—John Anthony's pieces of bare, sheer terra-cotta cotton voile. As effortless—and as glamorous—as most resort evenings ever get. Fisba fabric. About $220. At Lord & Taylor; Saks Jandel, John Baldwin; Hudson's; Bullock's Wilshire Accessories, next to last page, this issue.

Francesco Scavullo

Keep
your eye on:
Soft, pale
colors.
Deep, dark
colors.
Damask.
Translucent,
oversized
accessories.
Gentle makeup...

RESORT '77

the delight and appeal

Warm-weather knitting. *Right:* Kimberly's ivory blouson striped in silver and gold, matching serape-shawl, and soft-pleated skirt. Trevira/Lurex/wool/rabbit's hair. Two-piece dress, about $160; shawl, about $60. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Higbee's; Marshall Field; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson; Harzfeld's; Robinson's, California.

Francesco Scavullo

Part of the new, very feminine turn to things, *left:* touches of lace on a little ivory jersey blouson dress. Gloria Castaldo for Rona; Silesta polyester jersey. About $104. Altman's; Garfinckel's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's; Marshall Field; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Bullock's; Frederick & Nelson.

Signal of soft, pretty sweater-dressing ahead, *below*—thin ribbon-striped ivory blouson-sweater and knitted ivory skirt. Wherever you go, it goes and goes. Eleanor Brenner; rayon/wool knit. About $120. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Jackson Graves; Hovland-Swanson. Accessories, next to last page.

Serapes, shawls, soft tops over soft skirts, knitting... the best things go on, but in thinner, cooler fabrics

RESORT '77

The delight ahead!



Arthur Elgort

40 of our favorite fashion things to give (to receive...)

The spirit of color, *left* — just the beginning of the things you'll want to slip into over the holidays! Bill Blass's silk georgette blouse. $350. Rosanne Vela's hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Wendy Whitelaw. **1.** To give yourself: Andrew Geller's sensational multicolor (i.e., neutral!) metallic sandals. $52. **2.** A belt-collector's/blouson-lover's delight: Rafael Sanchez's wide, wide band of brass-buckled berry straw. $90. **3.** Glorious to unwrap — to wear! — a huge (the tassel's 12") gold-dipped brass pendant. Cathe Linton. $70. **4.** Body-wrapping, pheasant-tasseled, hand-beaded, bird-of-paradise silk cording . . . ! Shareff Designs. $130. **5.** Worth the gesture alone, not to mention the air and the colors! One-of-a-kind hand-painted fan, Bernard James Flynn. $21. **6.** News: the rough-luxe jewel — raw amethysts and vermeil, buckling a jute/leather sash. Joanne Cooper & Peter M. — Silver Studios. $350. **7.** The other side of rough (and if you love to give flowers . . .). Translucent, semiprecious blossoms to thread on silk ribbons, Rafael Sanchez. Rock crystal, $220; amethyst, $190. **8.** Bold, painted wooden hair combs, flickered with gold leaf. Bonwillum Designs. $50 a pair. **9.** Like soft jewels: "ruffled," painted, gold-leafed wooden bangles. Bonwillum Designs. $44 each. **All prices approximate. Stores and details, next to last page.**

Joshua Greene

A Christmas SPREE

Everyone
wants:
warm
boots,
more belts...
a good
watch
and
a little fur!



Arthur Elgort

This year's sweater to give, *left* - bigger, longer, cozier in fuzzy French angora. News at-home with the double buckle belt, sweater tights, and Western boots. Joan Vass top. $160. Yves Saint Laurent belt. Boots. Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards. . . . **The whole new appeal of fur around the face,** *right*—silky soft fox mufflers in Burgundy and brandy, wool tassels. Ben Kahn Furs. Each, $500. **Added appeal:** smashing new Tiffany bangles--gold with inlaid jasper ($2,100) and jade ($2,240). By Angela Cummings. Hair: Raul of Leslie Blanchard; makeup, Wendy Whitelaw. . . . **1.** The ultimate jeans/pants belt: alligator-lizard with a 14k-gold "Winchester" buckle. Barry Kieselstein-Cord. $1,600. **2.** Indispensable: the thin, good-looking watch for day– Piaget's jade-faced gold watch, with black-lizard-and-gold "link" strap. $2,650. **3.** Warmth plus!—butter-soft fur-lined leather gloves to zip snug. Trussardi. $60. **4.** Best buys--smooth wood bangles ($4) and cuff ($6) threaded with "gold" wire. Capri. **5.** Updated classic: the sleek tank watch with coral-lacquered face. Les Must de Cartier. $350. **6.** Best weather boots--fleece-lined rubber—warm, waterproof—everyone deserves a pair! Andrew Geller. $28. **7.** What to give (own!) by the dozen: narrow "gold-and-wood" bangles. Bergère. Each, $6.50. **8.** In a year of shawls—a knockout. Ralph Lauren's beautiful, super-thin square of silk/cashmere paisley—you'd wear it with everything! $270.

All prices approximate. Stores and details, next to last page.

Joshua Greene


1
5
4
2
3
Joshua Greene
Arthur Elgort

A Christmas SPREE

Christmas isn't Christmas without mufflers, lingerie... small, promising packages...

If you didn't ask last year, *left,* don't miss it this year! Over his glittering silk blouse, Saint Laurent's newest glory of a shawl, in flowered cashmere/silk/lurex. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. $200. . . . **For everyone who adores lingerie,** *right,* the end-all present: Fernando Sanchez's "robe" of golden light ($104) and ivory satin pants ($38). Hair, *left,* Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; *right,* Raul of Leslie Blanchard. All makeup, Wendy Whitelaw. **1.** Found in the smallest packages, tiny golden pierced earrings dotted with rhinestones. By Trifari. $7.50 to $12.50. **2.** The muffler at its most glamorous: pale, striped in lurex (also: wonderful sashes). Echo Scarfs. $12. **3.** The muffler at its newest—and softest: *short,* unfringed striped cashmere. Calvin Klein's 40-inch muffler. $40. **4.** In the small-wonders category, tiny golden dance bags. Bottega Veneta. $95, $130. **5.** Watch for (hope for!) translucent, oversized "jewels" — as in Cara Croninger's Lucite triangles on gold thread. 2½", $75; 3½", $90. **6.** Very pretty nestling in tissue, twining on the body: M&J Savitt's sandblasted vermeil leaves. Necklace, $225; bracelet, $145. **7.** On somebody's list every year: Aurea's classic, faceted, strands-of-gold bracelets. Woven, $375; flat, $310. **8.** On *everybody's* list this year: one of Calvin Klein's cashmere serapes. Cream ... any color! $200.

All prices approximate. Stores and details, next to last page.



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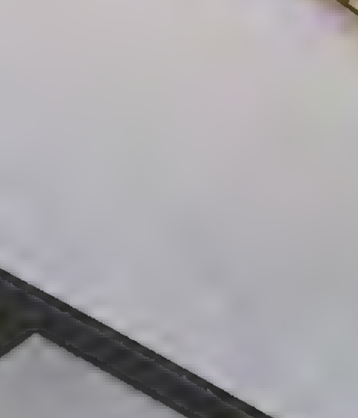
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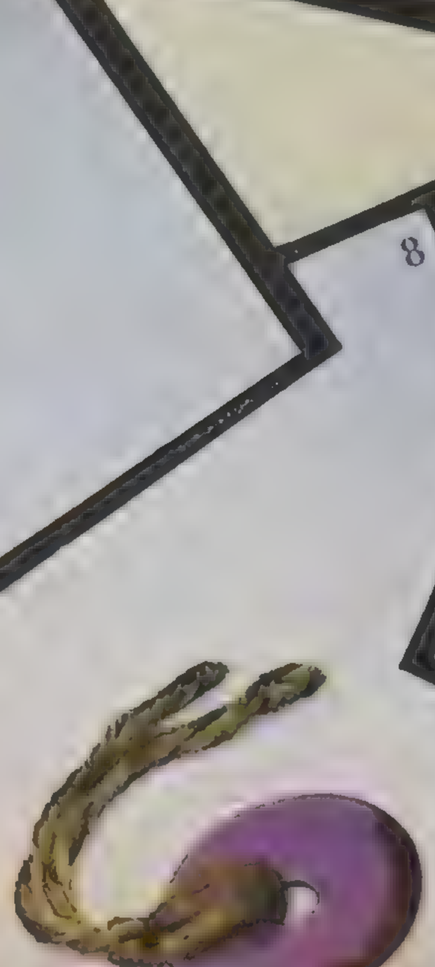
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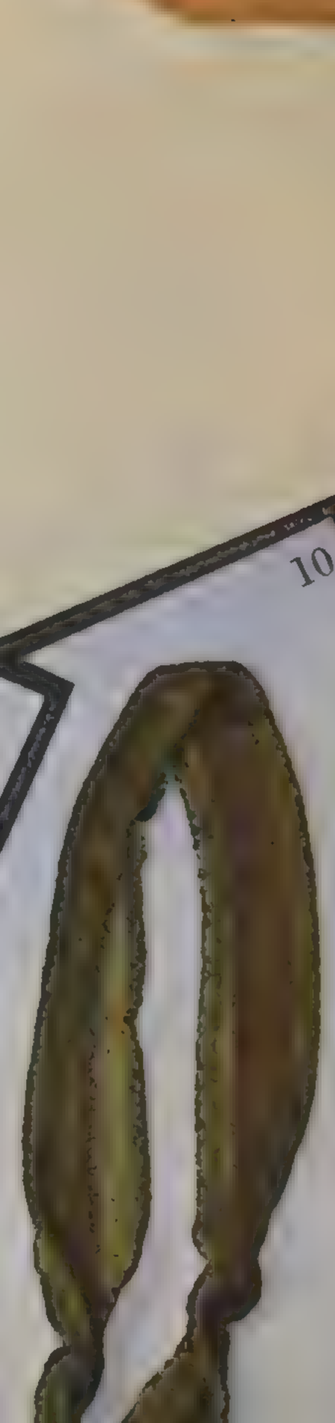
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10

Arthur Elgort

A Christmas SPREE!

It never hurts to do a little Christmas hinting... e.g., there's a lot of wonderful new gold around — new textures, new ways...

Can't-miss present, *left.* Julio's irresistible silk evening top — beautiful color, flashes of gold, and light as a scarf. $370. Can't-miss jewel: M&J Savitt's delicate leaf earrings in sandblasted gold. $75. Hair, Raul of Leslie Blanchard; makeup, Wendy Whitelaw. ... **1.** If an evening bag is on your list ... the glorious gold-leaf basket on extra-long silk-and-gold cording. Rafael Sanchez. $100. **2.** Waist jewel/hip jewel: Aldo Cipullo's ribbon belt buckled in gold-and-carnelian. $575. **3.** Touch of Saint Laurent splendor: his braided antique gold belt, sculptured buckle. $50. **4.** Unexpected ... the Victorian-doll mask in sandblasted gold threaded on antique gold ribbon to wrap high at the neck. Barry Kieselstein-Cord. $900. **5.** Always wanted: the bracelet you never take off — gold chain links, from Habif Jewelry. $450. **6.** The flirt of gold boots lined in bronze. Walter Steiger for Shoe Biz. $160. **7.** The bold cuff — a sensuous shell that wraps the arm 24k-gold leaf on brass. Patricia Von Musulin. $260. **8.** Color impact! — Cara Croninger's oversized pendant in translucent violet on a rope of antique gold thread. $180. **9.** The surprise of gold-and-black glass links — the bigger, lighter necklace. Fantasy Jewelry by Dona Syen. $150. **10.** Most asked for: the antique-gold mesh muffler to knot and twist and wrap anywhere! Susan Allan for Let It Shine. $40.

All prices approximate. Stores and details, next to last page.

A Christmas SPREE!

Perfume madness... how to choose when you've got this much to choose from!

The perfume array below is just the beginning — ninety-three new ones in the past five years (do you believe?!) and still more to come! (Specifically, about fifteen new still-under-wraps scents in the next year.) Why the perfume proliferation? Never-before-possible sun-derived scents are one reason. The terrific uplift you get from here-and-there dabbings of any one of these liquid "jewels" is another (and the reason to think about fragrances as gifts). If what you see below is what you see at the perfume counter, don't be overwhelmed. Chances are a few of your favorites are here, because — if you're like more than half the women in America — you use at least two different scents. Fragrance details, plus how to choose, turn to last page.



Stan Malinowski

Sensuous! — liquid amber-gold fragrance that slides over skin with all the slip and the sheerness of silk. . . . And the ultimate! — 14k-gold nails. $35 each. At Saks Fifth Ave. Makeup, Sandra Linter; hair, Harry King. Fernando Sanchez ivory-silk robe. Richelieu "gold"-mesh neck cord. Fashion and accessory details, next to last page of this issue.

"On occasion, I have been called upon to perform unexpected functions in circumstances which would have appalled my designers."

—See Threepio, *Star Wars's* lovable, flappable robot



THE "FORCE" OF FUR

On these 8 pages, all-out fur, all-out fantasy— the *Star Wars* stars— the ones you love (and love to hate!) And this year's star furs: the silky, sumptuous long-hairs, the bigger shapes, the wonderful colorings. What they have in common— record-breaking success!

Unexpected...very charming. See Threepio, *center,* the *Star Wars* hero-robot with the "flashy bronze finish" and the clipped British accent...and lots of glorious fur!... **Sable to crave,** *far left*—natural Russian golden sable—all the luxury, warm pretty color, and enough fur to wrap and wrap! Grosvenor Canada. About $30,000. **The wrap-and-tie mink,** *near left*— dashing, easy as a robe, with a big pull-up sable collar that puts fur where it's most appealing—all around the face! Grosvenor Canada. About $7,000. Both coats, at Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Roberts-Neustadter, Boston; Saks-Jandel; Bullock's Wilshire; Eaton's–Eaton's Centre, Toronto. Accessories, next to last page. These pages; hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Ariella.... Our fantasy friends, from *Star Wars,* a Twentieth Century-Fox presentation of a Lucasfilm production. Quotes, from the book *Star Wars,* by George Lucas (Ballantine).*

Ishimuro

THE "FORCE" OF FUR

"Don't play games with me...."

—Darth Vader, *Star Wars's* baddest bad guy



The *Star Wars* villain, Darth Vader, *right*— "Two meters tall... flowing black robes... an awesome, threatening shape...." The heroines, our beautiful blonds. **One of the irresistible things about fur this year— color!** *Far left,* pale-honey beige fox with white tipping— a beautiful new soft shade... a beautiful soft coat to slide into and wrap. By Maximilian, of shadow-dyed fox, $7,500. Maximilian, N.Y. **More ease, more luxe, more fur,** *left*— the new proportion—new look—of fur. The bigger, softer coat, here in silky blond natural coyote, slipped over pale suède—sensational! Givenchy for Alixandre. About $6,000. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland; Jacobson's; Swanson's on the Plaza. Fashion details, accessories, next to last page of this issue.

Ishimuro

"...a variety of beings...
one-eyed creatures
and thousand-eyed, creatures
with scales, creatures
with fur, and some with
skin that seemed to ripple...."

—Habitués of the
Star Wars cantina

THE "FORCE" OF FUR

In a world of out-of-this-world creatures, the snaggle-tooth monster, *opposite.* And, *this page,* one of the small, hooded Jawas—dealers in used metal (i.e., robots)....

The easy glamour of a natural Russian golden sable overcoat, *far left*—the kind of bigger, cozier fur that goes with everything this year. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue. $24,000.

If you dream of fisher, the coat you've been waiting for, *near left*—the most fisher coat—lots of the warm, glossy, dark-brown fur, with a great big collar, great big cuffs. Anne Klein for Michael Forrest. $25,000. Bonwit Teller, Chicago. Accessories, fashion details, next to last page of this issue.

Ishimuro

THE "FORCE" OF FUR

"Metal-encased shapes clustered around her...."

—The "humans in armor": Imperial stormtroopers

Star Wars bad guys! *Below,* one of the hustling little Jawas.. *opposite,* Imperial stormtroopers....
A different kind of fox, *opposite. top left:* thick, fluffy camel-dyed fox with knitted sleeves, knitted stripes—sweater-casual...sensational. Pierre Cardin for Michael Forrest. Of camel-dyed fox and hand-knit wool About $3,950. Lord & Taylor; Saks-Jandel; Furs by Weiss, Cleveland; Lewins, Wichita; Frost Bros.
The all-out glamour of silver fox, *top right,* and the most glamorous way to have it: a big, bundly coat with an oversized collar. Diane Von Furstenberg for Mohl. About $10,000. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Jacobson's; Robinson's, California.
If you want a jacket, *below left*— the soft little blouson in black mink -- fur that goes casual-day to easy-evening to...! House of Black Diamond. About $4,500. Bloomingdale's; Mano Swartz, Towson, Md.; Dittrich Furs, Detroit; Blum's-Vogue, Chicago; Bill Marre, St. Louis.
The mink to look for, *below right* - gleaming dark mink, thicker, more luxurious, and slide-into easy! From Ritter Bros.—Ben Thylan, N.Y. Blackglama mink. About $7,750.
Chinoiserie, *right:* Saint Laurent's chestnut-brown mink with black passementerie closings— one of the little luxury touches that adds to the appeal of fur this year. Yves Saint Laurent for Goldin-Feldman: Emba mink. About $7,250. Mano Swartz, Towson, Md.; Saks-Jandel, Chudiks of Birmingham, Michigan, Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson.
Accessories, both pages, next to last page. These 8 pages: hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Ariella

"...red-yellow pupils glowed catlike from the depths of their hoods as they studied their captive."

Jawas at work!

Ishimuro

The key tops —
pretty blouses,
pullovers, and wraps —
in this year's
most wanted fabrics.
Romantic new looks
to wear at-home
(yours or someone else's),
worn on these 4 pages
by Barbara Eden,
the new Jim — Bond
heroine Tina in *Spy*
Who Loved

The news at-home:

SOFT TOPS WIT

Left, the perfect all-around top—a natural-colored cashmere-and-silk kimono to wrap over everything from jeans to satin pants, the way it's worn here by Barbara Bach. Vogue Pattern 1686, by Christian Aujard. Held Fabrics cashmere-and-silk. At Winston Fabrics, St. Louis; Jerome Fabrics, Chicago; Sakowitz. Right, one of the most romantic ways to be at home—the sheer écru lace tunic with lace ruffles at the throat and cuffs. As a top over narrow satin pants and boots... a knockout! Tip: if you're sewing lace, French seams are the smallest and strongest. Pin wrong sides together, stitch 3/8" from seamline, and trim to within 1/8" to 1/4". Right sides together, crease along stitched seam, press, and stitch—encasing raw edges. Top, pants, Vogue Pattern 1763, by Chloé. Nylon lace by Emil Katz. At Broadway Lace, N.Y.; Hancock Fabrics, Tupelo, Miss.; Mary Lester Fabrics, Milwaukee; Stevens Fabrics, California; Beverly's Fabrics, California. Polyester satin through Sewing Associates. At Altman's; Amluxen, Minneapolis; Eunice Farmer, St. Louis; Frost Bros.; Sakowitz. On these 4 pages; hair, Garren of Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Ariella. Accessory and pattern details, next to last page.

VOGUE PATTERN 1763

EVERYTHING

VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 9224

SOFT TOPS WITH EVERYTHING





Left, the extra-pretty jacket to slide over bronze satin pants: a soft circle of cream satin edged in lace. Jacket, Vogue Pattern 9224; polyester satin through Sewing Associates. At Altman's; Amluxen, Minneapolis; Eunice Farmer, St. Louis; Frost Bros.; Sakowitz. Lace trim by Wyla. Pants, Vogue Pattern 1763. For fabric details see previous page. Right: casual, seductive—a long, soft pullover of a dress in butterscotch velours (the at-home/cozy fabric!)—slashed to the thigh, sliding off the shoulder. Very Easy Vogue Pattern 1457, by Bill Blass; Dan River cotton velours. At Cloth World. These four pages photographed in and around the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Meshekoff. Accessory and pattern details, next to last page.

VOGUE PATTERN 1457

BARBARA BACH

Money

INCOME without TAXES?

Non-taxable revenue is easy to earn via municipal-bond funds. Our chart shows who would profit most

By William Flanagan

Hemingway was really wrong, you know. The rich really *are* different from other people. It's not simply that they have more money; they get away with a lot more, too. Take tax-free bonds, for example.

Some of us put our savings into a savings account, collect 6 percent or so annual interest, and then pay income tax—Federal, state, and city—on the interest. Not the wealthy. They buy municipal bonds (so does the bank where you put your money) and collect about 6 percent annual interest—but this interest is not subject to any Federal income tax. And, if the bonds are local ones, it is likewise free of state and city income taxes. Why can't we all do the same thing? Well, except in rare cases, such municipal bonds are sold in relatively large units, typically $10,000. And you can't buy a portion of a bond.

Savvy small investors long have bristled at the unfair advantage shown large bond buyers by municipalities; but, until recently, they were simply out of luck. Now, however, it is possible to buy shares of municipal bonds—with an initial investment of as little as $100—and have the income you receive exempt from Federal income taxes. The gimmick: municipal-bond funds. They are mutual funds that buy only municipal bonds and, thanks to a recent change in the tax law, pass the interest from such bonds along to their investors free of any Federal income tax.

Municipal-bond funds have been around for about a year now, and you can guess what the reaction has been—a stampede. As of July 30, according to Lipper Analytical Distributors, Inc., investors had poured over $1.5 billion into such bond funds. Glen R. Johnson, president of Federated Tax-Free Income Fund, estimates that before next year is out, that sum will rise to over $10 billion.

How have these funds been doing? Most funds have been paying interest at about 5.5 percent—slightly less than what you could get in your savings account but free of Federal taxes. You can see how that translates, depending upon your income bracket, in the chart below.

At present, there are some twenty-three funds selling municipal bonds, according to Lipper. And while the yields are fairly close, the funds still differ significantly in two respects. First, there is the quality of the bonds in the funds' portfolios. Bonds are rated (according to Moody's Investors Service) from triple A (Aaa) down to "unrated." Most of the funds have bonds of mixed quality, since the highest rated bonds naturally have the lowest yields and the worst rated, the highest. Still, virtually all funds concentrate the majority of their holdings in bonds rated A, Aa, or Aaa. But it is wise to check the portfolios of funds you are thinking of buying. Kemper Municipal Bond Fund, for example, has substantial holdings in New York State and New York City bonds—which may or may not make you nervous. (Remember though, that if you are a New York City resident, you would be exempt from paying any tax at all—Federal, state, or city—on the income passed along to you from the city bonds.)

The other thing to watch out for with municipal-bond funds is how much they cost to buy. There are two basic types—load and no-load. The "load" is the commission you pay to the broker or salesperson who sells you the fund. No-load funds have no such up-front sales charges. All funds also have management fees, typically 1 percent or less each year. So, if a fund yields 6 percent, you would net 5 percent or more, depending upon the fund.

Many funds are available through stockbrokers, and some are sold directly to the public. Keep an eye on the financial pages of newspapers and business publications for advertisements. Here is a rundown of the ten largest funds, including their assets: Fidelity Municipal Bond, Boston, MA, $506.3 million; Dreyfus Tax-Exempt Bond, New York, NY, $291.2 million; Kemper Municipal Bond, Chicago, IL, $160.9 million; T. Rowe Price Tax-Free Income, New York, NY, $121.3 million; Scudder Managed Municipal Bond, New York, NY, $74.4 million; Federated Tax-Free Income, Pittsburgh, PA, $58.9 million; IDS Tax-Exempt Bond, Minneapolis, MN, $46.3 million; Oppenheimer Tax-Free Bond, New York, NY, $43.5 million; Putnam Tax-Exempt Income, Boston, MA, $30.1 million; Lutheran Brotherhood Municipal Bond, Minneapolis, MN, $29.1 million.

In selecting a bond fund, it is foolhardy not to read prospectuses first to compare any up-front charges, management fees, and, of course, the quality of the holdings. Also, some funds have different investment minimums—some as low as $100. ▽

Taxable Income Joint return	Single return	Tax bracket	Tax-free yield of 5.5% equals taxable yield of
	$14-16,000	31%	7.97%
$20- 24,000		32%	8.07%
	$16-18,000	34%	8.34%
$24- 28,000	$18-20,000	36%	8.59%
	$20-22,000	38%	8.87%
$28- 32,000		39%	9.02%
	$22-26,000	40%	9.17%
$32- 36,000		42%	9.51%
$36- 40,000	$26-32,000	45%	10.00%
$40- 44,000		48%	10.57%
$44- 52,000	$32-38,000	50%	11.00%
$52- 64,000		53%	11.69%
$64- 76,000	$38-44,000	55%	12.22%
$78- 88,000		58%	13.09%
$88-100,000	$44-50,000	60%	13.75%



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JANE FONDA

(Continued from page 287)

total of about an hour-and-a-half a week with their children. What that means is that the father takes on a distant, authoritarian role image, and the mother a different one. Tom is very, very good at changing diapers and feeding kids. And since he is a writer and a political activist, his hours aren't as rigid as mine are. When I make a movie where I have to be up at 5:30 or 6:00 A.M. and sometimes don't get home until 7:00 P.M., he has to do those jobs.

FR: Does he prefer the triangular or the rectangular diaper?

JF: We use rectangular. And a lot of Pampers. My first child was born before there were Pampers. Now *that's* a revolutionary invention.

FR: Do you like raising children?

JF: Yes. I wish I were younger, though, so I could have a few more. I have a number of films lined up and I think by the time I finish with them, I may be too old to have any more kids. I started too late. I think it's good for women not to have children too soon because they do change your life, no question about it. I didn't have my first child until I was almost thirty-three years old.

FR: Do you ever feel the Women's Movement has gone too far? What has, in the final analysis, been the Movement's effect?

JF: Important legislative reforms have been won through the Women's Movement. But, fundamentally, what has been achieved so far is a new consciousness: women thinking that they have a right to expect more. That they have the right to demand a choice. Some women, many women, choose to remain at home and to bring up children; other women would like to be able to do more than that—would like to be able, while creating a family unit and raising healthy children, to use other parts of themselves. If that's what they want to do, they should have the right to do that. There should be jobs for them, there should be training programs for them, and they should be able to earn for the same work the same kinds of salaries that men earn.

Those things are not available enough to women today. I personally think that the role of the Women's Movement is not to say, "Hey, we want to be equal. We want a piece of the pie." I don't want to be equal with men. Not when I see what's going on. I don't want to be equal with a man standing on an unemployment line. I don't want to be equal with a man who is sent to fight wars he doesn't believe in. I don't want to be equal with a man who is told that if he cries or shows his real feelings he'll be a sissy. Men, as well as women, are victims of stereotypes. The role of the Women's Movement is to redefine what the pie is, instead of just demanding a share of it.

The question, basically, is an economic one. It's how do we, as women working together with men, help to create a society in which the priorities are for humanism and for improving the quality of our lives? The way it is now, the priorities in our country are more for profit and power—this mad rat race for upward mobility and status, while the quality of life is deteriorating. I think women can be at the forefront to change those priorities.

FR: As far as the niceties of men toward women are concerned . . . ?

JF: If I have my hands full of packages, I hope someone's around to open the door.

FR: It's not out of style, then, for a woman to say, "I want to be treated like a woman." Her equality has nothing to do with that?

JF: It goes back to the question of respect. Some people criticize the institution of marriage, for example. Basically, there's nothing wrong with marriage. You can be a woman with a strong consciousness of womanhood and be a mother and be married. The question is, within the institution of marriage, how is the power wielded? It's like in a factory; things are not as they should be in most factories, but you don't get rid of the factory. We need factories. The question is, why is it that within the factory, a few people have a lot of power and most of the people who do the work have no control over what work they do and under what conditions? And it's the same with marriage. Men cannot have all the power. Women should not have to obey. Women should participate in decision-making.

FR: What about just living together and not abiding by a marriage contract?

JF: In all relationships, there are problems. I don't have the secret. I've been married and divorced once. And it's tragic to have to face that kind of failure. When you're not married and there's a problem that comes up that's serious, it's easier to walk away from it than it is if you're married. When you make the commitment to get married, and especially if there are children, you somehow are forced to try to work the problems out. And I'm for that. Call it old-fashioned if you will, but I think that the basic family structure is the healthiest for raising children.

FR: At one time, you were called un-American, a traitor, and a Communist. Politicians tried to outdo each other in condemning you. The more you spoke out against the war, the more vicious were the denunciations. Are you bitter?

JF: I think there's a certain schizophrenic view of someone like me. People may like me as an actress but want to kill me, in some cases even literally, because I did things that are viewed as unpatriotic. How could, in some people's minds, an American woman have gone to Vietnam during the war? It will take a long time and a lot more clarity about what the war was really about to understand that it was necessary for people who had access to the media to try to do whatever possible to end the war.

The ironic thing is that the people who hated me the most turned out to be the very ones who eventually were screwed by the leaders they admired.

FR: What about your friends? How did they react to you at that time?

JF: A lot of them ostracized me. I was ignored by the studios, too. Resentment was everywhere. It was really rough and pretty lonely. There were a lot of movie producers who tried to keep me from getting roles. It was like living in the McCarthy era. And when I got the lead in *Klute*, the crew was so resentful toward me that they actually hung an American flag over the set each day. They wouldn't talk to me. They thought I was unpatriotic, a traitor.

Today, the crews see me as one of them. I'm not lumped in with the producers and the other stars. That pleases me very much.

FR: Have you any regrets or recriminations about all of the activity of that time?

JF: I don't regret having taken the actions

that I did. I regret that it took me so long to become actively involved. I regret that. I regret, in some instances, that I haven't always known best how to articulate my feelings. When you're a movie star and you become part of a protest movement, automatically it's front-page news and any mistakes you make, you make in front of a whole lot of people. And when I first became actively involved, in 1970, instead of trusting myself and standing up and saying, "Look, I'm not an expert. Last year, I made a film called *Barbarella* and I didn't even know where Vietnam was and in the interim I've been doing a lot of reading and this is how I feel," I didn't trust myself and I borrowed a lot of rhetoric from other people.

The press was always trying to paint me as a silly girl, so I wanted to seem more serious. There were times when I was shrill and rhetorical—partly because I was angry. I grew up believing that our country really stood for what I believe is right—for justice, for democracy. When I realized that our country was not in Vietnam for the purposes of democracy or freedom. I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of my life; I felt as if I'd been betrayed.

FR: Do you feel you're fulfilled both as a woman and as an actress? With what you've been through now, marriage, settling down, being a proper mom, and so forth?

JF: In the last six, seven years, I have a sense of purpose that I didn't have before. Although I've been privileged because I'm Henry Fonda's daughter and because I've been a successful actress and I've been independent financially, I went through a long time without any purpose. Being a movie star is not a purpose. Or if it is, it's certainly not very satisfying.

As I've deepened in my understanding of what the war represented and of why certain very serious problems exist in the United States, I have grown more and more optimistic about the possibility for people to change, for people to be able to exert some control over their lives. I think that it's very possible in the United States for average men and women, not just the very rich special few, to, once again, take over control in our country. And because I feel optimistic about that, and because I am continuingly part of a group of people who are trying to make that happen, I feel that I have a purpose.

When you have a reason for living that's beyond yourself, you also lose the fear of growing old. And that's very nice.

FR: Is there a fear?

JF: I think there probably would have been if I'd remained as I was eight or nine years ago. But I don't feel concerned now. I feel that probably, when I'm too old to make movies, I'll be happy. Because I like my children and I believe that they're going to grow up to be good people. And I like my family and there will always be a lot to do.

FR: There's always a lot to do when you bring up children. Where do you live in California?

JF: We live in Santa Monica, which is really not that fashionable. We live in a frame house, my car is six years old, and I do my own housework. I'm really very much a middle-class housewife.

FR: You don't bother about keeping up with the Beverly Hills set?

JF: You're kidding. I couldn't care less. I've had my taste of wealth and all the material things. They don't mean a thing. There's a psychiatrist that goes with every swimming pool out there. Not to mention divorces and kids who hate their parents. And it's easy for me to say that I don't want anything because I've had it all. ▽

JASPER JOHNS

(Continued from page 285)

of the Old Masters reveals that no matter how obscure his subject matter or how radical his challenge to the flatness and rectangularity of the canvas, he is essentially a very conservative artist.

Once again, the mixture of the radical and the conservative represents the complex synthesis of polarities that is Johns's trademark. One may attribute Johns's respect for convention—he can be excruciatingly formal—to his Southern upbringing. His renowned hospitality and loyalty to old friends, too, seem especially Southern. Today, there is only a slight trace of a Southern accent in Johns's speech, but Johns remains as profoundly a Southern artist as William Faulkner. A descendant of a venerable Southern family, Johns, like his father, was named after William Jasper, an American Revolutionary soldier who rehoisted the flag over Fort Moultrie (Charleston Harbor) in the face of British gunfire. As a child, the artist attended a one-room schoolhouse in a village called Climax, near Columbia, South Carolina, where he finished high school. Some months at the University of South Carolina convinced him he was not a scholar, and, after two uneventful years in the Army, the twenty-two-year-old Johns arrived in New York, undecided as to whether he wanted to be a painter or a poet. After a brief period of experimentation, during which he began using wax rather than oil as a medium, Johns painted the series of flags and targets that rocked the art world when they were shown in 1958 by Leo Castelli.

Today, Johns's work is hardly as accessible as the sensationally familiar "Flag"; yet in the inner circles of the art world, especially among younger artists working in a variety of post-abstract representational styles, his art is widely admired, because his courageous refusal to abandon the painter's craft has given all painters new hope; his attack on a purely formal decorative art lacking emotional or philosophical content has affirmed the importance of the role of art as an authentic, if anxiously questioning, humanistic expression.

Recycling familiar images, Johns constantly invents new uses for the limited repertoire of forms as a metaphor for our present acknowledgment of the reality of limits. Out of negation and a refusal to compromise or to conform has come a heroic affirmation of creativity in the face of all forms of entropy, demoralization, nihilism, and despair. An aristocratic artist of the greatest refinement, Johns paradoxically paints the humble, the familiar, and the ordinary, redefining heroism as everyday survival. ▽



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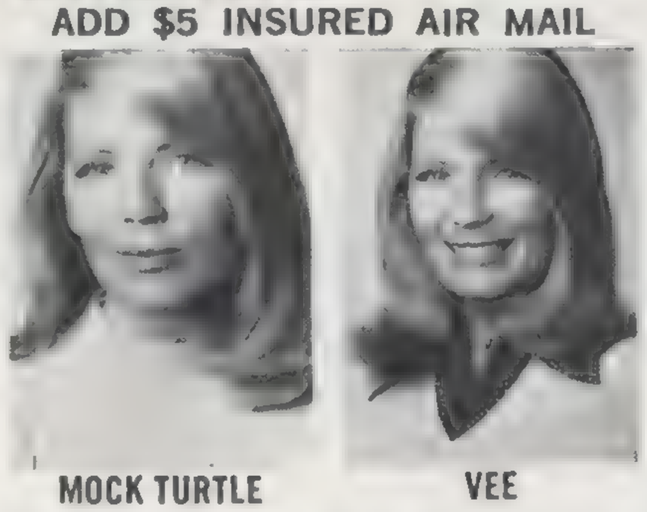


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SLEEP

(Continued from page 272)

What would happen if you just never went to bed?
To discover what would happen to us if we did not sleep for long periods, scientists have done many experiments depriving people of sleep. The results of no sleep range from minor forgetfulness to occasional hallucinations. Some people get jumpy, others listless, some change personality, and others change nothing except perhaps their ability to perform dull tasks involving repetition, and this only after three days of no sleep.

One experiment was performed on a seventeen-year-old boy who went for eleven days with no sleep, with very little effect. No behavioral or emotional change occurred. His fits of sleepiness were warded off with exercise, and the researchers concluded that this could go on indefinitely if a person were fit and motivated to continue. Scientists also have discovered that people deprived of sleep for long periods do not steadily become more exhausted; instead they go through periods of sleepiness and alertness, probably related to their body rhythms. The most notable effect of sleep deprivation, as stated solemnly by Wilse Webb, sleep scientist, after a thorough documentation of research, "is to make the subject fall asleep."

What's sleep ever done for you anyway?
Science still has not answered just why we sleep, but it appears that most waking functions rely on sleep for restoration. It has been suggested that sleep developed to protect man at night; it is true that body rhythms are inefficient at night whether we sleep or not—temperature and performance are lowered. Mankind does tend to sleep in the dark hours. At the time of the midnight sun in Norway, people sleep less but only by about fifty minutes, much less time than the extra light outside, invalidating the notion that we sleep because it is dark.

We know that sleep restores fatigued bodies; but, if that were the only reason for sleep, we would sleep much less, as the part of sleep that takes care of physical restoration is short. People who are in bed all day sleep as much as anyone, suggesting that sleep is needed not only for physical exertion. Slow-wave sleep, which restores fatigued bodies, remains constant in most people. It is dreaming sleep, which deals with learning and emotion, that varies.

Too much sleep can turn you off
There even can be such a thing as too much sleep. We all have felt dragged out after a longer-than-usual night's sleep, perhaps because our rhythms were altered. Laurence Cherry, science writer, suggested in a recent article that perhaps it is the longer dreaming which tires us with hard brain work. Psychiatrists Ramon Greenberg, M.D., now professor of psychiatry at Boston University School of Medicine, and Chester Pearlman, M.D., who replaced him as director of the sleep laboratory at Boston Veterans Administration Hospital, have interpreted the findings of Gerald W. Vogel, M.D., now director of the sleep laboratory at Georgia Mental Health Institute in Atlanta, in a study that showed deprivation of dreaming sleep could be an effective treatment for some forms of depression, possibly because the depressed do better when they are not reminded by their dreams of the problems causing their depression. In Germany, "no-sleep" treatment is used for depression with success often occurring when the patient forgoes a night's sleep completely, perhaps because body rhythms are then reordered.

Do you know how much sleep is right for you?
The only reliable answer to this question, even after years of research, is the commonsense one that the amount of sleep needed is the amount that lets us awaken feeling refreshed. To test yourself, try falling asleep at the same hour for several nights, noting what time you awaken and how you feel during the day. Then try cutting down. Hartmann suggests that six rather than eight hours is probably enough sleep for most of us. Dr. Greenberg's formula for when to sleep: "when we feel sleepy."

Greenberg also states that whether you can cut down on sleep "depends on how you deal with your feelings." There are some whose anxiety leads to troubled sleep, but even for these people there are hints that may help when bed is not the place of choice. In a study in which insomniacs monitored their own sleeping habits, the subjects ended by taking less time to fall asleep, awakening earlier, and taking fewer naps as a result of their new self-knowledge.

"Six hours is probably enough..."

Gay Luce, author of *Body Time*, tells us of the large body of research "for those who wish to train themselves so that they can pick the easiest time to fall asleep, can awaken themselves, can awaken from dreams. . . ." She cites an experiment in which cats changed their sleep patterns by learning to produce a certain brain wave rhythm while awake. In sleep labs, people have learned to differentiate dreams of the REM (rapid eye movement) sleep stage from the disconnected images of stage II sleep, to change the time of their dreaming sleep, and to lengthen their "biological hour" in order to "counteract the disorganizing influence of stress." She states that "by repeatedly being informed when one is emitting certain brain-wave patterns one may begin to learn the feelings of these elusive states."

What can help you to stay up later?
Meditation appears to reduce the amount of sleep needed and the time spent falling asleep, possibly, states Hartmann, because it "is successful in reducing stress and anxiety." Daytime naps can help some to cut down on nighttime sleep and even leave them feeling better. A dose of protein will help you stay awake, as will a bout of vigorous exercise. The dancing in a discothèque often picks up a sleepy night reveler. Curiously, the same exercise may help you to sleep, when you are ready, and can keep you asleep more deeply than a restless period of fidgeting in bed. And caffeine, the age-old antidote to sleepiness, can lengthen wakefulness and dispel drowsiness without altering sleep patterns.

Less sleep can enhance your enjoyment of life, rather than spoil it. Most of us probably need less sleep than we or our parents ever thought we did. ▽

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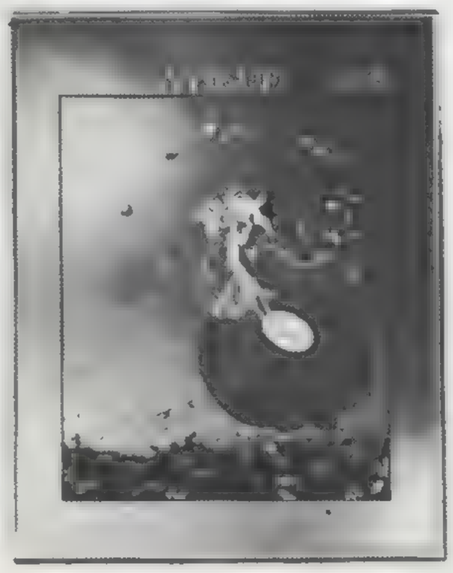
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JAZZ

(Continued from page 250)

Parker, the great alto saxophonist, was a teenager he tasted the wine produced by Count Basie at the Reno Club, by Ben Webster and Lester Young and Jimmy Rushing. What were the words to the blues?

> Goin' ta Kansas City,
> Sorry,
> But I can't take you. . . .*

The music was refined and deepened and broken open and rebarbarized by every succeeding generation, but the most creative moments never happened in cities without a night side. In California, many good musicians grew up in Los Angeles; but, when they left, they never came back. They played in San Francisco. They lived in Chicago. And they celebrated in New York.

"In some very crucial ways, jazz taught me how to feel"

For me, there will always be a shining memory of Fifty-second Street in the great days of the 1940's, when I was a boy leaning against parked cars outside the clubs on sultry August evenings. The street was full of hookers and strippers and junkies, but inside the Three Deuces or the Famous Door or the Onyx were the finest musicians then practicing in America. Charlie Parker was there, playing out the string; Miles Davis was up on the stand, attacking the silence with a savage elegance; Dizzy Gillespie fired away on the trumpet, serving as Braque to Parker's Picasso. I was too young to drink at the bar, but I would hear that music, flooding the night, and, in some very crucial ways, it taught me how to feel.

Today, that music is once more riding the crest. A jazz renaissance is under way in New York, with about eighty clubs playing the music in one form or another, from big bands like Thad Jones/Mel Lewis to solo pianists like Jimmy Rowles. The young kids with horns are arriving from the great open country beyond the Hudson, full of dreams and music and ambitions. They're looking for the masters, looking for the hard angular structures that are found only in cities, looking for people who will listen to their tales of hurt and laughter.

Jazz has spread around the world. It is played in concert halls and on the sound tracks of movies. It has been plundered by rock and roll, incorporated by classical composers. But none of those changes will alter its basic truth. Jazz still belongs to the night. ▽

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DINNER-PARTYING

(Continued from page 255)

If they go well, what is said there is valuable because it consists of important new *facts,* thoughtful hypotheses, and informed speculation that anticipates not just what's about to happen in the world but what only eventually will be published in the public prints. Furthermore, that kind of dinner is fun.

During the Vietnam and Watergate years, many an interesting dinner dealt in the then unconfirmed reports of wiretaps, CIA intrigue, and the pros and cons of the Nixon White House. Occasionally, they were battlegrounds on which the complex and highly emotional issues were fought.

That was before the Yom Kippur War, the Arab oil embargo, and the energy crunch sent the attentive back to their economics texts, there to discover that the gospel according to either Adam Smith or Lord Keynes no longer seemed to apply and—worse—that the world, already plagued with inflation, unemployment, and urban decay, was in for a no-growth economy.

Heady stuff, that. But the effect on the dinner party, besides the cashmeres and wool challis in which women swathe themselves against underheated rooms, has been revolutionary. The certainty with which prominent corporate executives, statesmen, lawyers, bankers, diplomats, and politicians used to address world problems is disappearing, and with it the optimism, the pontification, and some of the posturing.

No wonder then that Carl Sagan's theory of the universe is getting a thorough going over, that the Panama Canal is an acceptable diversion from the real issues, and that gossip is back and the juicier the gossip the better.

Challenged over the *ris de veau* to come up with a point-by-point program for full employment without inflation, thereby alleviating at least two national headaches, Alan Greenspan, one of the nation's most admired economists, shocked a stunning array of elegants with, "But I'm not sure it can be done." And even Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's national security adviser, has been known to admit that there are some things he just doesn't know.

"Gossip is back. . . the juicier the better"

This new uncertainty, this intellectual modesty, may have its dire overtones, but in some ways it's a refreshing change. Intellectually, the dinner party may not be as vigorous as it was; but it won't be as challenging either, and a discussion of education, the Broadway theater, the changing climate, and the future of the family never hurt anybody.

Me? I'm going to bone up on Africa, which has replaced Asia as the world's major trouble spot, hunt up the ubiquitous Andrew Young, the darling of this season's little dinner, and get him to review the Rhodesia situation. That and my exceedingly special recipe for *saumon à l'oseille,* the season's only spectacular fish course, should do it. ▽

SELF-DEFENSE

(Continued from page 259)

Ann Wilson: Yes. For example, in self-defense, you have to teach people to go for the vulnerable parts of the body, which may be the eyes or the groin. Women find this initially offensive. You have to psyche them to believe that if it's a matter of saving one's life, there are no rules of etiquette on the street.

V: Will a woman fight back?

AW: If she's being attacked? Usually, yes. You have to remember, though, that to resist—to fight back—is a very personal decision. I'm not talking about police officers now, I'm talking about the woman on the street; police officers have to fight back. The woman on the street has to make a decision. By fighting back, she could escalate the thing; a simple pocketbook snatch could become death to her because she could die from panic or whoever is attacking her could panic. You can't advocate fighting back. The best self-defense course is prevention.

You try to prevent walking in alleys, coming home alone, riding a subway car by yourself, or getting into an elevator with someone whom you don't recognize. We can say, "Don't go out after X hour," but sometimes you must. If the woman elects to fight, she should have a plan. If an attacker comes up behind her, what would she do? If he faces her, if he comes from the side—her response should become instinctive. She has to have something well thought-out. The old axiom is "Never carry more money than you can afford to lose." That's delightful; but, on pay day when you cash your check and you're coming home, you don't have too many options.

V: There's no way that you can advise a woman to fight back or not? It depends upon the situation and upon the woman herself?

AW: Exactly. We don't know, statistically, how many people have been murdered while they were being ripped off. Would they have been murdered had they not fought back? You don't know. You can't get statistics on it. You can't say, as a general rule, that everyone should fight back, because it's just not right. It depends on many things: your physical abilities, the size of the attacker, how many there are. Is it a rape situation? There have been many documented instances where a woman has actually talked the guy out of rape.

V: How effective is vocal response?

AW: Screaming is delightful. Some people even advocate, after the Kitty Genovese case, that you don't yell "Police!" Yell "Fire!" If you yell "Police!" everyone pulls down the blinds. If you yell "Fire!" people are inclined to look out their windows to see if it's their house.

V: That's a sad commentary.

AW: Yes. Are we becoming a little world-weary? Sure, we're becoming world-weary, but what are we going to do about it? Some problems arise from women going to these judo schools or to karate schools. They have to spend an awful lot of time at these schools to become really proficient. And they're expensive. We advocate, if you're going to fight back, go for the vulnerable parts of the body. There are so many, you know.

V: What are the most vulnerable parts of the body?

AW: For example, if a man comes up behind you, there are all sorts of options. Your head against the bridge of his nose—very painful. A heel in the shin. Jumping up and down on his feet. If you can, hit into the groin area as hard as you can. We know that the head follows pain. So the lower you hit somebody—I don't care how big they are—their head will immediately go right to that spot. If it gives you a chance to run, bop him on top of his head. It's buying you time. You have to know, though, do I really want to do this? If you say, "Yes, I will do it," then slug him in the nose, put fingers in his eye. The worst thing you can always do is spit at someone.

V: You make it sound so simple.

AW: If you hit your hand right into the throat, people panic: they can't breathe. A knee to the groin is pretty effective. A stomach is delightful; but, if you have somebody who's physically fit, you have to hit him awfully hard to hurt him. Knees, shins, feet, *anything* goes. But it must be well-planned.

Sometimes we say, "If you're coming home, have your keys ready." There is nothing wrong with having one little key stick out, right? It's anticipation, so that when they come at you, you can just ZING or BOOM with the key. It may stop someone, but it may enrage him, too, depending on how strong your attack is. You put a comb under the nose and rub it quickly—very, very painful.

V: Do you advocate that women take self-defense courses?

AW: Not really, not unless they're really dedicated; because most of these courses take months and months to make you proficient. And, usually, most of the schools that teach self-defense will teach everything to the person from his strong side. If a person is right-handed, they do most of their throwing from their strong side, from their right-hand side. Now what happens if the attacker comes along on the left? Do you say, "Would you mind moving over, 'cause I'm not so good on my left?"

V: What are the basic dangers for women? What are the situations to avoid?

AW: Obviously, an elevator, when someone gets in that you do not know. If it happens, the best thing to do, the best position for you is where the buttons are. Simply lean against them. The elevator will stop at every floor, which can prevent attack because the mugger or rapist doesn't have time. Not having your keys ready or entering your apartment when it doesn't look just right are other mistakes. If you know that the newspaper is usually there and it's not, the simplest thing to do is go to a neighbor, call the police, have them come over, and let the police go into the apartment or house first.

V: Don't you think, though, that people are wary of making a fuss or of maybe making fools of themselves?

AW: Better that they make fools of themselves than have their families put them in the ground.

V: What if you're walking down the street and you feel that someone is following you? What can you do?

AW: Is there a store, some grocery open? If you walk faster and the person walks faster, cross over to the other side of the street. If the person crosses over with you, then zigzag down the block. The first store you see open, or the first public place where somebody is, go in and wait with other peo-

(Continued on page 328)



Dear Debbera,

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Debbera

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SELF-DEFENSE

(Continued from page 327)

ple. If you're still concerned, pick up the phone and dial the police. I think the general public feels that, if they call, the police are going to think they're paranoid. We don't think you're paranoid. We know there's good enough reason why people call. Maybe the person who's following you is not there now. Fine, then we have prevented a possible mugging. It's far easier to prevent than to arrest.

V: And if someone comes and snatches at your bag, you should let it go?

AW: Yes. If you have thirty dollars, it's very simple to put five in your pocketbook or your wallet and put the rest somewhere else. Men can simply place it in their sock; no mugger's going to ask you to take your shoes off. A woman can stick it in her bra. She has many hiding places. Don't have addresses on your keys. If you have identification in your wallet, and your purse is snatched, get those locks changed.

V: What about the gadgets you see advertised in your local newspaper, magazine—whistles and little Mace sprays?

AW: Mace you can't use because it's still against the law. I once advocated a little can of hairspray in the purse. Getting hairspray in your eye burns something terrible. But in the heat of the thing, you've got to make sure it's pointed in the right direction. A whistle, I think, is terribly effective. It's a great noise. Anything that's noise, that attracts people, is good.

Start blowing the whistle and go to some spot where there are people. If you're in your neighborhood and you know there are all-night drugstores, all-night delicatessens, *go there* and call the police! That's what we're paid for. If you're in a residential neighborhood and you see one house that's particularly well lit up, go ring the doorbell. If you're being followed by someone in a car, the simplest thing to do is, if they're going north and it's a one-way street north, turn around and walk south. They'll have to circle the whole block because if they make a U-turn, they're going to bring attention to themselves.

V: If you show fear, on the street, are you more likely to be victimized?

AW: Yes, absolutely yes. It's a question of walking in a manner that exudes confidence. The way you carry your pocketbook. . . .

V: How should you carry your pocketbook? What kind of a handbag is best?

AW: Many women have a habit of just hanging their purses on their arms. Simplest thing to do: put the strap over your shoulder, tuck the bag into your side, walk with it close-at-hand, with the latch toward you. A double-handled pocketbook is superior to a single-handled pocketbook, because a snatcher then has to pull that much harder to break the straps. And if you walk with your head up, O.K., you're always alert. If you're looking around, you're aware of your environment.

V: If you're driving a car, what should you do?

AW: Park in a well-lit area. If you park in a little side street, think about what time you'll be leaving. Are you staying there? Is that your residence? Will you be leaving before the sun comes up in the morning? When you drive, stay on a main avenue. It may take a couple of minutes more, but you're cutting down the possibility of attack. If you insist on taking that shortcut to save five minutes, you may lose a whole lifetime.

V: It's common sense, isn't it?

AW: Amen. If you have to sum it up in two words, it's "common sense." Because common sense usually would lead you to prevention. If you have to go out at night, if you have something to do, plan that there are going to be other people at whatever event you're going to. Or take a cab home. Perhaps arrange to stay at a friend's house that night.

V: Will going out for any kind of sport, any physical activity, help your confidence on the street?

AW: Jogging, jogging. I think it's great. When you learn to jog, you learn to use your cardiovascular system. When you learn to jog, it is the finest form of exercise. You're getting your heart and your lungs to work for you. If you get into distance jogging, you can pretty much outrun most people. Your attacker may initially be faster, but you don't have to work that hard. Plus, you don't panic. We know that in accidents, more people die from shock than from the injuries themselves. They can't stand to see themselves bleed. Many muggers come up behind with a knife, and what they'll do is to nick you to make you bleed. Why? You then panic. "I am bleeding!" The mugger wants you to worry about how much blood is dripping down.

V: But is there any way that you can really psyche yourself?

AW: Like the little locomotive: "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can." You have to believe that you can do it. But I can't stress enough that it's a personal choice that the victim has to make.

V: It's a decision that you can probably only make at that moment.

AW: But the gal who says, "I will never let that happen to me," had then better prepare herself. And if she says, "I am going to fight to the death," then she better do something about it. Just her willpower will not stop the attacker.

So much of self-protection is common sense. I could teach you self-defense tricks in twenty minutes. But you have to practice. There are little techniques. If you go to karate schools, kung fu schools, you have to have some kind of athletic prowess. And the ability to do it.

V: Why aren't the schools teaching these things to girls?

AW: I assume because nobody ever asked. It may sound like a simplification, but no one ever asked. One problem in the schools is that in teaching the good guys, we may also be teaching the bad guys. If your mugger knows the techniques, you're cutting down on your effectiveness. What makes a technique effective is speed, how quickly you can answer the attack. How quickly you can make him let you go. So, we have to be careful not to train the bad guys, too, because then, you know, what do we come up with?

High schools could do so much, even in a health class, if they did nothing else but discuss the vulnerable parts of the body with the young ladies. This is what you do. Forget your sophisticated techniques. Just go for the vulnerable parts of the body.

And, more importantly, stay safe.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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More than a treat, a treatment, too?

By Mary Blume

Stomach griping? Try a glass or two of a dry white wine such as Gaillac with meals. Gripped by grippe? Try the grape and heat a bottle of Côtes du Rhône in a double boiler, add cinnamon and sugar and lemon rind, drink a total of half a bottle three or four times a day.

Old rocking chair got you? Red Burgundy and champagne, taken on alternate days, are good for old age. Gout? Well, there's no proof that eating and drinking cause it, so have two glasses of Sancerre, Pouilly, or a rosé de Provence with meals.

And remember, as you uncork the prescribed tipple, you are following doctor's orders.

Americans are just catching on to the therapeutic properties of wine, but French physicians have long been using it to heal themselves. No profession includes a heartier group of trenchermen—French medical directories list membership in as many societies devoted to the table as to healing, and medical reviews here often include recipes for rich and complicated dishes.

Now, Dr. E.A. Maury of the Faculté de Médecine in Paris has done the sensible thing and written a book called "Soignez-Vous par le Vin" ("Treat Yourself with Wine"), published by the Editions du Jour in Paris and giving vinous remedies for seventy-one ailments.

Citing medical authorities from Dr. Nussbaum, who studied the low incidence of coronary disease in wine-drinking countries, to Professor Crawford of London, who demonstrated the dread connection between tap water and heart trouble, Dr. Maury states definitively that a wine of good quality, taken in reasonable amounts, will never produce ill effects on the organism. Wine, he says, quoting Louis Pasteur, is the best and healthiest of all beverages.

Even though he was a resident at the Royal Homeopathic Hospital of London and has had two of his works—"A Concise Guide to Homeopathy" and "Drainage in Homeopathy"—translated into English, Dr. Maury is plainly against distilled liquors, which eliminates not only the wee dram of whisky so often recommended for circulatory ailments in the United States but also such practical elixirs as Arquebuse, made by Marist brothers in a Rhône village and recommended for both internal and external use: Rubbed on the skin, it helps sprains or insect bites, swallowed, it dissipates chills and stomachache.

Dr. Maury analyzes wines from their chemical content and also finds them full of vitamins, including the mysterious vitamin P so good at healing the red facial splotches often connected with people who have been, well, boozing a bit. "Is it not better," he asks, "to absorb your natural vitamins in a good glass of wine than to take them in pills?" Keep talking, doc.

Specific remedies suggested by Dr. Maury include:

- For allergies: half a glass of Médoc at meals for its rich potassium content.
- For anemia: two glasses of Côtes de Graves with meals for its rich iron content.
- For sore throat: warmed up Médoc or Beaujolais because they soothe, decongest and kill bacteria.
- For bronchitis, warmed-up 10-degree Bordeaux or Burgundy because of their phosphorus content.
- For constipation: white wines from Anjou or Vouvray to activate the intestine.
- For fever: a bottle of champagne a day.
- For obesity: a daily bottle of rosé de Provence, half with each meal.

Dr. Maury does not feel that a good wine in moderate doses could ever cause cirrhosis, but he does seem to go along with old French custom in considering Bordeaux the most therapeutic

(Continued on page 332)

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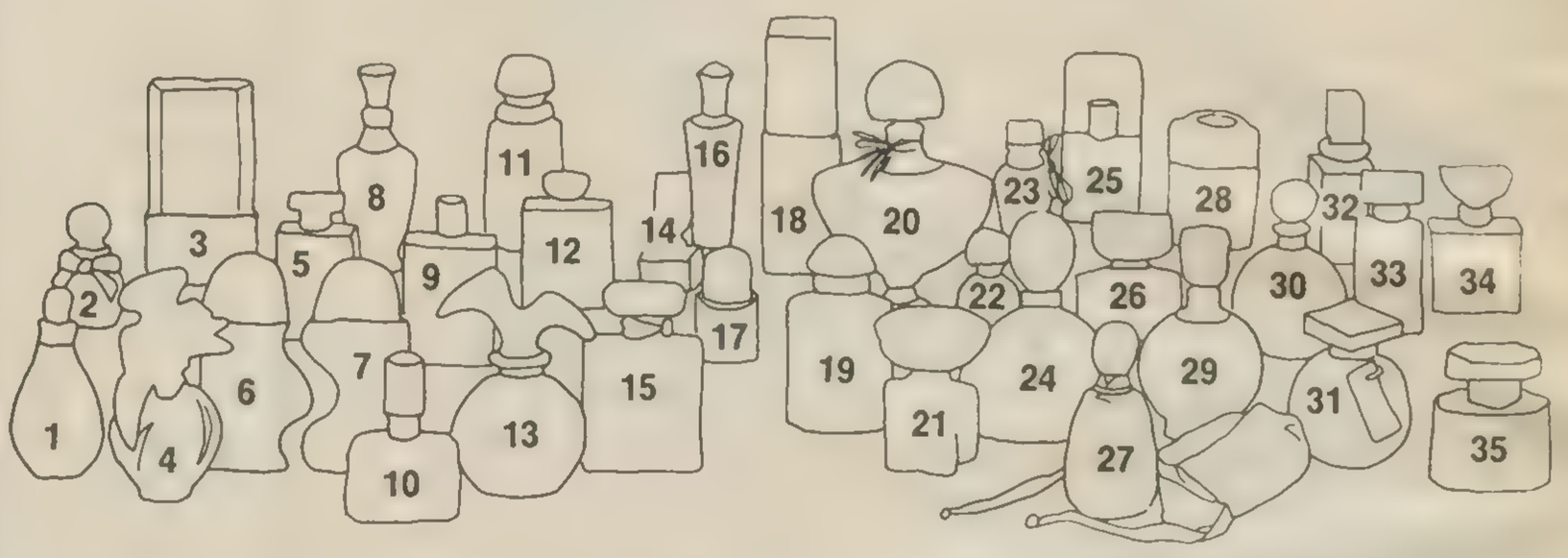
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A CHRISTMAS SPREE *(Continued from pages 306-307)*

Perfume madness: How to choose when you've got this much to choose from! . . . Some tips: If you're looking for a new fragrance for you. . . . **1.** Test one or (maximum!) two scents at a time—otherwise, it's confusing. **2.** Test the perfume form, if it's a new perfume you're looking for; the cologne form, if cologne is what you're after. Why? The perfume never smells exactly like the cologne and vice versa. **3.** To test fragrance: always dab scent on skin, and *never* take a whiff directly from the bottle. Again, even though the fragrance is the same in both cases, it will smell differently—and truer—on skin than it does in the bottle. **4.** Always: before you sniff—wait. Scent takes time to develop. . . . Choosing fragrance for someone else poses a different problem: you can't test the scent. But there are some what-to-buy clues. . . . For example: Consider personality. If the person on the gift-receiving end is classic, sporty, casual, you can bet she won't like anything that smells too floral-y—traditionally, a very feminine scent. A woman who spends her days in an office—if she wears scent at all—probably prefers one that's subtle and unoverpowering. Ditto a woman who wears neutral-colored clothes. On the other hand, a fragrance with a little zing to it is the perfect thing-to-give for a woman who loves getting dressed—and going out—at night. The point about giving fragrance as a gift: it's actually a terrific idea (no matter which one you finally choose) because—research shows—a lot of women who love scent don't buy it for themselves. Case in point: In the latest fragrance survey conducted by Givaudan, a fragrance-supplier company, women were asked: How did you happen to switch to your current fragrance? Fourteen percent had found their now-favorite scent through fragrance-counter testing; 46 percent had received theirs as a gift. *Diagramatic below,* all the fragrances photographed on pages 306-307.



1. Halston Perfume
2. Cabochard Parfum by Madame Grès
3. Cie by The Contemporary Fragrance Group
4. L'Air du Temps Perfume by Nina Ricci, Paris
5. 20 Carats Parfum by Dana
6. & 7. Man/Woman by Jõvan
8. Casaque by Jean D'Albret
9. Calandre by Paco Rabanne
10. Norell Perfume by Norell
11. Givenchy III by Givenchy
12. Miss Dior Parfum by Christian Dior
13. Chloé Parfum
14. Blazer by Anne Klein
15. Chanel No. 19
16. Madame Rochas by Parfums Rochas
17. Coriandre by Parfums Jean Couturier
18. Yendi Perfume by Capucci, Paris
19. Amazone by Hermès
20. Shalimar by Guerlain
21. Oscar de la Renta Fragrance by Oscar de la Renta
22. Babe Perfume by Fabergé
23. Pavlova by Parfums Payot
24. First de Van Cleef & Arpels
25. Nuance Perfume by Coty
26. Fidji by Parfums Guy Laroche
27. Private Collection Perfume by Estée Lauder
28. Essence Rare Perfume by Houbigant
29. Bal à Versailles by Jean Desprez
30. Arpege Perfume by Lanvin
31. Red by Geoffrey Beene
32. Interlude Perfume by Frances Denney
33. White Shoulders by Evyan Perfumes
34. Cardin de Pierre Cardin
35. 1000 de Jean Patou

WINE: NEW PANACEA

(Continued from page 331)

of wines, prescribing it for twenty-four ailments ranging from loss of appetite to typhoid fever.

Bordeaux is much in demand these days as a cure for fatigue, according to both the veteran wine merchant Lucien Legrand and Steven Spurrier, the young English proprietor of the Caves de la Madeleine.

"People are always coming in for something to *remonter* themselves, a pickup," says Mr. Spurrier. "Bordeaux is the only wine that is *remontable* because of its balance between vegetable and alcoholic content. Bordeaux is also supposed to be slightly more digestible because it is slightly higher in tannin, which tea also has."

Dr. Maury does not limit himself to Bordeaux in treating ailments of the mind rather than the body. While he recommends a red Médoc (one or two glasses before *and* during meals) for a nervous breakdown and for side effects of menopause, he thinks that neurasthenia is best handled by a half bottle a day of blanquette de Limoux, taken between meals.

Wine may be a mocker but it is not a killer, insists Dr. Maury in his rather florid style: "The juice of the vine," he writes, "is constantly condemned: It is cited as the source of an infinity of evils, starting with alcoholism and ending with increased criminality and road accidents. And yet, the Lord knows that never in the history of humanity have so much water and fruit juice been consumed."

In conclusion, name your poison. Or stick with the good doctor and raise your glass to drink to his, and your own, very good health: *A votre santé,* as they've been saying here for years. ▽

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Blume, an American in Paris for many years, writes a weekend column in the "International Herald Tribune," spotlighting amusing sides of French life.*

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Pages 248-249: Geoffrey Beene's silk georgette pullover and matching skirt. Abraham silk. About $1,550. December, at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.

Page 256: Red chenille dress by Robert-David Morton.

Page 257: Geoffrey Beene suit.

Pages 260-261: *Above:* Hanes pantie stockings, at Macy's, New York. Sandals by Charles Jourdan. . . . *Below:* Man's shirt by C.D.C. et Cie-Christian Dior Chemises. About $32.50. Black silk tie, After Six Accessories. All at Roos Atkins, San Francisco. Longines watch at Altman's.

Page 262: *Left:* Antonia Polizzi earrings. At Henri Bendel. . . . *Right:* Shirt, Givenchy for Chesa, about $65. After Six Accessories silk tie. Both at Roos Atkins, San Francisco.

Page 263: *Above:* Pantie stockings by Trimfit. Black silk sandals by Geoffrey Beene. Bag, Bottega Veneta. . . . *Below:* Shirt, C.D.C. et Cie-Christian Dior Chemises. Silk tie by Stern Merritt for Christian Dior. Both, at Roos Atkins, San Francisco.

Page 264: *Right:* Earrings by M & J Savitt. At Bergdorf Goodman; Lazarus.

Page 265: *Left:* Yves Saint Laurent belt. At Roos Atkins, San Francisco. . . . *Inset:* All men's accessories by Yves Saint Laurent. At Roos Atkins, San Francisco. . . . *Center:* Earrings, Fantasy Jewelry by Dona Syen. At Bloomingdale's. Gold mesh clutch by Bobby Breslau for Whiting & Davis. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus.

Page 266: *Left:* Man's shirt by Excello. About $16.50. Yves Saint Laurent tie by Berkley Cravats. Both at Roos Atkins, San Francisco. . . . *Right:* Diamond and platinum earrings, Jewels by David Webb.

Page 267: *Left:* C.D.C. et Cie-Christian Dior Chemises. About $32.50. Tie, After Six Accessories. Lanvin cufflinks. All at Roos Atkins, San Francisco. . . . *Right:* Diamond and platinum earrings, Jewels by David Webb.

Page 270: Stephen Burrows. Rayon matte chiffon dress, about $200. At Henri Bendel; L.H. Rodgers, Salem, MA; Claire Pearone; Ann Lavigne, St. Louis, MO; Sakowitz; Giorgio. Combs by Bonwillum Designs. Pantie stockings, Beautymist. Gold sandals by Andrew Geller. Bonwit Teller; Robinson's, California.

Page 271: Christian Dior by Vision pantie stockings. At Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Ankle strap sandal, Customcraft by Rossi at Bonwit Teller; Mr. Jay, Milburn, NJ; Shoes by Boris.

Page 274: *Left:* M & J Savitt hair comb. To order, at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. At Mayor's, Miami. Geoffrey Beene dress. . . . *Center:* Ted Muehling's hair sticks at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Dress by Julio.

Page 275: Hair sticks by Ted Muehling. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Susan Allan for Let It Shine metallic muffler, at Betsy Bunky Nini, NY; Nona's Ark, New Orleans; Fashion Bar Stage, Denver; Bullock's.

Pages 276-277: *Above left:* Necklace by Cara Croninger for Heaven, at Le Grand Hotel, NY; Ultimo. Rosemary Peck muffler at Henri Bendel. . . . *Below left:* Yves Saint Laurent earrings. At Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. . . . *Above right:* Goody hair comb. Earrings by Laurence Seegers. At Kruger Gallery; Moug, Montreal. Bracelet, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. At Henri Bendel; Lazarus; Bullock's. . . . *Below right:* Robin Kahn bracelets, at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

Page 288: Muriel Rosmarin necklace, at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Bullock's, Westwood.

Page 289: Ballet slippers by Capezio Ballet Makers, available at Capezio Dance-Theatre Shops.

Page 290: Hand painted fan by James Bernard Flynn. Henri Bendel. Muriel Rosmarin bracelet at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Belt by Cara Croninger for Heaven, at Artwear, NY.

Page 291: Earrings by Penny Preville. Mercura bracelet.

Page 292: *Left:* Patricia Von Musulin earrings. At Off Broadway Btq., NY. Geoffrey Beene sandals. At Saks Fifth Avenue, NY.

Page 293: Pendants and cuffs, all Cara Croninger for Heaven. At Artwear, NY.; Obelisk Gallery, Chestnut Hill. Rosemary Peck woolly tie. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; The Union. Sandals, Geoffrey Beene. At Saks Fifth Avenue, NY.

Page 294: Necklace and belt by Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Both at Henri Bendel. Geoffrey Beene sandals. At Saks, Fifth Avenue, NY.

Page 295: *Left:* Metallic mufflers, Rosemary Peck. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; The Union. Cara Croninger for Heaven pendant. At Henri Bendel; Obelisk Gallery, Chestnut Hill; Ultimo; Marie Leavell. . . . *Right:* Tess Sholom for Tess Designs belt. At Henri Bendel; Hudson's. Bangles, Bonwillum Designs. At Henri Bendel; Swanson's on the Plaza; Sakowitz. Sandals by Geoffrey Beene. At Saks Fifth Avenue, NY.

Page 296: Bracelet, Red Cobra by Frank Giordano.

Page 297: *Above:* Gold and crystal earrings, belt, Richard Charles Glassen. . . . *Below:* Neck collar by Marieluisa Stern for Stigi Jewelry. Dorothée Bis for Dianne B. serape. At Dianne B. Sandals by Geoffrey Beene.

Pages 298-299: Bill Blass blouse. At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle's; L.S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters. Earrings, M & J Savitt. At Bergdorf Goodman; Lazarus. **1.** Bonwit Teller, NY; Blach's, Birmingham, AL; Gus Mayer, New Orleans. **2.** Henri Bendel; Claire Pearone; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore. **3.** Kruger Gallery; Sans Regret, Boston; Claire Pearone. **4.** Port of Call at Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's, Century City. **5.** Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Camp Beverly Hills, CA. **6.** Kruger Gallery; Charisma, Narberth, PA; Gallery Camino Real, Boca Raton, FL. **7.** Bergdorf Goodman. **8, 9.** Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Jere Scott Ltd. at Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Sakowitz.

Pages 300-301: *Left:* Joan Vass top. At Henri Bendel; Donna's Place, Cleveland; Dorso. Yves Saint Laurent belt. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York. Orlon tights, Trimfit. At Macy's, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller. . . . *Right:* Fur flings, Ben Kahn at Cartier. **1.** Sidney Garber, Chicago; Miss Jackson's; Balliet's. **2.** Van Cleef & Arpels; Neiman-Marcus; Fred Joaillier, Beverly Hills. **3.** Similar gloves at Bergdorf Goodman. **4.** Macy's, New York; Bullock's. **5.** Cartier; Burdine's; L.S. Ayres; I. Magnin. **6.** Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Garfinckel's; Marshall Field. **7.** Ciro, NY; L.L. Berger; Charles A. Stevens, Chicago. **8.** Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin.

Pages 302-303: *Left:* Yves Saint Laurent blouse. Shawl, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's. . . . *Right:* Lurex robe and nylon/Dacron/silk pants, Fernando Sanchez. Late Nov., Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; Eleanor Keeshan; Creed's of Toronto. Geoffrey Beene sandals. **1.** Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Foley's. **2.** Altman's; Garfinckel's; Balliet's; Meier & Frank. **3.** Saks Fifth Avenue; Montaldo's. **4.** Bottega Veneta; Neiman-Marcus. **5.** Artwear, NY; Obelisk Gallery, Chestnut Hill, MA. **6.** Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; I. Magnin. **7.** Bergdorf Goodman; Robinson's, Beverly Hills. **8.** Bloomingdale's; Montaldo's; Marshall Field; Bullock's.

Pages 304-305: Julio top at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Miss Jackson's; Lou Lattimore; Sako-

(Continued on page 334)

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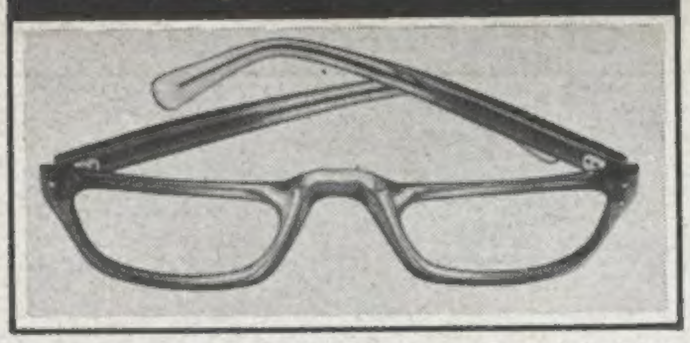
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ACCESSORY DETAILS

(Continued from page 333)

witz; Capriccio, Scottsdale, AZ; I. Magnin. Earrings, M & J Savitt. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; I. Magnin. **1.** Henri Bendel; Jere Scott Ltd. at Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Balliet's. **2.** Martha; Nan Duskin; Je-ne, Pittsburgh. **3.** Saint Laurent Rive Gauche at: Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. **4.** Sidney Garber Jewels, Chicago; Dimitri, New Orleans; Miss Jackson's; Richard D. Eiseman Jewels at Balliet's and Titche's. **5.** Luxor, NY; Balogh Jewelers, Miami Beach; Jewels AL-Italia, Los Angeles. **6.** Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore. **7.** Henri Bendel; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Joan & Laura Boutique, Dallas; Marion Wagner, Beverly Hills. **8.** See page 295. **9.** Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; I. Magnin. **10.** Bloomingdale's; GiPa, Tenafly, NJ; Bernaka, Miami; Bullock's.

Pages 306-307: Fernando Sanchez's silk broadcloth robe, about $140. Mid-Nov., Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Hudson's; Swanson's on the Plaza; Lou Lattimore; Bullock's Wilshire; Frederick & Nelson. Richelieu tie. At Bergdorf Goodman; Burdine's; Lazarus; May Co., Los Angeles.

Page 309: Muffler by Roberta Lapides for Sitara. Rafael Sanchez gold straw bag. Julianelli boots.

Page 310: *Left:* Michelle Domercq two-piece dress, about $540. At Saint Germain Boutique, New York and Beverly Hills. Ted Muehling hair stick. Clear acrylic pendant by Cara Croninger for Heaven. At Artwear, NY. . . . *Right:* Pullover with matching pants, Mario Valentino designed by Muriel Grateau, about $1,025, at Bargdorf Goodman. Mady Gerrard Exclusive Knits gold metallic thread muffler. At Bloomingdale's. Silver metallic thread muffler by Susan Allan for Let It Shine. At Betsy Bunky Nini, NY; Casual Corner, Philadelphia.

Page 312: Earrings by Sharon Church for Kruger Gallery. Scarf, Roberta Lapides for Sitara. At Bonwit Teller.

Page 313: Brown Lurex dress by Giovanni de Moura. Ceramic pendant by Judy Booth. At Kruger Gallery; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami and Bal Harbour. Terrafirma bangles. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

Page 314: *Above left:* Bangle by Terrafirma. Suede boot by Shoe Biz. . . . *Above right:* Joan Vass sweater, about $135. Mid-Nov., at Henri Bendel; Claire Pearone; Dorso. Skirt by Julio (Abraham), about $270. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Wide "wave" bangle by Terrafirma. Colony Designs belt. Pantie stockings by Hanes. Geoffrey Beene sandals. . . . *Below left:* Julio top (Yves Gonnet), about $790, satin pants, about $190. Both at Julio Shop; Loretta Blum; Giorgio. Mary McFadden pendant. Satin boot, Walter Steiger for Shoe Biz. . . . *Below right:* Julio silk charmeuse top and skirt (Abraham). Top, about $260; skirt, about $320. Both at Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's; I. Magnin. Belt by Cara Croninger for Heaven. Casadei sandals.

Page 315: Belt by John Anthony.

Page 316: Rosemary Peck woolly tie. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; The Union. Cuff by Patricia Von Musulin. At Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Marion Wagner, Beverly Hills.

Page 317: Silk flower by Belle McIntyre. At Henri Bendel; Claire Pearone; Grace Jones, Salado, TX.

Page 319: Belt by Joanne Cooper & Peter M.—Silver Studios. Beauty Mist pantie stockings. Geoffrey Beene sandals. At Saks Fifth Avenue, NY.

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VOGUE PATTERNS *(Other views, yardages, details; pp. 316-319)*



Satin pants and lace tunic. Vogue Pattern 1763. Sizes 8-16. For size 10: pants, 2¾ yards, 44/45" fabric; tunic, 2⅛ yards, 63/65" fabric. $5; in Canada, $5.50. **Kimono top.** Vogue Pattern 1686. Sizes 8-16. For size 10: 2⅛ yards, 50" fabric. $4.50; in Canada, $4.95. Note: sleeves were lengthened to wrist-length and rolled up. **Circular jacket.** Vogue Pattern 9224. Sizes 8-16. For size 10: 3¾ yards, 44/45" fabric; 7½ yards of lace trim. $3; in Canada, $3.30. **Velours pullover.** Vogue Pattern 1457. Sizes 8-18. For size 10: 3⅛ yards, 60/62" fabric: $5; in Canada $5.50. Note: sleeves were lengthened to wrist-length.

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